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FIFTEEN YEARS IN AMERICA

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BY

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PREFACE

Candor requires that I should warn the reader that this book is not a philosophical dissertation on American life and thought : in the main it represents my personal impressions and observations—rather commonplace at times, but always human. Reflective readers will perceive, nevertheless, that the volume is not without a definite purpose, which is to afford a cross-section view of American life.

It is almost superfluous to observe that a new epoch is opening for mankind which will emphasize world unity rather than world division. In this historic epoch, the rising India, as indeed the rest of the world, must turn to the United States for support and inspiration. Hindustan should know and study America—the people, the government, the scientific progress, the educational development, and the gospel of energism of the New World. And it is to be hoped that through these pages the reader may glimpse the real America, and note the play and interplay of forces which are of such tremendous significance at this moment.

In India the people have lived for thousands of years under the shadow of Manu's teaching : "Tell the truth, but not that which is unpleasant : tell the pleasant, but not that which is untrue". In this book I have clearly broken with the time-honored

traditions of our Hindu race : I have not only told the truth as I was able to see it, but I have dared at times even to say some unpleasant things. During the fifteen years of my residence in the United States I have become an ardent admirer of all that is best, highest and noblest in the life of the American nation. I have unmeasured faith in the rich potentialities of American democracy. And if I have ventured on a few counts to criticize this country, I have written nevertheless with a loving heart of the "wonder land" of my dream.

Portions of this work have appeared in such American magazines as *The Forum*, *The Lyceum World*, and *The Platform* ; and in such Indian magazines as *The Modern Review* of Calcutta, *The Indian Review* of Madras, and *The Hindustan Review* of Allahabad. I desire to gratefully acknowledge my debt for many valuable suggestions to my colleague and highly esteemed former teacher, Professor Benjamin F. Shambaugh of the State University of Iowa.

SUDHINDRA BOSE

HALL OF LIBERAL ARTS,
IOWA CITY, IOWA, U. S. A.

CONTENTS

Chap.	Page
1. American Ways	1
2. Traveling through the Country	26
3. American Hotel	39
4. The A B C of Rural Schools in America	54
- 5. Higher Education	79
- 6. University of Illinois	101
7. American Newspaper	118
- 8. A University Training in Journalism	146
9. American Public Library	161
/ 10. The Greatest Miracle of Our Age— Helen Keller	180
11. American Federal Government	196
12. American State Government	219
13. Presidential Election Campaign	244
. 14. The Most American Thing in America	261
. 15. Rabindranath Tagore at the State University of Iowa	280.
. 16. The State University of Iowa	298
- 17. Education for Citizenship in America	312
, 18. Chats with Count Tolstoy in America	327
19. Life in the Southern States of America	350
20. A Summer Outing	369
21. The American Farmer and the Government	388
- 22. A Holiday House Party	399
- 23. Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose in America	413
24. American Women	431
. 25. Impressions of My Student Days in America	466

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

EL CAPITAN (Coloured)—*Frontispiece.*

1. AMERICAN WAYS

Broad Street and Bankers' Trust Building, New York
A Motor Bus in Chicago
A Traffic Police
House Moving
Abraham Lincoln's Home

2. TRAVELING THROUGH THE COUNTRY

Lure of the Country Road
A Typical Country Town
Rural Mail Carrier

3. AMERICAN HOTEL

The Blackstone, Chicago
Marble Room, The Blackstone Hotel, Chicago
Grunewald Hotel, New Orleans, La
Hotel La Salle, Chicago
Many Glacier Hotel, Glacier National Park
Cigar and Curio Stand at Glacier Park Hotel
Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel, Chicago
Ice-skaters at Morrison Hotel, Chicago
A Dining Room in a Hotel

4. THE A B C OF RURAL SCHOOLS

Girls' Basketball Team
Boy's Class in Physical Training
School Cafeteria

6. UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Agricultural Building
 University Auditorium
 Women's Building
 Library
 Natural History Building
 Chemistry Building
 Engineering Building

7. AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

Newsboy
 Transit of Webs
 Press Room
 Photograph Department

9. AMERICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Library of Congress
 Story Hour
 Children's Department

10. MIRACLE OF OUR AGE

Miss Keller and Mrs. Macy
 Miss Keller reading a book by feeling with her fingers
 Miss Keller's hand-writing

11. FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

Independence Hall
 White House
 Senate Chamber
 House of Representatives

12. STATE GOVERNMENT

Mount Vernon Mansion of Washington
 Washington's Bedroom

Washington's Monument
School Room in a Jail

15. RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Tagore and Bose
Sri Rabindranath Tagore (Coloured)

16. UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Administration Building
Hall of Liberal Arts (back view)
Dental Infirmary
Hall of Natural Science
Physics Building

18. TOLSTOY

Count Illya Tolstoy and his Father

19. LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN STATES

Ice Harvesting
Skating on a River
Snow Plow

20. A SUMMER OUTING

Kerosine Tractor
Threshing Machine
Pulvarizing by a Disc Harrow

21. FARMER AND GOVERNMENT

Barn Yard
Sanitary Stable
Forty-five Hundred Rupees Bull

23. J. C. BOSE

Sir Jagadiah Chandra Bose, F.R.S.
Lady Bose



EL CAPITAN at sunset in Yosemite National Park, California.
This gigantic rock, whose hard granite resisted the glacier,
rises 3,604 feet from the Valley floor.

FIFTEEN YEARS IN AMERICA

CHAPTER I

AMERICAN WAYS

Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

—Daniel Webster.

The United States may well be described as a congress of nations in permanent session; for the citizenry of America is an unprecedented mixture of the peoples of the globe. In the veins of the people flows the blood of half the races of the world. For the five-year period before the great war in Europe the number of immigrants averaged more than a million a year. There are in the United States sixty-five different nationalities speaking as many as seventy-three languages and dialects. "In one ward in the city of Chicago forty languages are spoken by persons who prattled at their mother's knee one

or the other of them". Having once set his foot on American soil, the alien becomes quickly inoculated with patriotism for the United States: he vies with the "native-born" American in his profession of loyalty to his adopted country. The incoming immigrant having thrown off his former allegiance finds himself in a vast melting pot where many nationalities are fused preparatory to their being recasted into a new mould called Americanism.

The feeling of unity in America is so intense that it impels assimilation of even the most obstinate elements. The chief solvents in the process are language, education, free government, and public opinion—the greatest and most potent of which is the compelling force of public opinion. Should a foreigner be hardy enough to disregard public sentiment, he may find social and even business avenues barred against him. "If you don't like our country, get out", he will be informed politely. "Do as others do. Follow the crowd", is the demand of normal American existence.

I recall with amusement my earlier experiences in America when I was tardy in adjusting myself to the new environment. One by one,

almost unconsciously, I had shed my Indian costumes ; but there was one article I fondly clung to: I persisted in wearing my turban. Although it provoked not a little silent mirth among my fellow-students, I was determined not to give up the remaining emblem of the Indian nationality. Fate was, however, working against me. One morning I happened to leave my head gear in the cloak room of the college. The sight that met my eyes on my return was too tragic for words. The poor turban was gone—gone for ever ! It had been coldly assassinated—literally hacked and butchered to pieces. Then came my long-deferred, enforced introduction to the plain, and incidentally ill-fitting, ugly American derby.

The citizens of the United States are brought up on the Declaration of Independence ; they are reared on the theory that all men are equal. That, indeed, is a beautiful theory, a fine ideal. As a matter of fact, discerning observers find that though there is no caste in the old meaning of the term, there are pronounced social demarcations in the United States. These social divisions are based on the color of the skin as well as on dollars and cents. In America

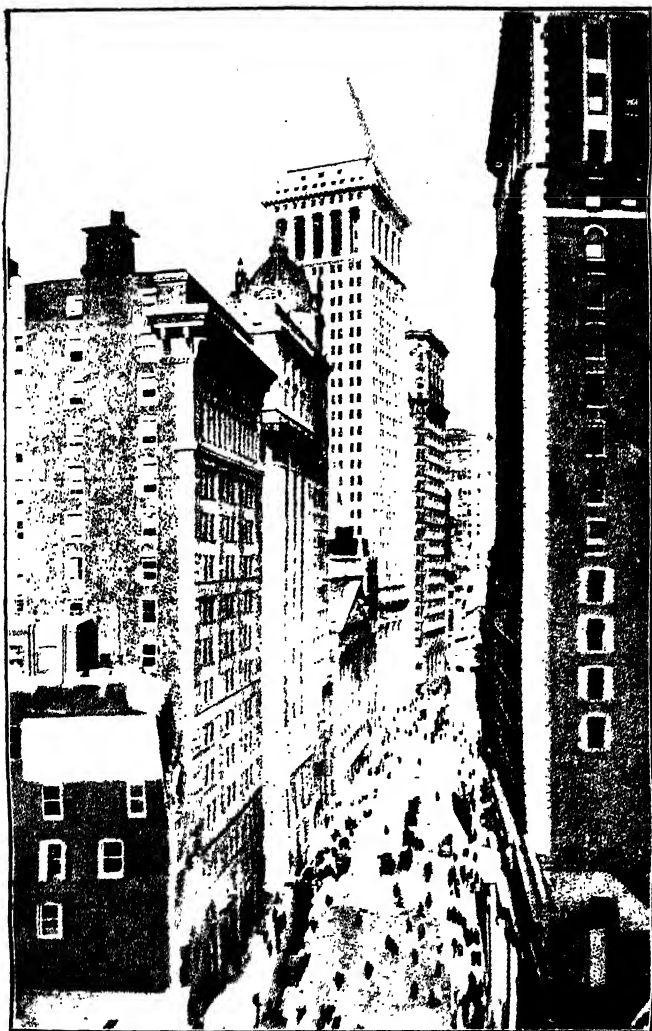
there is wealth a-plenty. Mushroom millionaires are so numerous that they are beyond count. It is almost a habit with some persons to be billionaires in the United States. The latest *World Almanac* of New York devotes twelve closely printed pages to a list of American families of vast wealth—all multiple millionaires. How is such a wealth, wealth in a huge block, heaped up? Is it all piled up solely by means of the honest personal capacity and immaculate virtue? Or, is it possible that these fortunes owe also something to special privilege, corruption, fraud, and deceit? I reserve my opinion on the subject. In the meantime, fortunes have become dynamos of social prestige. There is, of course, some intercourse between a colored man or a humble white man and a mighty plutocrat; but this intercourse is no mark of intimacy, no indication of social equality between the two. Each follows his life in his own particular groove. Many of the men of swollen fortunes toil not, neither do they spin, yet they live on the fat of the land. Some of these millionaires ransack the medieval castles of Europe for ceilings and mantle-pieces, stair-cases and furniture; the newly rich hunt the

world for tapestries and paintings; the unwieldy rich sink fortunes in Persian pottery, 650 specimens of Roman drinking cups, or in 120 varieties of Egyptian beetles. The books, manuscripts, and engravings which the late J. Pierpont Morgan stored away in one of his marble palaces have been appraised at twenty-one million rupees.

The flamboyant prosperity of America has produced a gigantic crop of wealthy men. Money is said to have become the open sesame of life. "Dollar chasers" and "money grubbers" are some of the inelegant terms applied to Americans by unsympathetic critics. The English poet Wordsworth spoke of America as "Mammon's loathsome den". Americans themselves deny these charges. But, one who has lived long enough in this country and taken an impartial survey of the "struggle for the dollar" knows that the fatal money disease has infected at least a portion of the population. Here and there wealth beyond the dreams of avarice has been accumulated in a few hands. Buoyant, kindly idealism has a hard time in keeping pace with get-rich-quick-scheming,

profit-dreaming, fortune-hunting, individualism. The spirit of soulless egotism which teaches every man for himself and the devil take the rest of the world is not wanting.

In this land of contrasts, pauper slums and criminal slums are ever sending forth their silent but pathetic appeals for help. There are the hungry to be fed; the naked to be clothed; the dissolute to be rescued; the criminal to be saved; the unfortunates to be helped upward and onward. Much as I am in love with America, I cannot say that it is a paradise on earth, a Garden of Eden, and that its peoples are all like the saints pictured on the tinted church windows. Americans are not a "chosen people" set apart from the rest of the universe. They are a part of nature, and as "common mortals" they have inherited both the good and evil qualities of nature. The American is human, sometimes charitable and occasionally idealistic. I have found in this country dull materialism blended with touching idealism. Even in the rushing "sky-scraper" city of New York, throbbing Philadelphia, diplomatic Washington, grimy Pittsburg, hustling Chicago, and multitudes of booming cities of the Middle-west and West,



Broad Street and Bankers' Trust Building, New York City.



A traffic police in the City of Milwaukee.



A motor bus in the Michigan Boulevard of Chicago.

I have caught glimpses of human, self-sacrificing idealism. Contrary to the stereotyped European prejudice, everything American is not materialistic and moneyed. Life is not guided and controlled exclusively from the dollar point of view. Smug, crass materialism is not the sole passion of the whole population. To thoughtful men and women, money is a symbol—a sign of power, an emblem of success, an instrument of service.

The moneyed aristocrats—oil-kings, steel-princes, stove-lords, coal-barons, lumber-dukes, beef-millionaires—have, after all, little influence with the masses of the population. The prodigal waste of the rich is the common subject of impatient assaults on the part of independent pens. The public attitude toward the rich—the muck-rakers call them criminally rich—is one of doubt, of suspicion, and, upon occasion, of half-humorous contempt. It is doubted whether an ultra-rich American millionaire could ever be elected President of the United States. A redeeming feature of American life is that money kings are coming to regard themselves as mere trustees of their millions which they hold for the larger good of the community.

American Croesuses are generous givers. Many of them are found among the aggressive leaders of intellectual and philanthropic life. They build hospitals, found colleges and universities; they establish academies for medical research and scientific investigations; they endow public museums; they support free libraries and art galleries. Dr. Samuel Johnson in the latter part of the eighteenth century described all Americans as "Rascals—Robbers—Pirates". Most vehemently he called the people of this commonwealth "a race of convicts, who ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging". If the irate doctor could visit America to-day, he would change his mind. At least I should hope so.

The psychology of the American people is hard to understand and much harder to explain. If I were asked to name the most conspicuous fact of American life I should say it is democracy. Americans simply will not lift their hats to accidents of birth or blood. Notwithstanding certain appearances to the contrary, it may be safely asserted that there is among them a strong undercurrent of real democracy, which can no more be stemmed by a

few plutocrats, irresponsible reactionaries, and vociferous minorities than can the Atlantic be swept back with a broom by Dame Partington. Here in the land of the free the rulers and the ruled are on the same level. The policy of the government is shaped not by parchment nobility, but by the will of the common people. Here there is no hat-in-hand, no servile, crouching submission to purple robes. Every American is a sovereign. There is no state church to call for his allegiance or demand his contributions. It is also a pleasure to acknowledge that there is no hereditary social system which holds a man permanently down to "the station of life to which it has pleased God to call him". Every individual is free to carve out his own destiny as he sees fit. All work is considered honorable; and since there are frequent changes of occupation, doctors become farmers, lawyers shopkeepers, and druggists politicians. I have known a Christian preacher add to his paltry income by working alternately as a farm laborer and a city ditch-digger.

There are in this Republic high government officials and important divines. They are spoken of, however, as men, not as function-

aries. A supreme court justice, a United States congressman, a university professor will all be addressed by a common working man as his equal. No one lies awake nights learning the nice shades of meaning which exist between "His Serene Highness", "His Royal Highness", and "His Imperial Highness"; or between "Right Reverend" and "Most Reverend".

To be sure, the American doctrine that all men are born free and equal, if taken literally, may appear to be something of a grand illusion. As long as men differ from one another in their occupation, wealth, and education, they will not be content to be reduced to one dead level. When the American Revolutionary Fathers spoke of equality they did not perhaps mean social equality. The ordinary, placid, easy-going Americans of to-day explain that the Jeffersonian doctrine of equality had reference only to equality before the law, and equality of opportunity. Hence Emerson declared "America is God's last opportunity to the human race".

In this democracy every man hopes to get on and up; and he habitually worships the cult of success and achievement. He has unlimited

powers of accomplishment. He believes that if he could only liberate the imprisoned energies of his spirit he would be able to mould his environment. His life is filled with movement, change, onward rush, struggle, conquest, eternal unrest. He despises soft inertia—to use a famous phrase of Nietzsche's—as a “sin against holy ghost”. The fundamental qualities of his life are not those of profound thought and calm deliberation; but rather those of will, enthusiasm, impulse, striving, progress. His mind is practical, not meditative. You can make almost anything out of an American but a *sanyasi*, a hermit.

The time-honored motto of the man toiling up the steep road to success is, “What man has done, man can do”. The American has lately improved upon it. With set teeth and clenched fist he says, “I will do what no man has yet accomplished”. He is ever on the lookout to break old records, make fresh ones, and set a new pace for the world. He is never satisfied with the conditions of circumstance. He wants more than what he has; he is eager to obtain the very best that life has to offer. What is the magic word in America? What do men

talk about most? Business. "How is business?" is the common greeting. "Business is business" is the national proverb.

No one can help being thrilled with the electric impulse of American activity which, indeed, makes "the world go round". Unlike Englishmen, Americans do not "stand" for Parliament; Americans "run" for Congress. With them there is "something doing every minute". It is almost impossible to find an American sitting down quietly for three consecutive minutes. He is always on the go. He has little use for holidays—there are, indeed, only seven legal holidays in his year. Then, too, a holiday is not for him a day of rest and leisure. A holiday consists mainly in changing the forms of activity. The more activity is crowded into a day the more and better he enjoys it. Truly his joy of living comes from the joy of laboring. Work is the object of his idolatry. What has always bewildered me is that sometimes his activity has no definite end, no particular objective. He likes work for work's sake. "Why do you have to work so hard?" I asked an old man abundantly blessed with worldly goods. "I don't know", he replied nervously tugging at

his heavy gold chain, "but I must keep busy. I must find something to do".

A cynic has said that the sole contribution of America to humanity is hurry. It is true, however, that Americans live in an atmosphere of constant bustle and excitement, in a perennial maelstrom of events. The genuine American creed, remarked a clever Russian poetess the other day, is hurry: "Business before pleasure, business before joy, business before love; one must hurry if he wants to succeed". The late Harriman, one of the American money-kings, had a telephone in every room of his house, including the bath-room. "The American is born quick", remarked a Frenchman, "works quick; eats quick; gets rich quick; and dies quick". I suppose that the first words which American babies are taught to lisp are, "Be quick. Step lively". The man in the office hangs over his desk the legend: "This is my busy day. Be brief", or "Time is money. Cut short". The ever-rushed-to-death American will spend millions to take a curve out of a railroad that will save a few minutes. He is economic of time, but lavish of men. Every year ten thousand people are killed in the United

States through railroad accidents and thirty-five thousand workers in peaceful industry. Everywhere in business districts of a town one encounters enormous signs purporting to do what you want done—"While you Wait". The shoemaker will repair your shoes, the tailor will iron and press your clothes, the boot black will shine your boots, the hatter will clean and block your hat—"While you Wait". Everything is done at aviation speed. Just drop in restaurants or cafes on the corner where they stick up such signs as "Quick Service. Try Our Quick Lunch". These places are very popular. Here you will see people bolt their dinners with the speed of a first-rate Ford automobile. They eat so fast that you would think they are famine victims. Verily, they have little respect for their stomachs. The wonder to me is that they do not cut themselves to pieces when they have to carry out so many intricate quick manoeuvres with spoons, knives, and forks—especially knives. I confess I have no intimate knowledge of the by-ways of American mind. I doubt if any foreigner has. But that the American mind would think in short-hand if it could, I honestly believe.

Not a very ceremonious people are these

Americans. Politeness such as is known in Oriental countries does not exist in America. There are those who are afraid that if things do not improve, politeness will some day become a lost art in the United States. Personally, I think that such a day is far off. Seeming incivility is more the result of carelessness than deliberate wilfulness. The genuine American is not a member of the blarney tribe: he has a positive dislike, let us say, of the French habit of adulation and suavity. You recall how the courtly dignified Caulaincourt, the friend of the great Napoleon, seized by the collar the base traitor Abbe de Pradt and twirling him around upon his heels like a top exclaimed, "You are a villian, Sir!" In polite European society it is always "Sir"—"Sir" this, "Sir" that. Your genteel European—if there is still any body left in that denomination—is always "charmed" to meet a man even when his breath is being shaken out of him. He may be hated, stabbed, shot, bombed, gassed, or poisoned, but he will be invariably addressed "Sir". They do not "Sir" in the United States.

Americans are open and accessible. They are about the easiest people in the world to get

acquainted with. They are not like that historic Englishman who stood still on the edge of the water, and let a drowning man sink because he could not make up his mind to rescue a stranger without proper introduction. American etiquette is different. In parks, theatres, hotels, railroad stations, strangers will now and then approach you and ask, "Got any matches?" "Can I look at your paper?" "What time is it?"

The American is genial, warm-hearted, independent. He is keenly sensitive to what he considers rudeness or insolence. He is excessively proud; but not, as President Wilson at one time tried to make the world believe, "too proud to fight". The American is a big, two-handed fighter, no "pussy foot". Although he keeps his temper in tight control, he stomachs an insult almost as readily as a bull dog does an irreverent remark from a fox-terrier. Those who know him well find also that there is no pretentious snobbishness in him. He is frank, almost to the point of being brutal. If he has anything to say, he blurts it straight out. There are no buts and ifs, no preludes and postludes. Do you object to a man's walking with his hands buried in his trouser's pockets jingling coins?

Do you object to his sitting with his legs crossed or stretched across the table? He would as lief remind you as not: "This is a free country. I can do as I please". It is well within bounds in saying that his personality would be rich and immensely interesting if he had some of the refinements of polished manners. Excessive politeness is not his long suit. In fact he says he has no time to waste on politeness. Rough and ready, he is apt to mistake delicate Oriental courtesy for weakness of character. The truth is that the American rushing tide of activity, the unceasing nerve-wrecking hurry is not conducive to leisurely niceties of manners. An intense, almost frantic, struggle to achieve success leaves him little time to agonize over the feelings of other people. "I don't care!" "I should worry!" are the slang phrases of the day.

Is there any social life among this hurried people? Assuredly there is. American possesses social instincts and no little social talents. The social life is especially pleasing because it is entirely dominated by women. A happy, free, wholesome mingling of the sexes lends delightful fascination to social gaieties.

Americans are a hospitable people. European celebrities cannot land upon the American shores without being dined and wined and lionized. Americans are at times so over-anxious to entertain the great and the near-great that they frequently lay themselves open to the charge of being tuft-hunters. Americans are always generous and open-handed in their hospitality—to the people to whom they take a fancy.

The invited guest is not expected to stay over three days. "Stay long enough to pay your fare, but do not stay too long to wear out your welcome", remarked a young debutante of my acquaintance in a tone of finality that could not be disputed. When a person makes a social call, he is prudent enough not to stay over thirty minutes. "A long stay killeth a visit", is the revised version of the American social gospel.

An Indian does not like to accept an invitation unless it is persistently pressed upon him. In my early days in America I lost many dinner invitations because my friends would simply say, "Wouldn't you like to dine with me?" Of course I would; but how could I think of accepting an invitation which had not been urged upon

me at least half a dozen times? There is much that is good in this sincere and straightforward hospitality. It does, however, take an Indian some time before he gets used to American ways.

Social debts in America are binding and obligatory as well as any other debts. When a person has many social debts and does not care to give a theatre or a dinner party, he holds a reception. It is the easiest and cheapest way to discharge outstanding social obligations. In a large reception, which is generally a stiff and glittering function, host and hostess dressed in their best clothes stand in the parlor, and gallantly shake hands with each incoming guest at a measured angle and with a studied smile. The two formulae used on this occasion are: "Happy-to-see-you"; "Pleased-to-be-here". After the hand shaking business is over, the guests ask one another, "how-are-you"; but no body waits long enough to hear the answer. There is hardly any worth-while conversation, though there is plenty of small talk. These receptions would be more endurable if there were no music. Usually an obstreperous orchestra hidden behind a miniature grove of painted rubber palms set up an ear-splitting noise. If

there is any harmony in this music, the Oriental does not recognize it. To him it is torture. Years ago when a Shah of Persia was in Germany as the guest of the last Kaiser, a German musical program was given for his pleasure. At the close the Shah was asked if he wished to hear any number of the program again. Yes; he would like the first number repeated. They played it; but that did not please him. What did he want? Finally it became apparent that what the Shah was most interested in was the performance which preceded the first number: he wished to hear the musicians tune their instruments. I venture to say he would have no better luck with American music. At any rate, in fashionable receptions there is music and there is something to eat. Well toward the close of the evening, the inevitable black coffee and ice cream with wafers make their appearance. Refreshments over, guests begin to make their exits. The worn-out pass words at this time are: "Had-a-most-delightful-time"; "Glad-you-came".

It has been stated that the Americans are a nation of villagers. This description is true in the sense that they are more provincial than

national, and far more national than international or cosmopolitan. An explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in the fact that until recently America has lived in comparative isolation: she was almost a recluse among the nations. As yet an average American is all but village-minded when it comes to issues of world politics. Question him as to happenings in India or any other country immediately outside the orbit of his own land, and you will find him either an unabridged encyclopaedia of cloudy misinformation or an icy mountain of sheer indifference. The subjects which seem to move his interest and stir his imagination are American subjects. In this respect, he is dangerously near being parochial in mental make-up.

The American loves his country with a deathless love. The deepest, the most fundamental, the most universal thing in the United States is patriotism. The American is a patriot, sleeping or waking, walking or running, eating or drinking. He will forgive any crime but an act that is unpatriotic. He will gladly die a thousand times rather than see the honor of the national flag stained. As I write I have before me in the newspaper an account of a small boy,

only eleven years of age, who refused to salute the flag at his school. He was taken to the court, where the judge sentenced the little child to nine years in a reformatory school. "My country, right or wrong" is the essence of American patriotism. It inspires him with the belief that his country, which is the greatest, noblest and grandest of all, is a model, a guide to others. It breeds in him the conviction that he is the advance guard of civilization, that he has an apostolic mission to humanity. What a familiar ring these phrases have ! For has not the world heard already about the mission of Japan in China, the Germans in the Near East, the French in Africa, and the English in the Far East ?

It is perhaps unavoidable that Americans with such a glow of patriotism in their bosoms, with such loyalty to their institutions, would possess the unhappy knack of boasting about their country. This is, however, no original discovery with me. Nearly every visiting European traveller has made this observation, and furnished numerous examples in support of the view. Mathew Arnold in one of his paroxysms of attack against the United States spoke bitterly of the "American rhapsody of self-praise". It

seems to me that Europeans do not need to draw around them the cloak of self-righteousness. They have a beam in their own eyes. Their fulsome patriotic literature and their patriotic oratory reveal to an amazing degree that the United States does not hold a monopoly of the gift of gasconade. Does not France claim she is at the head of the world civilization? Does not Germany assume that she is the knight-errant of the true Kultur? And who has not heard England declare that other countries are weltering in the chaos of outer darkness? These innuendos are as wellknown as they are ridiculous. They prove one thing—the wide extent of the plague zone.

Confidence in one's ability, faith in the destiny of one's nation, even when carried to extreme, breeds ambition and hopeful cheerfulness. Hence Americans are a race of stubborn, inveterate optimists. Hope never springs so eternally in human breast as it does in America. The people of the United States ignore a ton of pessimistic facts for an ounce of optimism. Their common saying is, "Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you". There is probably nowhere in the world to-day a people more deter-

mined to be optimistic, regardless of logic or fact, than American people. They are loudly optimistic, virulently optimistic—at times totally forgetting that two and two make four. In the art of daring, incurable, reckless optimism America has so successfully led the globe that no competitor is in the running. A snarling pessimist is almost a social outcast: he is looked upon much as a lunatic or a cow thief. Talk as we may, bright cheery American optimism is far better than the dark pessimism of British James Thomson or the bottomless gloom of German Schopenhauer. Optimism makes the American self-reliant, self-confident; optimism stiffens his fighting spirit in the face of difficulty and obstacles.

In the course of my slumming experience I became acquainted with a gray, worn woman. She might have passed for sixty-five. I considered her to be that old. She was poor; she had to take in laundry to support herself, a drunken old husband, and a debauched son. Yet she never complained. "How are you getting along?" I asked her. "All right", she said, lifting a soggy partly wrung-out garment on the line; "I just get up my grit and fight.

It will be better by and by". And that too from a feeble woman who had been carrying an awful burden for over forty years! What cheerful courage, what heroism!

CHAPTER II

TRAVELING THROUGH THE COUNTRY

God made the country and man made the town.

—William Cowper.

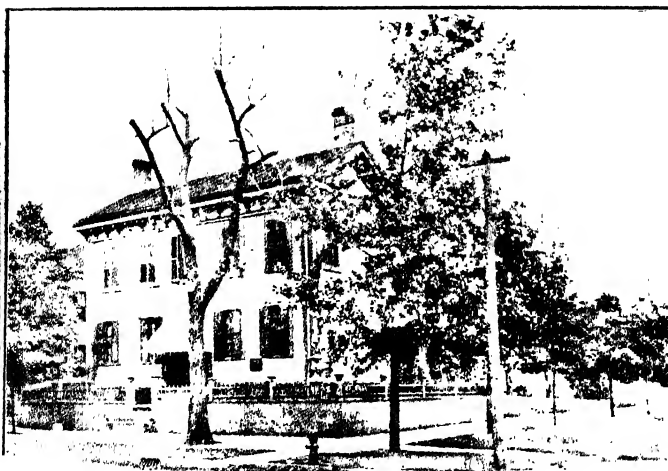
"Al-l-l abo-o-ard", shouted the blue-coated, brass-buttoned, husky rail-road conductor in a deep, sonorous voice, "al-l-l abo-o-oard ! Decatur, Quincy, Springfield—all this way up !"

The passengers knowing this to be the last call swung into the cars in a hurry and the "cannon-ball", as they call the fast train, rolled away, good-byes being shouted, handkerchiefs waved, kisses thrown.

It was on this train that I set out one bright July morning to spend a summer vacation in the country. The chief quest of this trip was to see the American country life at close range—"to see life steadily and see it whole". The big cities alone that are ordinarily visited by the Indian tourists whose accounts not infrequently appear in the Indian press, do not represent



Moving a house.



The Lincoln Home, Springfield, Ill.

The Lincoln House, Springfield, Ill.



A typical country town.



The lure of the country road in summer.



A rural mail carrier

America as a whole: Years of residence here, both in the city and in the country, have fully convinced me of this fact. If one wishes to get in touch with real American life—the bright, picturesque, unsophisticated American life, he must spend some time out in the country among the farmers, who have little “reverence for the starchy decencies and linen distinctions of formal society”.

The Americans are so free and easy in their manners that it is one of the easiest things on earth to make one's self “feel at home” in traveling with them. I was not in the train five minutes before I picked up acquaintance with several of my fellow passengers. Stories of murder, accounts of disaster, rumors of divorce, gossip of “rowdy-dow” among the smart set, made up the staple of conversation within the range of my hearing. “Did you hear”, asked one of my neighbors, “about that lynching in our town in Illinois?” Without waiting for a reply he continued, “Jolly, we had the biggest time ever. We strung up that nigger from the tallest tree in the town and I tell you we had some practice in shooting. Bet your life we had!”

Another man who sat beside me was sweetly confidential in his manner. He was particularly anxious to know if I was going to the State of Michigan where one woman had killed a dozen men and where special excursion trains were being rushed to carry hundreds of curious people to the scene of murder.

"No", I told him indifferently. •

"NO? NO?" he exclaimed in largest capitals.

"No, sir."

"Ah! You ought to be with the crowd. You must see the fun."

As I did not care to make any further reply, his chin dropped low and his mouth shut like a trap. He was a perfect picture of disappointment.

At the scheduled time the train pulled up at a little station where I was to stop. The station-master, or the ticket-agent as he is known over here, met me at the door of his office very cordially. He wore a battered stiff hat tilted over one ear and had a long corn-cob pipe in his mouth. He was very friendly. Beaming a broad, expansive smile, he told me all about his city. He overloaded me with such information

about his city, as its size, its population, the names of the streets, the number of school teachers, and the names of preachers.

I have used the word "city" in the last paragraph, which needs an explanation to avoid an outright misrepresentation. A "city" in American language does not always mean a "large town"—to quote your old dictionary definition. Take the first instance that comes to my hand. Liberty, a little village not so very far from Chicago, has a population of two hundred inhabitants. However, it takes as much pride in calling itself a "city" as the great city of Chicago, whose population exceeds two millions. Here little mounds are called hills, small creeks rivers, dirty mud-holes crystal lakes, and small villages great cities. I stumbled into one "city" whose population just numbered five, three men and two women. A small grocery store, a whistling station, a black cat and a yellow dog made up the whole outfit of that "city".

The people in the small towns are walking marks of interrogation and exclamation. If I happened to stop on the road to ask a question, a crowd would soon gather around me. They

would take my front-view and back-view and fire off questions with merciless rapidity. There are just four questions which every American delights to ask a foreigner, and to be sure they come in this order: "What nationality are you?" "How long have you been here?" "How old are you?" "Do you like our country better than your own?"

The last question is the clincher. In a small town, the success or failure of your business, if you happen to have any, depends sometimes on your ability to humor the people.

At an informal party, I well remember, I had the pleasure of this unique introduction:

"Meet my friend," said my host in introducing me to a typical American for whom the world was created in 1776, "Mr. what-is-your-name (being unable to think of my name and turning to me for help), a foreigner who seems to think that this is a good country to live in".

"Glad to know you. Very glad indeed. America is a great country".

Knowing what was coming, I kept silent.

"This is God's own country. This is the garden spot of the world".

Still it failed to elicit an answer.

This ominous silence on my part roused all the energies of his soul and he forthwith let loose this torrent of eloquence: "We are the light of the world. We are the salt of the earth. We whipped England. We fear none. We Americans—"

Those who know America at all, know very well the American's love of exaggeration. All his adjectives are in the superlative: all his words end in "est". He looks at everything that belongs to him through an intense magnifying glass. Pointing to a modest looking brick church in a country town a man said "See here? This is the biggest church in the State." I confess I was rather disappointed, for I naturally expected him to say it was the biggest church in the world.

Well, they are amazingly interesting, these country people. They are so inquisitive. True it is not very annoying when you once get used to their ways; but yet at the same time you cannot help noticing that it is just in their bones to make other people's affairs their own at the shortest possible notice. They are frankly and openly interested in the brightness of your teeth, the color of your hair, and the price of your

wearing apparel. They will think nothing of pulling out your watch chain, weighing it, measuring it, and asking with democratic familiarity what "you gave for that".

It sounds very strange. Yet who has not found among the country people a lingering belief in signs and old sayings? Are you always right in assuming that learning and talent can exempt a man from superstition? I have not the space to discuss the psychology of superstition. I am simply stating a fact, because it is true. And as illustrative of my point, here are a few gems strung together hastily: "If it rains on Monday, it will rain three days more in the week"; "If it rains on Easter it will rain seven days straight"; "If a black cat crosses your path there will be bad luck"; "If a rabbit goes on your right there will be good luck, if on the left, bad"; "It is unlucky to point at the moon"; "A new moon on Saturday is a sign of wind"; "Moonlight will blunt razors".

There is in Chicago the shrine of St. Anne in St. Anne's Church where hundreds of cripples and invalids go each year to seek relief from their ailments. The Catholic priests of the Church say that they have a genuine wrist bone

of St. Anne in their church. And at this shrine the afflicted pray in the hope that their ailments will be cured!

The people in the country are very accommodating. They are ever ready to do what they can even without ever looking for a "thank you". The average farmer is a poor walker. He either rides, or drives, or motors. He thinks it is terrible hardship for anybody to walk. Not a day passed but I had a dozen invitations for "lifts" to refuse. When a farmer meets a "roadster" he asks:

"Where be ye going?"

"Oh, just a little piece," says the traveler in a hurry to avoid a ride.

"I allow yer a stranger. Climb right in my buggy".

"No, thanks."

"What is it yer a-sayin? Come on in! Hit won't cost you a cent. Git in! I'll give ye a lift any way, pardner."

Who can withhold praise from such a delightful assertion of democratic *camaraderie*?

In my long travels through the country—wearied and footsore—I spent many a night with the farmers. They have such beautiful homes.

They do not like stone or brick buildings. An ordinary farmer's house is a two-storied wooden structure with a beautiful flower garden in the front yard and green vines shading the porch. The house has a parlor, a sitting room, a dining room, a kitchen, and three or four living rooms. They are well-decorated and nicely furnished; and everything is just as clean as a whistle. If there is anything that American women pride themselves upon more than Paris gowns and huge peach-busket hats with their wilderness of multi-colored fruits and flowers, then it must be Oriental carpets. This rage for Oriental carpets has invaded even the heart of the farmer's wife on the remote farms. There you will find her proudly displaying the latest Oriental carpets on her parlor floor. She is not what you call a professional "culturine"; nevertheless, she will manage to give you an impression that she has an eye for aesthetics. Look at those curious knick-knacks and bric-a-bracs on the mantle-piece or at those pictures on the walls! Naujok's "St. Cecillia", Murillo's "Madonna", Breton's "Song of the Lark"—all are there. Then there are books on the shelf, newspapers on the reading-table, a piano in the corner, and sofas

and cushions and rockers in a becoming order. What a feeling of cosy comfort! What an air of unobtrusive elegance hanging over it all!

The American farmers are a strong, robust people. They attribute much of their health and vigour to meat diet. Most of their meat, however, is pork. They kill a few hogs in the winter, when the feed is high, and then keep them smoked and salted in the cellar for use during the rest of the year. "Don't you eat meat?" asked my hostess much concerned. "Why, Lor! if I knew you did not care for meat, I would kill a chicken for you."

As soon as the guest is taken over to the dining hall, he is given the liberty of the table. "You see what little there is on the table. Pitch right in. Don't wait to be helped," is the general formula.

Conversation, some one has said, is the natural accompaniment of a meal; but around the farmer's table there is little attempt to talk. He is too busy at the table to indulge in a "feast of reason", to use an over-worked, shop-worn phrase. This, however, is no reflection on the warmth and sincerity of his hospitality. I had a standing invitation from a farmer for all

summer to "slip into my water-melon patch any time you want to and sly away with a melon. It won't cost you nothin'".

The farmers are the bulwark of American prosperity. If the Roman empire fell because of the decline of the farmers, the American Republic has no such thing to dread. The American farmers will never be syberites; it is not in their making. How many hours does a farmer put in his firm? Let me give you his day's programme. He gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and before breakfast he feeds the cattle, milks the cows, and harnesses the horses for the work. Breakfast over, he labors in the field till noon. One o'clock finds him again at his toil till it is too dark to work.

Busy as the farmers are, they are never too busy to know "what is going on in the world". An average man takes two or three daily newspapers, several weeklies and a number of monthly magazines. Among the farming papers, I found the "Drover's Journal" and "Wallace's Farmer" most popular.

Sometimes eight or nine of the educated farmers get together and organize a magazine club. Each member pays about three rupees a

year and he gets four or five of the best magazines a week. He reads them over at his leisure, and passes them on down the line.

There are other forms of intellectual activity among the country people. The "Neighbourhood Lyceums" come in here for prominent mention. These clubs meet once a fortnight to discuss topics that are related to their daily life as well as to their national welfare. A man will read a paper on "Soil Culture" and a woman give a talk on "House-keeping". This will then be followed by live discussions, straight talks from the shoulder, if you please. When the forensic tumult subsides, music and elocution will take the floor. Last, but not least, there will be dancing and refreshments to close the programme of the evening.

The native Americans, as I have hinted all through, are by nature sociable; and they are more sociable in the country than in the town. County-fairs, Old Settler's Reunions; Fish fries, Town Carnivals and many other rustic social functions furnish the country people with abundant opportunities "to meet each other under pleasant circumstances and to become better acquainted". In the summer, the moon-light

picnics and open air dances are very much in fashion among the young folks.

Travelers from England, especially from Europe, have often expressed to me their surprise at the freedom with which the young men and women mingle in society. They find that the chaperon, for one thing, has been entirely put out of business. But chaperon or no chaperon, when the young people make up their minds to have a joyous time, they are bound to have it. You cannot stop that. On Saturday and Sunday nights, the dusty country roads are filled with buggies and automobiles of the young pleasure-seekers. They are going from place to place or going for long drives whispering words of love. This form of mild recreation, which is said to be necessary to offset the strenuousness of life, is euphemistically described by the parents as "sparking."

Such is the American "divine average"—the typical life of the typical American in the country. And, after the summer vacation, as we take up once more the humdrum routine of city life, our mind often wanders back to the country where the robin sings, the magnolia blossoms, and life is so odd, so free, and so gay.

CHAPTER III

AMERICAN HOTEL

There is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

Americans are so fond of traveling and are so much in the habit of giving dinners at a hotel rather than at their home that the United States may fairly be described as a country of hotels. They are an important institution. Indeed, they are as essential to American life as electric lights, telephones, railroads, or moving picture theatres.

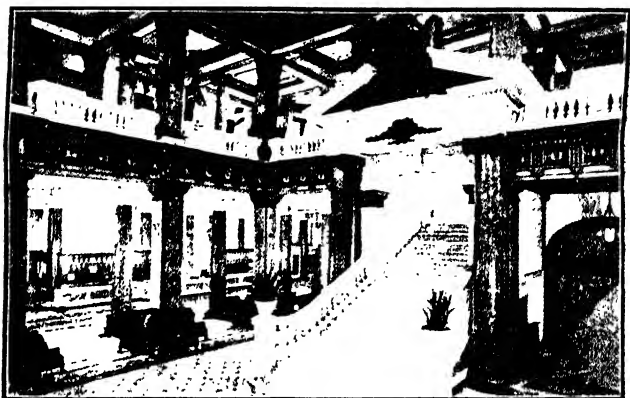
In metropolitan cities, like that proud, surging, baffling city of New York, there are stately hotels twenty-five stories high with half a dozen passenger elevators and with a thousand rooms flooded with mellow lights from electroliers. I have known of hotels where there are over three thousand people, yet where a crowd is unknown. The whole place seems to be

noiseproof. There is a perfect blend of quiet and comfort, as if the hotel were run on rubber tires with ball bearings. In the winter the buildings are heated by steam heat, and in the summer they are kept by a process of cold air as breezy and exhilaratingly cool as an ocean liner. The large halls are finished in art bronze, rare woods, and various colored marbles. The ceilings are beamed and panelled with artistic relief designs. Golden rotundas with their mezzanine balconies, magnificent cafes with choicest meals from spotless kitchens, inviting buffets with finest of wines, and splendid sitting and bed rooms with tufted rugs, crystal chandeliers, costly furniture, and floral embellishments, give one a sense of delightful luxuries. Yet these mammoth hotels are more than a mere mass of stone and steel, a tangle of pipes and wires, a jumble of pictures and statuary, brocades and tapestries, rooms and dishes. Great hotels like the Waldorf-Astoria or the Biltmore of New York, the Hotel Puritan of Boston, the Willard of Washington, the Bellevue-Stratford of Philadelphia, the Grunewald of New Orleans, the Rice of Houston, the Blackstone or Hotel La Salle of Chicago, Hotel Utah



The Blackstone, Chicago.





Lobby and Grand Staircase, Grunewald Hotel, New Orleans, La.



Hotel La Salle, Chicago.

of Salt Lake City, Hotel St. Francis or Palace Hotel of San Francisco, have a delightful element of human service which makes an American feel that he is "at home", away from home. They can provide him with all the essentials of a luxurious American home without its attendant care and worry, without the burden of housekeeping.

Let us follow a guest as he comes into an elaborate hotel. At 9 A.M. when he turns into the main entrance, the Doorman in a gorgeous livery makes a low bow, takes his luggage, presses an electric button, and a Bellman hurries to meet the guest. The Bellman, who is also clothed in livery and also profuse in courtesy, relieves the Doorman of the luggage, and politely escorts the guest through the spacious lobby to the Room Clerk's desk. The rates range from six rupees a day for a single room to five hundred rupees a day for one single suite or seven hundred rupees a day for a state suite with a dining room in connection.

As soon as the guest has picked his room and signed his name to the hotel register, he sets in motion a maze of machinery, though it be "all un-beknown to him". After the regis-

tration, the Room Clerk writes an arrival slip which is handed to a Bellman. He inquires of the guest if he is expecting any mail or telegrams addressed to him in care of the hotel. If the guest states that there may be something for him, he runs for it to the Mail Clerk at once. The Bellman then takes the guest to a luxurious lift which is called in America the elevator, and they are "shot up" to the desired floor within a few seconds.

Upon arriving on the floor, the Bellman hands the arrival slip to the Floor Clerk, who makes note of the name on the rack sheet opposite the number of the room assigned to the guest. This clerk, who is a young woman, is stationed on every floor of the hotel to look after all the troublesome details of the guests in their busy American existence. She takes the place of the private secretary in the office, or the social secretary in the home. Her responsibilities range from receiving and announcing callers to getting a valet to sew buttons on trousers.

After the Bellman has seen that the guest is comfortably settled in his room, he inquires if there is anything else to be done. He may need a "man" to pack and unpack his effects,

or to wait upon him continuously. In case the guest does not arrange for the valet service, he proceeds to unpack his baggage himself.

He finds that he has several soiled shirts and collars to be laundered. Just then he discovers a little card in the bureau drawer calling attention to the hotel laundry service, and stating that "any laundry bundles sent in before ten o'clock in the morning will be delivered the same day". It being half past nine, he steps to the telephone in one corner of the room. He "rings up" the operator who responds in a soft telephonic voice, "Number? number?" "I want the Floor Clerk". He is immediately connected with the clerk of his floor who asks, "Hello? hello?—What is it? Oh, yes, I hear now—You want some laundry done up—This evening—of course—of course." The Floor Clerk calls up the Laundry Department, which sends one of its uniformed maids to the guest's room. In the evening when the laundry is ready, the same woman brings down the laundry to the guest.

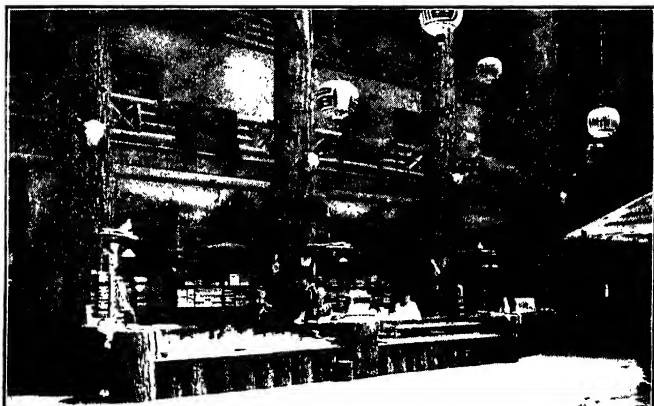
Having disposed of his several personal affairs, he now looks over the mail. He finds it necessary to send a few telegrams. He sits down at the writing desk in his room, pulls out

the mahogany drawer and finds it stocked with telegraph blanks, stationery, correspondence cards, blotters, an individual calender, and also a supply of pen holders and several kinds of pen-points. He writes several telegrams, and telephones for a "boy" to take them. Immediately a Bellman is sent to his room. He takes the messages, and carries them to the telegraph and cable station located right in the hotel. If the guest himself bring the telegrams to the Floor Clerk and ask her to have them sent, she despatches them through the pneumatic tube to the telegraph office. At any rate, in sixty or seventy seconds after the guest has written his telegrams, they are being transmitted over the wires.

In the afternoon the guest may have a few friends drop in for a social visit. He may wish to give them some cigars; but finding that he has none in his cigar case, he goes to the telephone and is connected with the Room Service Department, which promptly fills his orders. When the guest orders anything served in his room—that is, food, cigars, or certain kinds of drinks—he is not connected with the Floor Clerk, but with the officer in charge of the Room Service.



Many Glacier Hotel overlooking Lake McDermott.
Glacier National Park.



Cigar and Curio Stand at Glacier Park Hotel.



Ice-skating Carnival. Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel, Chicago.



Ice-skaters at Morrison Hotel, Chicago.

It may happen that the guest may wish to entertain his friends at a theatre. Where will he get his theatre tickets? He finds that he can buy theatre tickets for any of the theatres in the city, in the lobby of the hotel. He secures his tickets, steps to the front door, and calls for a hotel cab to take them to a theatre. It is not necessary, of course, for him to go outside of the building for his entertainment. A ball room and a theatre on the second floor furnish amusement for the guests. Almost every night the hotel gives a dance or a theatrical performance.

After enjoying a pleasant evening at the theatre, he returns to the hotel with a lady. He invites her, according to the usual American custom, to an after-theatre supper. They are served an excellent meal amid the delightful surroundings of the hotel cafe. The delicious meats and gravies, the tender vegetables, the dainty salads, the crisp, hot biscuits, the fancy tea and coffee, the flaky pies and wonderful cakes, the fruits and jams and jellies, are all spread out before them in such a lavish and tempting variety that their only trouble lies in choosing between them. At such a dinner or

tea the function of talking is more important than the function of eating. Every one, foolish or wise, must carry his own weight in conversation. Silence is a deadly thing to be carefully avoided. Keep the conversational artillery rumbling on, is the demand of the table etiquette. For the most part they talk nothings; they retail spicy bits and attractive nonsense. One of the features of the fashionable hotel restaurants is the music balcony, where embowered in dwarf palms, the orchestra plays music. The guests sit and chat. They do not realize how fast the time flies, and when they are ready to leave, it is after midnight. His friend departs, and he goes to his room.

When he walks into his room, and turns on the electric lights, he is delighted to find that no detail for his comfort has been omitted. The bed covers have been partly turned back, the snow-white pillows tastily arranged, and the furniture in the room cozily placed with a big comfort-inviting, peace-impelling easy chair near the reading lamp. He notices that the discarded clothing he threw around rather carelessly when he hurriedly dressed for dinner, has been nicely folded away by the chambermaid;

his suit hung up in the clothes closet, his soiled linen and his laundry bundle placed in the dresser bureau, and his toilet articles,—brush, comb, hand mirror, nail file, manicure scissors—neatly arranged on the dresser. When he goes into the adjoining bath room, he finds it fresh and clean; towels, hand soap, bath soap, wash cloths, are all supplied plentifully. Oh, what a comfort to be in such a place!

The guest then prepares to retire. He tells the telephone operator in the office that he wishes to be awakened at seven-thirty in the morning to catch the early train. He undresses, dons his pink silk pajamas, opens the windows, puts out the lights and gets into bed. At about three o'clock in the morning he is aroused from his sleep by the sharp ringing of the telephone bell. Annoyed at being disturbed at this unearthly hour, he picks up the telephone receiver, and asks what is the trouble. The reply comes from the other end, "This is the Telegraph Clerk speaking; we have just received a telegram for you. Shall I send it up to your room or read it over the phone?" "Read". He learns that it is a wire from home asking for immediate instructions on a matter of great importance.

Instead of feeling irritable for being awakened from his slumbers, he is more than pleased to be able to answer the telegram promptly, which he does by dictating the reply over the telephone to the Telegraph Clerk. At half past seven he is again awakened by the telephone bell. He takes up the receiver, and a pleasant feminine voice greets him, "Good morning! you asked us to call you at half past seven." "Oh, yes: I remember! Thanks."

Our guest dresses, goes down to the lobby and inquires of the elevator starter where he may get a railroad time table. He is referred to the railroad ticket office, located just inside the main entrance of the hotel. When he walks in, he is surprised to find the ticket office complete in every detail. He asks the clerk if he can purchase a ticket to his home town, and is told that he can complete all his arrangements there, including ticket, reserved berth, and the checking of his baggage. The clerk also explains to him that the entire amount may be charged to his hotel account, so that he may settle the total bill when he gets ready to leave.

Everywhere in the hotel a guest finds his wishes law. In everything there is thoughtful

anticipation of all his wants, even before he is conscious of them. Billiard hall, gymnasium, children's play-rooms, library, music room, barber shop for men, beauty parlor for women, Turkish baths, huge swimming pool with constantly changing water, wireless station on the roof of the hotel to catch friends out at sea—here are accommodations that cater to every exigency and condition of life. Just to show how complete a modern hotel is, there is even a hospital with an operating room, as perfect as science can make it, to take care of emergency cases. Skilful doctors and nurses are already there to look after the wants of the guests that may need aid. The average patron of the hotel never knows anything about this hospital; but he will find it when he requires it.

To come back to our guest. After he has paid his bill at the Cashier's window, he is handed a small envelope containing his railroad ticket. He then inquires where he can secure the services of a porter to bring down his baggage. The Cashier has a push button at his desk which signals the Porter's Department, and in a moment a porter arrives. He gets the baggage and puts it into the hotel taxi cab. The guest

leaves the hotel with only the most pleasant recollections of courtesy, of perfect service. He is sorry to go ; but he looks forward, as I have done many a time, with fond anticipation to a return visit. And as he drives down to the railroad station, he thinks perhaps of Shenstone's famous and pathetic lines :

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round
Whate'er his various tour has been,
May sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an Inn.

"The duty of an innkeeper," says Thénardier in Victor Hugo's immortal *Les Misérables*, "is to sell to the first comer, food, rest, light, fire, dirty linen, servants, fleas and smiles ; to stop travelers, empty small purses, and honestly lighten larger ones ;—to charge for the open window, the closed window, the chimney-corner, the sofa, the chair, the stool, the bench, the feather-bed, the mattress, the straw-bed ; to know how much the mirror is worn, and to tax that ; and, by the 500,000 devils, to make the traveler pay for everything, even to the flies that his dog eats !" That certainly was very naive of the amiable French boniface. But the duty of the American hotel manager, who also ex-

pects his patrons to "pay for everything" they get, is vastly more complex and arduous. The manager is at the head of a highly efficient organization of employees. The position of a director of a skyscraper hotel, which has anywhere from twelve hundred to two thousand employees on the pay-roll, may be likened to that of the commander of an army. The work of the establishment, done with the smoothness and regularity of clock-work, is divided into various departments. Each department has its own chief, to whom the employees of the department are responsible, and the chiefs, in turn, are under the constant supervision of the general manager of the hotel.

Of the various departments of a hotel, the most important is naturally the kitchen. The chief, whose salary in the largest establishments ranges from two thousand to four thousand rupees a month, presides over the culinary department. He has not infrequently in his charge fifty assistant culinary artists, and altogether eight or nine hundred men and women working in the kitchen. And this, too, in a machine-made hotel, where the cooking is done by gas and electricity, and the potatoes are peeled and

the dishes are washed, not by hands, but by machinery !

An old-established custom of America is tipping. "To tip or not to tip" is a question which is invariably answered in the affirmative. The bell-boy, the waiter, the porter, the girl who takes charge of your hat when you go into the dining room, should be tipped—liberally and cheerfully. I have seen in print somewhere the statement that New Yorkers pay three hundred thousand rupees a year in tips just for having their hats checked while they go to eat in hotels. But why should one submit to tipping at all? The obvious reason is that a self-respecting man fears being called "cheap", and, furthermore, he has no wish, in the words of a New York paper, to "meet the reproachful or vindictive glances of untipped waiters". In a few American States—a very few—tipping is illegal. The custom of tipping, however, is so strong that the law against tipping is more honored in the breach than in the observance. Some time ago President and Mrs. Wilson were travelling in a part of the country where there was an anti-tipping law; but Mrs. Wilson gave as a tip to the waiters of her table a fifteen-rupee gold

piece. The State Attorney General declared that the tipping was unlawful. He ruled, however, that the waiters might be allowed to keep the gold piece as a souvenir—only as a souvenir!

CHAPTER IV

THE A B C OF RURAL SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

Teach the children! It is painting in fresco.

—Emerson.

What made our American Revolution a foregone conclusion was the Act of General Court, passed in May, 1647, which established the system of common schools.

—Lowell.

The little school house at Libertyville is typical of the many schools scattered everywhere through the rural districts of America. Over the maple grove the traveler can see the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from the white steeple or can hear the iron bell as it clangs from the cupola. The building itself, which stands in the midst of a shaded lawn, is picturesque. The white walls of the house with green trimmings make a splendid setting against the background of the autumn trees, whose leaves are just turning yellow, purple, and red. Such a



A Dining Room in a Hotel.



Boys' Class in Physical Training.



High School Girls' Basket-ball Team.



school, as Benjamin Franklin said, is truly "the modest temple of wisdom."

But watch the children! Their faces are fresh and bright, their hands are clean, and their hair combed smooth. As they rush into the building, they leave their hats and cloaks in the anteroom, and carry to their seats leather satchels stuffed with books. The room is commodious, well lighted, well heated, beautifully furnished and equipped. The furniture is simple but attractive. It consists of individual desks and settees for the children; a chair and a table on the platform for the teacher. In the center of the room a fire burns cheerfully in a large coal stove; and on the left and right, the glass windows are shaded by green blinds and snow-white curtains. One thing that specially attracts our attention for its convenience and usefulness is the paper black board running all around the walls. And just above the black board, the walls are tastefully adorned with suggestive life-mottoes, pictures of national historical significance, and portraits of Washington, Lincoln, and other American heroes. Everything is in good taste. The very air of the place seems to put new zest into life—makes one eager

to study, ambitious to achieve. There is no noise, no murmur, no whispered conversation. You can almost hear a pin drop. All is calm, quiet, and "ready for live business," as the Americans tersely express it. Can a child's mind help unconsciously imbibing the ennobling influence of such a stimulating environment?

The school commences in the morning with appropriate opening exercises. There is, however, no set programme. The teacher on these occasions either makes a bright little talk or tells a short story with a moral. At other times he reads a selection from an author or sings with the whole school some national hymns. The most popular national anthem which the children are taught to sing, of course, is "America". With what swing and rhythm it goes! Listen!

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,

Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills.
Like that above.

The school day consists of seven periods, one of which is given to mid-day lunch. The school hours are from 9 to 4. The lunch is taken from 12 to 1. Since nearly all the students bring their "snacks" along with them in tiny dinner-pails, they eat their lunch at school. Besides this one period of necessary relaxation at noon, there are two short recesses lasting for fifteen minutes each; one recess comes at half-past ten, and the other at half-past two. These brief intermissions are utilized in open-air sports, and they are expected to be participated in by all. As a rule, the boys and the girls play separately and as they choose. Evidently the object of the recess is to prevent school work from degenerating into a lifeless grind. It brings the children out-of-doors into sunlight and fresh air, and keeps them from brain fag. Nothing else can give the little ones so much of the needed mental relaxation as a lively, rousing game in the open-air. The teacher, of course, is al-

ways with the children on the play-ground ; but he is there not so much to guide and direct the games as to enthuse the children by his presence as an intensely interested spectator. The teacher in this country does not think that he has done his full duty by his pupils when he has only explained their lessons and listened to their recitations. Instead, he endeavors by all means to enter into their daily lives. He mingles with them, thinks with them, and feels with them ; and the children come to accept him naturally enough as one of their personal friends. He is "just it", say the youngsters informally.

WHAT THEY TEACH

The subjects taught in the rural school are reading, spelling, grammar, composition, arithmetic, United States History, geography, physiology, music, and drawing. Many schools have added recently courses in manual training, agriculture, and domestic science. Domestic science is designed to increase the home efficiency of the young girls who will some day become the home-makers of the nations. It teaches the latest and most scientific methods

of cooking, sewing, knitting, and the art of home decoration. The work in agriculture concerns itself with instruction in the composition of soil, the maintenance of the soil's fertility, the selection of proper seed, the rotation of crops, and the care of raising and feeding stock. The manual training course gives the boys practice in handling tools, and making simple chairs, tables, fences, and gates. The work throughout is practical.

The purpose of the educational leaders in introducing these new branches is to bring the school close to the homes of the rural population, and so to make the school a real "laboratory of life". A study of these practical subjects inspires the boys and girls with a love for country life. Instead of drifting into the over-crowded cities, they are encouraged to stay on the farms and prepare themselves for the practical duties of "the man on the land". The American educators have felt that in these days of scientific farming the farmer's boys, in order to live useful and successful lives at home, must needs have something more than instruction in the traditional "three R's." They should not only know "readin, 'ritin, and 'rithmetic"; but they

should also get some training in those very subjects which bear on their life's work. Here is an object-lesson for India. The work in these schools extends through eight years. If one is desirous of going further, he can enter the High School and graduate in four years; and if he is still more ambitious, he can go to a university and get his Bachelor's degree at the end of another four years. Thus, a boy who goes to a rural school at six years of age will be ready to begin his life's vocation as a well-equipped university graduate when he is only twenty-two. However, as a matter of actual record, a vast majority of the children become wage-earners after their common school education, and only a small fraction ever reaches the university campus.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION COMPULSORY

In an official report to the English king, Sir William Berkeley as governor of Virginia wrote in 1671: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against

the best government. God keep us from both." This "pious" wish of governor Berkeley, which was generally shared by most English rulers of American colonies, was never granted by the Almighty. It would make Berkely and his tribe turn in their graves to know that there are now free public schools in every town, and in every village of America. In some of the Western agricultural States, such as Wyoming, where the population is sparse, teachers are provided by the government to teach in the farmers' homes wherever three or four children can be gathered together. The public schools are free and open to all, except in some sections of the southern States where there are special schools for the negro people.

Forty-two States have now some form of compulsory education. In these States laws require attendance from the seventh or eighth year. The period of attendance required varies from twelve weeks in Virginia and Nebraska to a full school year in twenty-eight States. Where the compulsory educational law is enforced, each parent must send his children to school. If the law is violated, the offending parent is reported by the truant officer, is sum-

moned before the Justice of the Peace, and is rendered liable to a fine of from ten to one hundred and fifty rupees. That explains, in part, how América is the only nation in the world that succeeds in keeping twenty-one per cent of its total population in school for eight or nine months of every year.

In cases of privation, the school board undertakes to furnish suitable clothing, text books, and other necessary supplies free. There are also public schools where hot lunches are sold to the children at approximate cost. For how can children learn anything in school when they are hungry?

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION

The school is administered by a board of directors, whose number varies from three to five. The directors are elected by popular suffrage for three years, one retiring every year. As they have the immediate control of the school, they are individually and collectively held responsible for the successful working of the school machinery. They frame rules of school government, "hire" teachers, keep the school building in repair, and furnish necessary

school material. The board receives no remuneration for its services. Next to the board, the school is under the supervision of the County Superintendent of Schools. This official does not interfere with the details of school administration, which is left entirely to the discretion of the local board. The superintendent has only the general oversight of the school. He visits the schools occasionally, attends to examinations, and sees that the state laws of education are enforced. The County Superintendent is again under the authority of the State Superintendent, who is at the head of common schools in every State. The State Superintendent and the County Superintendent are both appointed for two years by the direct votes of the people. They both receive compensation.

FINANCING THE SCHOOL

All this costs money—hundreds of millions. America spends fifteen hundred million rupees annually upon public elementary and secondary education, a sum much larger than that spent in any other civilized country.

The average expense of running a country school for a year of eight months

is about a thousand rupees. The average cost per pupil is a little over six rupees a month. Now the school budget is met by revenues from two different sources. First, there is the permanent school fund provided by the State. In Iowa the State pays five rupees for each pupil of school age. Secondly, there is the district school tax levied on all taxable property. This tax is proportionate to the needs of the school district. It falls on all who have property, irrespective of the number of children. Thus, a propertied man or woman, who has no children, has to pay the school tax just the same as the one who has dozens of children. It is significant that the man who has no property and is therefore exempt from taxation, has a perfect right to educate his children at public expense. The underlying principle is that all, rich or poor, need education. And while the children of the rich can live on the interest of their parents' money and do not require an education to make a living, the children of the poor cannot do that. In fact, the poor are in need of more and better education than the rich.

In the country there is a public school in nearly every four square miles ; this area is called

a school district. The school is so centrally located that the farthest child in the district is only two miles distant from his school. There are very few country school districts where there are no public schools. I have known of schools of only three pupils, and the people of the district taxed a singularly large amount to support those schools. Waste? Extravagance? No. Who can measure the intrinsic value of education and its contributing services to the commonwealth in mere dollars and cents?

SCHOOL LIBRARY

The schools in the country district have often fine juvenile libraries. The methods of providing a library for the school are many. Sometimes children and their teacher become so interested in having a library that they work together to raise funds by selling tickets for socials and various entertainments. More often the State lends a helping hand. The State of North Carolina has a law on its statute-books, which provides that whenever the patrons of a country school raise thirty rupees for books, the State will duplicate it by a similar amount. In Wisconsin, the law authorizes the levy for a

school library, of five annas per capita for each person of school age in every district.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

It is comparatively easy to provide money and equipment for schools in a country where almost everybody seems to have money to spare. However, if the Americans are lavish in spending money for education, they are none the less careful in selecting the best men and women to teach their children. No one in this country, not even a college professor, has a legal right to be a common school teacher unless he can pass a special examination of the State Board of Examination. To the successful candidate the Board gives a license or teacher's certificate granting him the privilege to teach. Briefly speaking, there are four classes of certificates. The third grade certificate is granted to those who average at the examination 65 per cent with no subject below 60 per cent. The holder of this certificate is entitled to teach only one year before his certificate must be renewed. The second grade certificate is for those who get an average of 75 per cent with no subject below 70. The first class certificate is hard to get and

therefore sharply contested by all. It is given to those lucky few who can secure an average of 85 per cent with no subject below 80. The holder of the first class certificate can teach school for three years without any examination. The final goal of every ambitious teacher, however, is to obtain a Life Certificate; when one has this certificate he can teach school all his life without further examination. To get the Life Certificate, a teacher must have a record of five years of continuous successful teaching, the quality of success to be judged by the school or county superintendent under whom he may be engaged.

In a country where the auctioneer, the undertaker and even the barber are required to pass examinations and receive government license before they are allowed to practice their callings, there is no conceivable reason why the teacher should not be required to do the same. Obviously the teacher has a greater responsibility than either barber or "funeral director". The teachers' examination serves as a stimulus for thorough preparation. It weeds out the incompetent and inefficient. It advances the standard of teaching as a whole.

The teachers' examination is not all "nuts

and nectar." At every examination a surprisingly large number of candidates fail to pass. This, of course, is partly due to general incompetency; but principally to insufficient preparation. At a certain county examination I found the applicants for teachers' license return, among others, the following curious answers. "Congress at large" is when Congress is in session. "Humidity" is the human race; also the average length of human life. Benjamin Franklin was the first inventor of lightning. "The Suez Canal" is between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. "Slavery was introduced in America by William Lloyd Garrison." "Comparison of For" is Forer, Forest. "Hygiene" is the principal article of food without which the body would die; every kind of food contains hygiene. "Absorption" is breathing pure air into our lungs and blowing it back through the nostrils. "Saliva is a kind of a soup made in the salviary gland." "Anatomy is pure air and correct use of ventilation."

These answers contain a moral lesson which needs to be rubbed in on us. They cannot but make one think that had there been no system of examination to expose these embryonic

teachers, they would, in all probability, have got into some school and done more harm than good. They also serve to emphasize that a teacher, whether in America or India, needs to be well trained before entering upon the responsible duties of his vocation. .

MAN *versus* WOMAN TEACHERS

Almost all the teachers in the rural schools are women. Occasionally one hears a spasmodic cry against the "feminization" of elementary education; but that is only a false alarm of the professional agitators. There are at least two reasons why the teaching force of the elementary schools is made up almost entirely of women. First, there is not money enough to attract men. The salary of a country school teacher is from one hundred to two hundred rupees a month—a slim salary in America for a worthy man. The commercial and industrial opportunities are more attractive for him. And as an average American can seldom rise above the "bread and butter" attitude towards his profession, he does not fancy the rural school. Secondly, men do not fully understand the little children and do not care to teach very long, not even long

enough to make a successful failure. A man makes teaching a quick stepping stone to some business. Whatever may be the reasons for the *scarcity of men in rural schools*, it goes without dispute that women are after all more capable to teach the little folks than men. For unselfish devotion to duty the women come as near the ideal type of teacher as can be; they are like the "candle which lights others in consuming itself." They have more stick-to-itiveness; they are more conscientious. Then, too, they are unusually gifted with patience and human sympathy—qualities which go a long way to stimulate a child to do his very utmost.

NOTABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICAN EDUCATION

It is not possible here to touch upon all phases of rural education. Mention may be made, however, of a few of the leading features that are peculiarly characteristic of the American system of education. Almost the first thing that strikes an observer is the democratic spirit which permeates the whole school life. It is, indeed, something more than a mere vague, elusive spirit. You can almost feel it, touch it—it is

so vital, so real. This wholesome American democracy finds a living expression in the absolute equality which exists among students. It is a very common thing to see the boy whose father owns a thousand acres of land and has a big red automobile, treated by school-mates and teachers just like the ragged urchin by his side, whose father is the "hired man" of the rich man.

"Who are some of the richest students in your school?" I queried a teacher.

"I don't know," was her short reply. "I treat every child just the same. I never care to find out who his father is, or his mother. All I want to know is what he can do. He has got a chance to prove it to me." This is no put-up talk of an Utopian: it is ideal democracy in action.

In elementary schools throughout the United States boys and girls recite together in class. This system of co-education is favored by the progressive leaders of educational thought not only because it is economical, but because it has actually raised the quality of scholarship in the schools where it has been fairly tried. A lady school principal of unusual stamp, who has

taught school for twenty years, once explained to the writer that the chief advantage of co-education is that the presence of boys makes the girls work harder. The girls do not like to fail in the presence of the boys. Of course, it also works the other way; it makes the boys study hard to keep pace with the girls.

Another special glory of the American school system is to be found in the fact that the public schools do not countenance the teaching of church creeds and dogmas. American law courts have decided that in the institutions supported by public taxes there can be no religious education, no compulsory Bible study, no "Christian Evidences" with Paley and Butler in the last year. Yet American students do not seem to lack in moral principle or in spirit of service. Some years ago an English missionary zealot—a Bishop Weldon, it seems to be—succeeded in creating a stir in India and getting a good deal of notoriety for himself by his absurd proposal to teach the Bible in Government schools. It is hard to imagine how this missionary would have felt had he known that the American people, who are more than holding their own in every field of human endeavor,

have achieved that tremendous success without having religion rammed down their throats in schools. Indeed, the go-ahead Americans have totally eliminated the Bible from school rooms as a book of religion. There is precious little doubt that the attempt to teach religion in public schools would foil the very ends of education. It is every way fortunate for the interest of the world's progress and civilization that the American nation as a whole still clings to the good old teachings of Socrates, "knowledge is virtue and virtue is knowledge."

To all who have traveled in rural districts, it is a well-known fact that the American mothers are great factors in the education of their children. The mothers apparently seem to care for their children more than do the fathers. If you ask an average farmer in what class his boy is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the horny-handed one will stroke his chin and exclaim, "I don't know that. You had better ask my wife. She can tell you a heap better than I can." Once I met a farmer's wife, nearly fifty years old. On discussing the education of her children, the woman with silvering hair casually remarked, "I never had the chance of

a college education. I wish I could go to a college now! My soul craves for knowledge! I am right up to the neck in my farm work; but I always devote some time to study each day. I also require my children to do the same—even during the holidays." Her eyes sparkled and I knew she was sincere and earnest. Then with a broad, illuminating smile, the gray woman in blue apron rose from the black leather chair and took me over to the kitchen.

"I don't allow myself to waste time," she continued with an accent of enthusiasm. "See that little sofa yonder by the north window?"

"Yes."

"That's my favorite study."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. You see, while waiting for the potatoes to boil and the meat to stew over the kitchen stove, I rest on the sofa and improve the spare moments by reading history."

A MATTER OF VITAL CONCERN TO INDIA

But why are we interested in the American school? Of all things which come home to people with greatest force in India there is none more highly important than providing ways and

means for practical education. This is a practical age. Indian education, copied after the standardized English model, has descended to Indians from another day. It should be now so organized as to square with the modern spirit, with the condition of modern life. It should fill the needs, the requirements of the time and the country. In Indian village schools—such as they are—attempts should be made to open up, at least, elementary vocational education. Right now is the time to provide for the training of mechanics, farmers, and skilled workmen, if as a nation India is to go up and not sink down. The boys of to-day will be the future citizens of New India. Think of it. Why not train them to be workers and producers? Too often the students of the Indian schools imagine that education has no other ulterior end than to live by their wits on easy street. Surely there is something radically wrong with the schools which make such a distorted conception of education possible. The remedy should be sought by giving instruction in vocational training, by teaching occupations which ensure self-support.

I think I hear a chorus of disapproval

already. Let it be distinctly understood that this is not meant in opposition to higher education *per se*; we simply insist that zeal for book education has carried some people to an extreme, and that it is high time to cry an emphatic halt. India must learn to respect manual labor combined with head work. India cannot live on fine spun theories of literature and philosophy. Some must learn the industries, the manual arts; some must know how to use their hands as well as their heads.

We are triumphantly told that there can be no sound education, no real mental cultivation, without classical or literary courses. The arguments on the side of those who hold this ancient theory do not seem to have enough weight. A man can as well be educated through a course in medicine or law as through a course in agriculture. The alert American educators have long since appreciated the truth of this fact. A short time ago the Superintendent of Boston City Schools permitted a student in the High School to substitute for Algebra a higher course in violin music. That may seem like educational heresy to old-time Indian teachers; but there is no doubt that the Superintendent of Boston City Schools

was fully justified in believing that as far as the development of intellect is concerned, a student would be as fully benefitted by a course in difficult music as by a course in Algebra, Sanskrit or Persian.

America has also come to realize the fact that schools must meet the need of existing conditions. Manual training schools, vocational schools, trade schools testify how the educational system is made to conform to the demands of present life. In some public schools boys are given instruction in cobbling, and girls in washing and ironing. Perfect laundry work is a difficult art. First the girls have to know the action of chemicals on every sort of material. Then, one by one, they learn the way to remove every sort of stain—ink, medicine, rust, shoe polish, egg, print, grease. The students learn how to launder properly, how to make starch, blueing, and soap, with a score of recipes for different soaps, according to materials. In addition, they are taught all forms of mending, from good stocking darning to the intricate copy of the weave in damask table-cloths.

To conclude, the Americans have learned how to make education cultural as well as

serviceable. The Indians should also "go and do likewise." It may not be advisable to imitate the American educational system blindly; but they should keep their minds open and accept the best wherever it may be found.

CHAPTER V

HIGHER EDUCATION IN AMERICA

And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

—*Shakespeare.*

American people have a burning passion, an unquenchable thirst, for education. They will "stand no nonsense" about it. Hence American captains of education are wasting no idle dreams on the American university. They have set before them clear-cut, definite goals; they are for making the university a powerful influence, a live force, in the creation of intelligent citizenship, in the development of dynamic leadership.

The American university is largely the product of American psychology, the result of American laws, traditions, and habits; but it will not be irrelevant to remember that the educational system of this country, for a long time, was under the paralyzing influence of English aristocratic traditions. College educa-

tion was chiefly valued as a mark of social distinction. "The young man was sent to college," says Chancellor David Starr Jordan of the Leland Stanford University in *The Call of the Twentieth Century*, "that he might be a member of a gentler caste. His degree was his badge that in his youth he did the proper thing for a gentleman to do. It attested not that he was wise or good or competent to serve, but that he was bred a gentleman among gentlemen." This, in a nutshell, is the ideal of the English system, which has now fallen into disrepute. Germany gave America a much higher ideal—the ideal of thoroughness, of sound scholarship. From this blend of English and German ideals, America evolved a newer, and a higher, type of education. It concerns itself not merely with intellectual training, but with personal effectiveness, with service to the life of the world.

There are in the United States five hundred and sixty-seven universities and colleges. Now the terms "universities" and "colleges" are often confused and much abused. Almost any institution, if it chooses, may call itself a university. The college, however, is a small institution with a staff of "at least" half a dozen

professors. They teach, as a rule, a four-year course of liberal arts and sciences. The degrees granted by the college are, B.A., B.S., Ph.B., and, in some instances, M.A. The university, on the other hand, consists of a group of colleges. It includes the college proper, several specialized departments, and also professional schools and colleges such as colleges of agriculture, commerce, dentistry, education, engineering, journalism, law, medicine, music, pharmacy, theology, and veterinary. At the top of all this is the graduate college, which has grown out of the German philosophische fakultät. The graduate college is open to graduates of any college or university in good standing. The post graduate degrees are usually Master of Science, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Letters, and Doctor of Science.

For some time an earnest attempt has been made to distinguish between a college and a University. The Association of American Universities, which was started about 1900, has done much already towards the standardization of American colleges and universities. At present, the ranking members of the Association are the following universities: California,

Catholic of America, Chicago, Clark, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Johns Hopkins, Kansas, Leland, Stanford, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Virginia, Wisconsin, and Yale.

In the early days, when the American university was dominated by the English ideals, the curriculum was largely humanistic, linguistic. Now-a-days few red-blooded youths would want to put all their time learning Latin roots and Greek declensions. It seems that there is no great demand for general education on broad lines of liberal culture. "Fit our young people for life" is the cry of the new American. In response to this demand, America is placing increasing emphasis on practical and scientific, rather than clerical or literary, education. Among a large number of high-grade scientific institutions, the following are the most prominent: Boston Institute of Technology, the Stevens Institute, the Troy Polytechnic, the Columbia School of Mines, and Lehigh University. Hence the wider spread of universal higher education does not inspire fear of "educated proletariat" in the mind of America as it does, for instance, in the minds of

the English bureaucracy in India. An impartial investigation of the quality of work done at these institutions will convince even the casual observers that in the study of science applied to practical ends the United States has gone far ahead of the rest of the world, excluding of course Germany.

Correspondence classes now form a regular part of the course in many of the higher institutions of learning. Instruction by correspondence is designed to help those who are unable to pursue continuous study in residence. The work consists of a "systematic and progressive presentation of the subject" in a number of lessons. From time to time a series of questions and answers is mailed to the student. His papers are corrected and returned, together with numerous helpful notes and comments. Sometimes books are also lent him from the university library. Correspondence courses are so worked out that they count in whole or in part toward the degree. The system, at its best, provides the maximum of personal attention. It easily accommodates itself to individual needs, and makes possible the turning of spare moments, what the Belgian poet, Maeterlinck,

called "hours of freedom", to best account. The University of Chicago, which has a strong Correspondence-Study Department, provides courses of instruction in philosophy, psychology, education, political science, political economy, Oriental languages, history, sociology, and many other subjects, numbering altogether forty-five. The Department has nearly thirty-five hundred correspondence students scattered in all parts of the world. Several years ago I had a Norwegian friend who was studying medicine in the University of Chicago. Although naturally bright, he felt that he was handicapped in his medical studies through a lack of sufficient knowledge of English. He wanted to take a regular English course in the University, but he could not spare time from medical class-rooms. He then hit upon the plan of taking a correspondence course in English. The rapid improvement he made in his handling of English, after a few months of work with the Correspondence-Study Department, was the surprise and delight of his friends.

A striking feature of the educational system is that men and women are admitted on equal terms to most of the American public universities

and colleges. There are many separate institutions, however, of a high type which are open only to women. Some of the largest and best known of these institutions are Vassar, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Smith, and Barnard.

There is no uniform method of administration of college and university. As a rule, the administration is carried on through a governing board, which is frequently called the Board of Trustees or the Board of Regents. In the case of State universities, the members of the board are chosen either by the State Governor, the legislature, or the people for a number of years. The actual management of the institution, however, is left almost entirely to its president. What interests an Indian most in the world of education is the complete emancipation of American education from strict Governmental control. The college or the university is its own authority. It chooses its own text books, fixes upon the conditions of examinations, sets the question papers, passes upon the final merit of each candidate, and makes its own rules and regulations. The Government severely keeps its hands off educational institutions in their internal administration. Here in my

adopted State, his excellency the Governor of Iowa, may come to the university, but we hold no demonstration in his honor. If we meet him in our way it is merely to shake hands and to say "how-do-you-do." There is no thought of *hoozur*, not the faintest suggestion of subserviency. We realize that we all are servants of the same great Commonwealth, promoting its best interest, each in his own way, to the best of his ability.

The teaching body of a large university is composed of professors, associate professors, assistant professors, lecturers, associates, instructors, teaching fellows and assistants. Only full professors are appointed for life, all others from year to year. The salary which a full professor receives is about four times as large as that of an instructor. Unlike India and England, an educational establishment in America needing a teacher does not try to get him through newspaper advertisement. Neither does a man looking for a position in a higher institution of learning send in an unsolicited application to its president. That would be considered a breach of academic decorum; it would tend to lower the standing of the candidate. The

legend is that a "position should seek the man and not a man the position." Hence the president, who is supposed to know all the leading scholars of the country, appoints, with the approval of the administrative council, such men as he needs.

It is a pleasure to record that a member of the instructional staff is in no way guided or controlled by an authority outside his own corporation. True to his tradition of independence, he will not tolerate any infringement of thought and expression. He enjoys absolute freedom of teaching. No limitations whatever are placed on his efforts to encourage wide reading, free criticism, or independence of thought. After careful study and analysis of a problem, the teacher and the student are free to tell the truth, even though that may be contrary to current ideas, even though it may hurt entrenched interests. A deviation from the opinion of even the text-book is not of uncommon occurrence in the class room. It is only by maintaining such absolute academic freedom that American universities have been able to make so many of their significant contributions.

In all the higher institutions of learning,

except small colleges, there is provided a wide range of courses. Students are free to choose for themselves what they shall study from a large and varied group of related subjects. The notion behind the elective system is that every branch of learning has an equal educative value; and that every course studied with equal earnestness will yield the same amount of good. A forward-thinking, forward-acting university president would be ashamed to subject his students to the torture of a Proustes couch. An amusing story is reported of a president who prided himself on the extensive elective system of his university. One morning a young student called on him and asked to study Choctaw, an obscure dialect of a little known Red-Indian tribe. "I am mighty sorry there is no department in our university that can teach Choctaw this morning," replied the chief executive of the university, "but if you will be so good as to come again this afternoon we will organize one for you. Will you come?"

The uninitiated may jump to the conclusion that where there is no strictly prescribed curriculum, and students elect as they please, they will choose easy, "soft snap" courses.

While it is possible that the elective system may at times be abused, that, however, is very rarely the case. Dullards, idlers, and loafers are astonishingly few. Moreover, students do not come to the university merely for diplomas, which have little market value. They attend an institution to learn what to study and how to study, what to think and how to think, what to do and how to act. By selecting studies according to their tastes and capacities, they arrive at intellectual development sooner than if they were forced to take subjects in which they are not interested. "Any study in which a man becomes fully interested," wrote the veteran educator, Dr. Andrew D. White, the late president of Cornell University, "is likely to become a good discipline. No study in which he is not interested can be truly so." President Emeritus, Charles W. Elliot of Harvard University, who did more for introducing the elective system in America than any other educator, has this to say in defense of the system in his *University Administration*: "The elective system gives the student a sense of responsibility. It is only under a regime of liberty that the individual can acquire the

capacity for self-direction and self-control, and sense of responsibility for his control. An elective system does not mean liberty to do nothing. The amount of every student's work is prescribed, and its quality is tested by means of periodical examinations, essays, laboratory work, and frequent conferences between teacher and student. Enforce a minimum attainment and exclude idlers and dullards."

In high school as well as in small college the class-room work consists mainly of questions and answers, of recitation, of assigned lessons. Now the method of recitation from a text book has become nearly extinct in the university with the exception, of course, of language instruction. In up-to-date universities, the lecture method and the laboratory method have everywhere been adopted. They require on the part of students incessant reports, note-books, and discriminating note-taking.

How are students tested in the progress of their scholarship? Perhaps my own method of conducting classes may be regarded as typical. Besides giving periodical examinations, I require my students to write long papers showing independent study and investigation. They

seldom make any oral recitation, but they submit for examination note-books containing lecture notes as well as summaries of collateral readings from two or three books to be used simultaneously. Sometimes I give my students questions a week or two before the day of examination. Then they go to the University library and prepare themselves for the examination from a study of a special list of books.

Most students have a definite plan for the use of their time. The following outline, furnished by one of my post-graduate students, may be regarded as a type :

For physical exercise	...	2 hours
For sleep	7 hours
For meals	2 hours
For amusements	...	1 hour
For newspapers & magazines		2 hours
For study	10 hours
		<hr/> 24 hours

Discipline in a well-conducted American university is a negligible quantity. Here there are no star-chamber methods,—everything is open and on the square. When a student violates the regulations of a university, it frequently turns him over to a representative

student council, which after a fair trial may find it necessary to administer discipline. This is done not for punishment, but as sociologists would say for "reform and moral growth."

Rabindra Nath Tagore once told me that the chief defect of the Indian system of education is that there is no bond of fellowship between the students and their teachers, especially if they happen to be European. I have no doubt Tagore is right. In America, it is a delight to note, the relation between the teacher and the student is characterized by a spirit of touching sympathy and friendship. A student is not a mechanical unit in a class; he is a living personality, a human being. The university teacher's contact with the student does not end at the door of the lecture-room; but it often continues to the professor's own home. The professor honestly tries to put himself in the student's place, to get his points of view. And as a University president has said, professors spare no pains to "hear with the students' ear, see with the students' eyes, and appreciate with the students' mind." I dare say no American professor would be able to hold his position for three months if he tried to follow the example

of a certain London Bishop who had been in the habit of making three remarks to each caller. The first was "What's your name?". The second, "What do you want?". The third and last, "No."

The university life abounds in all sorts of literary, social, and artistic activities. It is an open question with me if a student sometimes does not get as much broad, liberal education by rubbing elbows with his fellow-students as by listening to class lectures. Indeed, the fellowship of like minds is rich with blessings. Who, for instance, can estimate the value of the training which comes to a man from active participation in literary societies, debates and oratorical contests? I am persuaded that a careful study of the lives of American leaders of to-day, who were educated in the university, will reveal their early training and leadership in various university clubs and societies.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in no other country are the higher institutions of learning so closely related to the life of the people. Every effort is being constantly made to correlate academic interest with actual life, to interpret studies of the classroom in terms of the

world to-day. Hence students are urged to take interest in public questions, in affairs of municipal, State, and national government. On the eve of the election of the President of the United States, students work themselves into the highest pitch of enthusiasm. They form into parties, canvass voters, organize political parades and torch-light processions, hold mock conventions, and nominate a President.

Just as students are never considered too young or too old to be interested in the welfare of their own country, so neither are their teachers. They are public men whose expert knowledge is utilized by the government in the study of important economic, political, and social problems, which extend far beyond the field of academic education. Frequently, State legislative committees send in for university professors to aid them with some special information, or help them in formulating certain laws. Thus a wide-awake university faculty realizes that it not only owes a duty to science and learning, but a very real service to the people who are the ultimate supporters of the institution.

The crowning glory of American schools

and colleges is that its doors are not closed against an American on account of his economic condition. Education is not the privilege of only the well-to-do. The educational system is so democratic that any American youth can have education almost for a song. For poor students there are scholarships paying all or part of their expenses. There are also loan funds to tide students over periods of misfortune. Again for those who are citizens of America, and are legal residents of the State, the majority of the State universities are either free or charge only a nominal fee. An ambitious man can somehow earn his necessary expenses by odd jobs in offices, shops, or hotels. Indeed, it rarely happens that a self-helping young man or young woman fails to secure employment.

Honest labour, though menial, is not considered degrading. It is the brain that counts. I knew the son of a rich college president who used to do such humble labor as tending cattle and feeding hogs. This young man, who wanted to be as independent as possible, prided himself on the fact that he earned enough by his services to purchase his own clothes. For the past two years one of the

janitors in the university building where I have my office has been a medical student. He has a paradoxical theory that "two can live much cheaper than one." Not long ago, apparently by way of illustrating his notion, he brought his wife with him—not to go to the university but to earn money as a stenographer.

It has been realized that the students in order to get the most benefit out of their college must have a college home life, must have a dormitory. A dormitory? It is a building entirely under the control of the institution for housing students. The word dormitory in American academic language means the same as the word hostel of the English Universities. There are not many institutions of higher learning in this country which have not a man's or woman's dormitory. It is the best breeding place of democracy. Young people living together under the same conditions, and breathing in the same atmosphere of sympathy, fellowship, and helpfulness, learn to develop a healthy social mind, a social conscience. It deepens and intensifies that subtle, elusive spirit of loyalty to one's university as nothing else does.

Each college and university has its alumni association, which is composed of graduates and former students. The association maintains a salaried secretary with an office and staff in order to keep its members in touch with their alma mater and to be of mutual service. Through the alumni association, the university keeps a close tab on all its graduates, and sees that they "catch on in the world and make real progress." The work of the general association is further supplemented by the local club, which is made up of the graduates of a single institution residing in one community. For instance, all graduates of Yale or Columbia University living in the far off western State of California will form a local association to advance the interest and to exert the influence of the University with which they happen to be connected. Each of these local organizations becomes a strong agency to recruit new students and to win fresh support for the institution it regards with such tender sentiment. In India, where an alumnus would no more think of loving his college than he would of loving the post-office or the telegraph office, this could not perhaps be well understood. American universities know how to create a

close bond between the students and the university, and because of this the students love their universities with a love which is sincere and deep.

Generally speaking, the academic year begins in the middle of September. In Oxford and Cambridge Universities of England, the vacations are long and the terms are comparatively short. Not so in American universities. At least, they require residence for about thirty-seven weeks out of the year.

In an American college the annual Commencement is one of the most interesting ceremonies. On this occasion degrees are conferred upon graduates. The Commencement is held during the last week of the university, which comes in the latter part of June. The exercises in connection with the Commencement start on Sunday with a baccalaureate address to the students of the graduating class. On the following three days literary societies hold annual meetings and present public programs. There is also a general re-union of the alumni. All this is but a prelude to the Commencement Day, on which the president of the university, the faculties, the board of

trustees, the alumni, and the graduating class in their caps and gowns, and in some instances with gorgeous hoods, march to the auditorium. The campus, which is bursting forth in all the early spring beauty of tender buds and tremulous leaves, is crowded with undergraduates, visitors, and an immense concourse of other spectators. Lively strains of patriotic music and the salvos of artillery fill the air with joyous enthusiasms. When the last man in the academic procession has entered the hall, which is already filled to overflowing, there is a moment of silence. The Master of Ceremonies gravely approaches the center of the platform and begins the exercises. The most important of these is the Commencement address. It is a serious message addressed to those who are about to leave the university and make their way into the wide world. Finally, comes the conferring of degrees. As each name is called, the trembling student summons his courage, walks up the crowded aisle, ascends the long platform, and, in the presence of applauding spectators, receives the much-coveted diploma from the hands of the president. How appropriate it is that this day should be known as the Commencement Day!

For verily it marks for the graduate the commencement of a new life with a newer and a larger vision.

CHAPTER VI

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Education alone can conduct us to that which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity.

—*Horace Mann.*

A little over fifty years ago, a small brick building in the State of Illinois was thrown open to all men who were anxious to prepare for the "world's broad field of battle." Agriculture, science, engineering, literature, and arts were the only departments that furnished the necessary equipment. However, forty students enrolled themselves. The professors, all told, numbered four.

That was the humble beginning of the great University of Illinois. Since then a quiet revolution has passed over its life. It has advanced so far and so rapidly along the paths of higher education, that it seems to have grown almost by enchantment. Its student enrollment has climbed to over six thousand, representing China, Japan, India, The Phillipines, Turkey, Spain, Germany, Russia, Norway, England,

Canada, Mexico, Peru, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and nearly every State of the Union. They are taught by an army of over seven hundred teachers. They are instructed not in one, as in old days, but in fifty large buildings. And the expenses of the University, instead of some hundreds of rupees a year, run into several millions.

Of late years, there have been in Illinois at one time or another a good many students from India. On this account and also on its own account, an attempt will be made here to give a brief outline of the University of Illinois, its various colleges, their courses of study, the life of its student, and the opportunities it offers to India.

The higher educational institutions of America, generally speaking, are of three kinds. They may be denominational colleges run by sectarian churches, they may be non-denominational maintained by private endowments, or they may be State institutions supported by the Federal Government and State taxation. The University of Illinois is a State University.

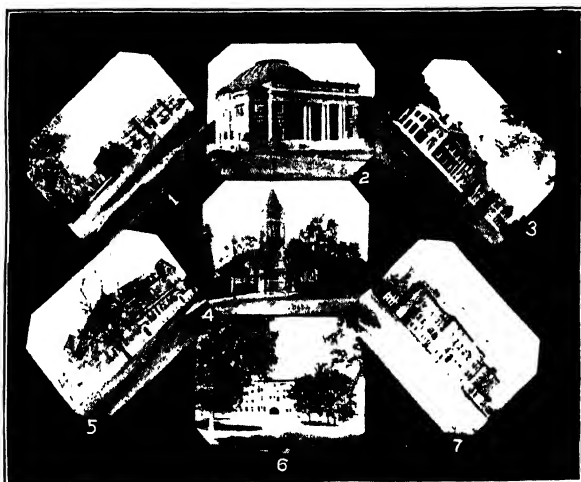
The University of Illinois was founded by the State of Illinois upon the initiative of the

general government, which made a donation to the State of 30,000 acres of public land for a college "whose leading object shall be (without excluding other scientific and classical studies and including military tactics) to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanical arts in order to promote a liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." This land, when sold, gave the University a nucleus of a million rupees permanent fund. The money was invested at five per cent interest. Besides this aid from the Federal government, the State government has made appropriations for the University of many millions. The State of Illinois now spends for the University more than fifteen million rupees a year. The English Government, I think, spends for the education of all India only six millions! This difference in educational interests between America and India is worth thinking about.

One of the striking features of the educational scheme here is what they call the "elective system." If a person is interested in the study of only history, he can choose as

much work as he wishes along that particular line from over fifty different courses in history. What is true of history is also equally true of other subjects. The University has no rigid, hide-bound course for all tastes and for all times. A man is his own master and he takes what he likes. When a student has selected his own course, has done the required amount of work in his chosen line, and has given a satisfactory account of himself, he "graduates." Can there be anything more rational?

There are many old-fashioned colleges and universities in America where no student is allowed to be a candidate for any degree if he has not had two or three years of Latin and Greek in high school, and as much more in college. To Indian students seeking engineering or agricultural education in such institutions this presents a great handicap. The time put in Latin and Greek, while pursuing industrial and scientific courses, is thrown away. Illinois, broad and utilitarian, demands the knowledge of only one classic language as requirement for admission to her colleges. It may be either Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, or any other classical language.



1. Agricultural Building.
2. University Auditorium.
3. Women's Building.
4. Library.
5. Natural History Building.
6. Chemistry Building.
7. Engineering Building.

Women's Building.

The University of Illinois offers courses in almost every subject that a man or woman would wish to learn, from the baking of bread to the testing of boiler tubes. It has been computed by conservative authorities that it would take an average student about a hundred and fifty years to go through the entire body of instruction.

The work is distributed among fourteen different schools and colleges. They include The College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, The College of Commerce and Business Administration, The College of Engineering, The College of Agriculture, The Graduate College, The Library School, The School of Music, The School of Education, The School of Railway Engineering and Administration, The College of Law, The College of Medicine, The College of Dentistry, The School of Pharmacy, and the United States School of Military Aeronautics.

It is not possible to give a full account, within the limits of a single chapter, of all the work done in each of these colleges. It would require a large volume. I shall therefore confine myself to a short description of courses in the three colleges, which attract most students from India : they are the College of Liberal Arts

and Sciences, the College of Agriculture, and the College of Engineering.

The College of Liberal Arts and Sciences gives courses in English, foreign languages and literatures, history, political and social sciences, mathematics and physical science, education, philosophy and psychology. "The purpose of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences," says a University publication, "is, first, to secure to its students a liberal education including both the humanities and the sciences; second, to furnish especially arranged curriculums preparatory to later professional and technical studies by which good students may ordinarily obtain in six years both the degrees in arts and a professional degree in law or medicine, or a technical degree in engineering; and, third, to provide certain highly specialized curriculums in applied science, particularly in chemistry."

The College of Agriculture offers over ninety courses in its six departments covering entomology, horticulture, botany, zoology, household science, agronomy, thremmatology, chemistry, dairy husbandry, animal husbandry. This College, like others, deals little with theories. It grapples with everyday farming

problems, such as the proper rotation of crops, the treatment of soils, the breeding of animals, the care and disposition of the products of the farm. The work being chiefly elective, the student naturally chooses those subjects which will be of practical benefit to him. The technical work of the agricultural student, after all, is just one-half of his entire course, the other half consists of physical sciences, economics, and languages.

The Engineering College of the University of Illinois is considered one of the best equipped and most up-to-date of its kind in this country. It comprises the departments of civil engineering, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, municipal and sanitary engineering, theoretical and applied mechanics, physics, railway civil engineering, railway electrical engineering, railway mechanical engineering, architecture, architectural engineering, architectural decoration.

The College of Engineering prepares students to fill all places of responsibility in the engineering profession. Thus the architect plans buildings and superintends their erection,

while the architectural engineer designs structures of great difficulty with their equipment. The Civil engineer lays out and builds railways, bridges, and public works. The electrical engineer installs systems for lighting, for transmission of intelligence, and even rivals the civil engineer in the construction of electrical railways. The mechanical engineer arranges and manages manufactories and power stations. The railway engineer maintains efficiency and improves railway equipment. The municipal and sanitary engineer provides cities with pure water, paved streets, and good sewers.

There is another department here to which the students are loyally and patriotically devoted—it is the department of military science. Every male student who is not over twenty-five years of age is required to take this course, irrespective of the college he enters. The military instruction is under the charge of a veteran officer of the United States Army. The War Department furnishes a full supply of arms and ammunition, including magazine rifles, accoutrements, field-pieces of artillery, and full equipment for a Signal Corps and a Hospital Corps. This course is both theoretical

and practical in its instruction, and its value to young men cannot be too highly estimated.

The instruction in the University is given by the professors in large, comprehensive lecture courses. These are supplemented by extensive collateral readings and original researches on the part of the students in the libraries, museums, and laboratories. And the final degree, which represents the successful work of a period of four years, is conferred on the basis of examination on the subjects studied.

The success of a university depends largely on the strength, wisdom, and ability of its president. Into his hands is committed the supreme power of shaping its destiny. By a wise policy he can build it up to a high eminence, or by carelessness and incompetency, he can drag it down to the bottomless pit. So much depends on a president! His is the position of greatest authority and responsibility in the whole institution. The president of a large American university occupies as important and honorable a place in public estimation as a governor of one of the Indian provinces.

The University of Illinois is particularly fortunate in having such an able and aggressive

president as Dr. Edmund J. James. President James, though he will repudiate the statement, is one of the greatest leaders that modern America has produced in the field of education : he happily combines the wisdom of a statesman, the executive ability of an administrator, and the knowledge of a scholar. He is the inspiring genius, the life and soul of the University of Illinois.

Whatever may be his other attainments, he is above all a man of large sympathy and broad out-look. He is deeply interested in the students from India. In an interview which I had with him, he referred to them in these kindly and sincere words : "They [the Indian students] have made good records as students. They are faithful and conscientious. I am pleased with them—very much indeed. I wish there were many more of them here." There are some American universities that make discrimination between native-born American and foreign students. The Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan, for instance, demand an extra fee from all Indian students. But the president of the University of Illinois believes in a "square deal to all" in the matter of educa-

tional privileges. "The student from India," he said, "has the same chance here as any American. Illinois stands for absolutely equal treatment of all, white and yellow, men and women, young and old. We are willing to do our share for the rest of the world, as the rest has done its share for us."

All the professors and instructors at the University are serious workers. They are no triflers. They mean work, and know how to get it done by the students. But while they urge that hard work is the necessary back ground for the enjoyment of everything, yet they as often recognize that a university is just as much a place for development as for enjoyment. There are many professors who invite the students to their homes for "social hours."

Many are the ways of enjoying one's self. You ask, what are they? Look at the long list of clubs that a student can enter if he has time and inclination for them. There are Agricultural Club, Architect's Club, Biological Theory Club, Ceramic Club, Civil Engineer's Club, Chemical Club, Commercial Club, Electrical Engineering Club, English Club, French Club, German Club, Library Club, Mathematical

Club, Musical Club, Scribbler's Club, Zoological Club. There are also three literary societies for men and four for women. Besides these, there is the Oratorical Association devoted to the interests of debating and oratory. Not merely literary and scientific bodies, but Chinese Students' Club, Hindustan Association, Japanese Students' Club, Motorcycle Club, Chess Club, Rifle Club, clubs of all sorts and conditions are organized.

The "clannish feeling" is here conspicuous by its absence; but within the last few years there have come so many foreign students from all parts of the world, that they have organized a club called the "Cosmopolitan Club." Its chief object is to cultivate better acquaintance among the representatives of various nations, develop social feeling, and assist one another whenever there is any call for it. The Cosmopolitan Club has branches at almost every important American college and university, where there are foreign students.

The University publications, which are conducted by students, afford an opportunity to those who appreciate its value. Some of these student publications are *Daily Illini* (the daily

University paper), *Illio*, *Illinois Agriculturist*, *Scribblers*, *Technograph*.

Last, but not least, comes athletics. Baseball, football, track, tennis, hockey, and fencing are the most popular athletic sports. The student enthusiasm reaches white heat on the eve of an inter-collegiate game. The night before the game a mass-meeting is held to encourage the home team and to roast the opposing one. Thousands pack the Auditorium. And while the spell-binders and "star" players make rousing speeches, the cry bursts out in a thousand throats, "We're loyal to you, Illinois." They yell themselves hoarse and hurl defiance in the teeth of the enemy! May I give here some of the 'versity yells?

Hola—a—ba—loo—Rah! Rah!

Hola—a—ba—loo—Rah! Rah!

Hoo—rah! Hoorah.

Illinois!

Wah! Hoo Wah!*

The University of Illinois is a co-educational institution. Here both young men and

* The "yells" do not mean anything. They only help to make ear-splitting noise and gushing enthusiasm.

young women are instructed in the same class by the same professors. This tends to exert a mighty influence towards creating a very healthy moral tone. Each sex, conscious of the presence of the opposite, is constantly on its guard and deports itself in accordance with the stringent rules of decency and courtesy. The students here are frank, sincere, and manly. Love of humour and innocent pleasantry are part of their mental make-up. Every year the second year men issue a humorous proclamation to the first year men to instil into their minds a due sense of their inferiority! A short time ago the proclamation for the incoming class had these commandments in blazing letters: "Thou shalt not eat thy dinner in the library. Thou shalt not drink from the gymnasium tank. Thou shalt cease to cite thy deeds of high school renown. Thou shalt not carry long-bladed knives, that they may be turned against thee. Thou shalt deposit thy nursing bottles with the Colonel of the Military Department."

The annual proclamation of the second year class has passed into a tradition. But—is it not

annoying? Not a bit of it. Even the first year men, called "yearlings," take the joke in good humour and seem to regard it with half delight—for it is a pleasant reminder that they will visit it on their successors and that they are Illinois men.

The University has an excellent location. It is situated at Urbana-Champaign, in the State of Illinois. These two towns are known as Twin Cities. They are a hundred and twenty-eight miles south of Chicago and they can be reached from New York in twenty-six hours. The University is laid out on a fine campus, extending over more than two hundred acres. Beautiful rows of scarlet-oak, Australian pine, weeping willow, interspersed with trimmed patches of fairy gardens, adorn the grounds. And a little outside the University, the shining Crystal Lake, magically set in the wooded, rolling country gives one the pleasant sensation of being in a land of quiet romance and dreams.

The students are scattered over the cities in fraternity houses, lodging houses, and boarding clubs. A good many of them also live in University dormitories. The expenses are

reasonable. The yearly tuition is only ninety rupees as against four hundred and fifty at *Cornell*, and six hundred at *Princeton* and *Harvard*. The cost of meals is from twelve to fifteen rupees a week, and a furnished room, with two in a room, costs about six rupees a week for each student. The Registrar of the University has carefully estimated that an average student can get along with from seven hundred and twenty-five to nine hundred rupees a year.

It must be noted in passing, that a few students come to the University every year with a small pocket-book. True, their means are limited, but they are men of ambition and backbone. They wait on tables, wash dishes, scrub floors, do clerical work, run errands, and thus "make" enough money to pay at least a part of their expenses. These are men of grit and gumption—they belong to that peculiar type of native Americans who have, what is known as, stick-to-it-ive-ness.

After all, it is the work that counts here. There is no cheap road to distinction. There is absolutely no favoritism. If a man has character and has ability, he can do everything

and be everything. And to such a man, no matter what his nationality is, the University of *Illinois sends cordial greetings.*

CHAPTER VII

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

Honest and independent journalism is the mightiest force evolved by modern civilization. With all its faults—and what human institution is faultless?—it is indispensable to the life of a free people.

—*Hon. Alton B. Parker,*
Former Chief Justice of the
New York Court of Appeals.

It is an universally accepted fact that Americans read more newspapers than any other people on earth. The American appetite for news is voracious and altogether gargantuan. An American family would much sooner go without a meal than miss the daily budget of news. If an average American were called upon to choose between one country with good government and no newspaper, and another with bad government and a newspaper, he would perhaps cast his lot with the latter. The newspaper is his companion, friend, and guide. Just as it is everywhere assumed in America that

everybody goes to college, so it is everywhere taken for granted that everybody reads his newspaper at breakfast. Indeed, a man will buy two, three, and even more different newspapers during the day. He acts as if his very existence depends upon a newspaper; as if, without it, he would be stricken deaf, dumb, and blind.

American journalism is chiefly impersonal; it is the work of unknown, invisible forces. Editors, generally speaking, are not known to the public by their names. There are, however, a few well-known editors like Colonel Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier—Journal*, and Mr. Arthur Brisbane of the Hearst newspapers, the American prototype of the English Northcliffe press. Brisbane, the most brilliant editorial writer in America today, speaks perhaps to the largest audience of any editor in the world. His editorials appear in papers having over two million circulation daily. It is, therefore, no wonder that he receives a far larger salary than the President of the United States.

"Great is journalism," wrote Thomas Carlyle, "for is not every editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it?" Broadly, the

American editorial page does not at present rule the American world, does not exercise a very considerable influence. The golden age of American editorials lies in the past, when the editorials, judging by the modern standard, choked the news, and the daily press was more an opinion-paper and less a newspaper.

In America papers still furnish from four to six editorials. They are rather in the nature of brief paragraphs; they consist of comments upon the current news, interpretations of the meaning of news, and arguments from the news for or against a cause. An American does not care to be bothered with too much editorial opinion. What he wants is facts. The editorial page, therefore, is the last thing he turns to in a paper. Indeed, in these days of multiplicity of books, monthly magazines, and weekly periodicals, the American people are so apt to overlook editorial articles that a prominent metropolitan paper has been printing clear across the first page, at the head of the news columns, the following request to its readers in large caption: "Don't put this paper down until you have read the editorial page."

If editorials are not read, how do editors

then mould men's minds? American newspapers control public opinion not so much by editorial fulminations, as by subtle manipulation of the news. Suppose a leading politician declares himself against the policy of a strong paper, how will it go about to deal with him? It may start an open campaign of opposition against him, or place his name in a "verboten" list. The paper in question will never again, under any circumstances, permit the offending name to appear in its columns. Silence is a severe punishment to men in public life. The last editor of the *Los Angeles Times* was a rabid opponent of labor unions. He created a powerful sentiment against labor unionism in his community not by editorial articles, but by publishing all the news which was calculated to hurt unions and by suppressing all that might tend to help them.

Napoleon once said that the word "repetition" is the most useful in the language. You cannot repeat a thing too often. And American editor has learnt the trick that repetition is scarcely supererogation. He keeps hammering on until he gets results. Dogged persistency is his most noticeable trait. "Let the papers," ex-

horts an editor, "say their say over again, and repeat that, and then begin afresh. Persist." For the past six months I have been taking a daily which is advocating a larger army and navy. During this time, the paper has published every day an editorial on militarism.

In India editors keep themselves aloof. They are almost inaccessible to common humanity—they are a species of neo-cave-dwellers. In the United States editors do not keep themselves in any such seclusion. Their doors are wide open to the public at any hour of day or night. Wishing to visualize what the people say and think, editors keep their fingers constantly on the pulse of the demos. They are in as close touch with the outside public as they are with the members of their own staff. Every big newspaper has its daily conference in the council-room. In this conference they shape the policy of the paper, map out its campaigns, and plan its assaults. The conference is the newspaper cabinet meeting.

"Newspapers can get along," said an editor of my acquaintance, "much better without editorials than without news. Our papers want news—news with snap and sparkle." Truly,

American newspapers are at their best in news service. But what is news? According to some it is anything that has happened or is likely to happen, but "nothing is news that happened farther back than yesterday." The famous editor of the *New York Tribune*, Horace Greely, used to say that what the Almighty had permitted to occur he was not too proud to report. The Greely idea is still prevalent with a section of American journals whose favourite motto is, "Print All the News That is Fit to Print." There are many journalists, however, who define news as anything which is out of the ordinary, the bizarre, the dramatic, or the unexpected. "If you see a dog biting a man," remarked an editor, "it is no news. Dogs continually bite men. But if you see a man biting a dog wire us instantly." By that token it was a great piece of news when a man announced before a meeting of the Museum of Natural History in New York a short time ago that he had eaten seventeen varieties of shark. Indeed, so unusually important was this news considered by reporters that they knocked off articles varying from a few paragraphs to a half column. Why? Time out of mind sharks have eaten men: there is

nothing new to interest the public at large. The man-eating shark has no news value; but shark-eating man is a new animal, it has news value. Hence there were even editorials on the shark-eating man, exclaiming "For a change, how we welcome the shark-eating man! Seventeen different breeds of sharks he has eaten. It is a dark day for sharks."

Good journalism, according to a successful newspaper publisher, meant the art of knowing when "hell was going to break loose," and having a reporter there to write it out. The reporter is the most indispensable member of a newspaper staff. In journalistic dreadnoughts, he is the chief gunner. He has a marvellous "nose for news," a heaven-born instinct for news-getting. He is alert, keen, resourceful, and always ready on call. The reporter is made in a sturdy mould, and as Kipling puts in his "Gungadin", he does not "seem to know the use of fear", when it comes to getting news in the face of difficulty and danger. If courage, perserverance, and human ingenuity can do it, he will seldom fail in securing the information he is after. The reporter, however, is not always above faking and romancing. Let me

give an instance of what is known among American journalists as "coloring the news." When I was in Chicago University, I helped to organize there an International Club of foreign students. A reporter of the *Chicago Record-Herald* obtained by some hook or crook a picture of the club. Though it was a bona fide picture, all the names underneath were the unadulterated product of the reporter's agile brain; every one of those names was a pure invention. "James O'Brien, native of Dublin, Ireland," was the name and home address ascribed to me!

Reporters in this mile-a-minute age have to work under tremendous pressure. They have no time for leisurely composition and careful revision. The reporter writes out his article on the typewriter as fast as his nimble fingers can pound away on the keyboard, while the waiting printer snatches it away sheet by sheet. There is absolutely no opportunity for remodelling, for finishing touches.

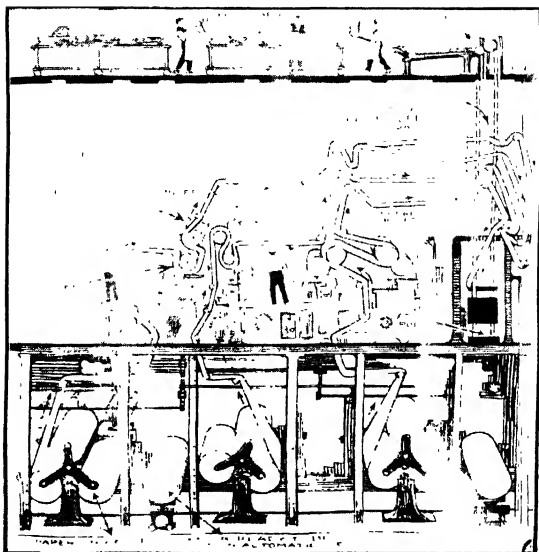
I recall that in the days when I was on the staff of a paper, we brought out a special edition containing an account of a famous football game. Our paper was sold on the street ten minutes after the close of the game. How was

it done? This was accomplished by leasing a telephone wire from the football field to the newspaper office. While the sports editor talked into the transmitter in the press gallery at the field, a reporter pounded a typewriter in the office at top speed, and sent the story back to the linotype in short "takes". The metal was transferred to the forms little by little until the last play came in. Then every body started to speed up, and the paper was off the press almost as soon as the game was over.

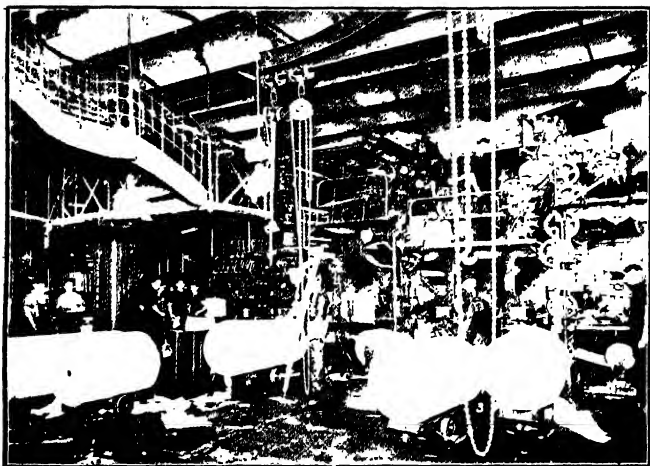
A few still sneer at the English of the American daily newspaper. The sneers are somewhat unjustifiable. Measured by the standards of Shakespeare and Milton, Stevenson and Walter Pater, newspaper English is not highly literary. On the other hand, if Macaulay's law of style, that a writer shall make himself surely and quickly understood by his reader, be correct, then the English of the American newspaper is literary. I wholly agree with Professor Palmer of Harvard who declares in his essay on "Self-Cultivation in English" that "at no period of the English language has there been so high an average of sensible, vivacious, informing sentences written as ap-



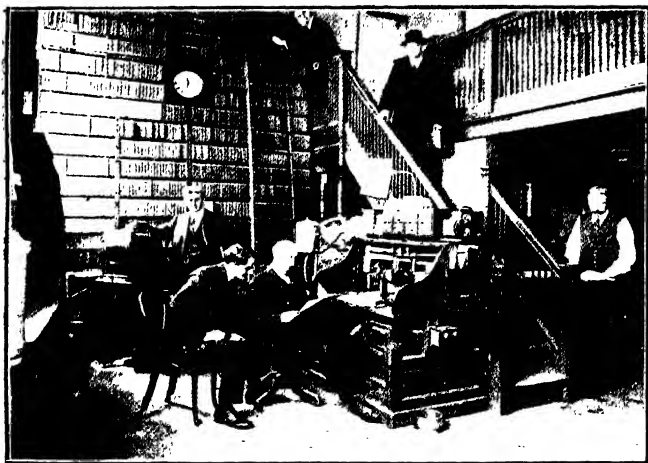
News-boy selling Extras.



Transmit of the webs, showing the passage of
3 rolls from the sub-basement of *The New
York Times* through the presses and
press room to the delivery department
on the first floor, without stopping,
at the rate of more than
a ton a minute.



Press room of the *New York World*.



Photograph Department of a Metropolitan daily.
Note the high shelves which are fitted with negative files

pears in our daily press." It is no idle fancy to say that American newspaper style—in the best papers at any rate—is terse, clear-cut, and forceful. It has the precision, the directness of a Springfield rifle bullet. Concreteness is one of the most noticeable features of American journalism. In describing a handsome woman, let us say, the writer does not stop merely with the statement that she is handsome. He describes her complexion, the color of her hair and eyes, the turn of her nose, the shape of her lips, the way she carries her head, and the kind of clothes she wears. Moreover, the news is presented in very popular language. Remembering that the average newspaper reader does not care to hunt through dictionaries and cyclopedias, the reporter translates terms, scientific and legal phraseology, into everyday English. Briefly, newspapers on this side can never be accused of pedantry and bookishness: they are free from words and phrases of "learned length and thundering sound."

Anything printed in a newspaper—excepting advertisement and editorial—is called a story. The ideal news story is objective to the last degree. The reporter does not edit. He

never comments upon facts, but lets facts speak for themselves. He remains far in the background, and contents himself by the strict presentation of news. The ninth letter of the English alphabet is entirely banished from the news columns.

In writing news stories American journalists do not follow the chronological order. He starts right off with the climax. His opening paragraph tells the whole story in a nutshell. The very first sentence answers such questions about the story as: who? what? when? why? where? The details are worked in according to their relative importance. The American has no time to read a story through—unless it is very exciting. He just skims along and tears the meaning at a glance from a few opening paragraphs.

Great significance is attached to head-lines. They tell the essential facts of a story in such a way that a busy reader should be able to get the main news by a hasty look. Sensational newspapers use scare heads in immense type. It is to be noted that headlines are sometimes used to mislead the unwary. The string of newspapers published by Mr. William Randolph Hearst,

which had not been very friendly to England during the European War, did not lead an open attack. They adopted more subtle methods. They put sensational heads over every incident that tended to encourage pro-Germans and depress pro-English, especially those who looked merely at the headlines. The Hearst papers have frequently headlines consisting of only two or three smashing words, and they blaze forth in red ink across the whole half page. Such glaring heads compel attention and play upon the crowd's emotion.

The most interesting pages of a paper are its news pages, and the most important of these is the first front page. Just as American merchants display their most attractive wares in the front windows of their shops, so American editors spread out on page one what they consider to be the most catchy, startling, "meaty", juicy news of the day.

Americans are lovers of limelight. They like to see their names often in print. To win for himself or herself a frequent position on the front page at the top column "society persons" retain competent press agents on the pay roll. It has been asserted half in joke that the good

people of the city of Boston choose to die on Friday rather than any other, because they thus can be reasonably sure of getting special obituary notices in the impressive Saturday issue of *The Boston Evening Transcript*.

The news gathering staff of a metropolitan paper is as large as it is wonderfully complete. The local city news is "covered" by a big force of reporters. Leased telegraph wires, which stretch from one end of the continent to the other, connect the newspaper office directly with every nerve centre of news. Besides, numerous correspondents, who are in receipt of regular salaries or are paid by the amount of news they furnish, are stationed not only in every village and hamlet in this country, but also in every large city in the world. In Europe, for instance, during the last war, many American papers were served by high salaried war correspondents with each of the battling allied armies, their stories being more elaborately supplemented by other special writers located practically in each of the important European points.

A very necessary adjunct of American journalism is the so-called morgue. It is a reference library whose rooms are stacked to the

ceilings with historical, scientific, and philosophical works, and with carefully indexed files of clippings from newspapers and periodicals. The morgue has also photographs and "cuts" of buildings, scenes, and distinguished persons of almost every land. The business of this department is to furnish quickly pictures and information on every conceivable subject. Should an European king, a Japanese statesman, or an American artist die, most of the metropolitan papers of this country will be able to prepare from the morgue his complete life-history and print it, as well as pictures, within a few moments after his death. This is journalistic preparedness, raised to the *nth* degree!

Pictures are used most lavishly by the papers. They always keep on hand an army of staff photographers. There is a paper in Philadelphia which maintains what it terms "Photograph Patrol". It consists of a huge camera about the size of a small cottage which is mounted on an automobile. There is little that escapes its vigilant patrolling eyes. Speeding to every corner of the city, graphically recording the day's deeds with rapid-fire news pictures, this machine visualizes daily events and activities of

Philadelphia. The Photograph Patrol seems to be the last word in illustrated news-gathering.

Some of the American newspapers print pictures which extend from two to five and even seven columns. It seems curious that they have an unusual appetite for pictures of fair women. Newspapers fill up daily columns of valuable space in reproductions of the debutante, the tennis girl, the hockey girl, the girl who is simply pretty. The sensational papers can never get along without a picture, especially if it is a "girl story". When bona fide pictures are not available, they may go to the studio of a professional photographer and secure various poses of photographic models, and print them without a scruple to illustrate the story of the "prominent society leader of Newport", or the "pretty girl who boxed the ears of a burglar". With such pictures to illustrate the news, no one can fail to get a thrill of interest.

Photographs are not always easy to get. Rather than suffer a "scoop" on a picture, "star" reporters have been known to burglarize a house and steal the picture. "I can recall the time", told me a veteran newspaper man, "when a rowdy who could steal a photograph of

a suicide or a murder victim from under the eyes of a relative distracted with grief and get away with it was lionized by his associates in the office, and even, I blush to say it, by those higher up. I remember one instance some years ago when reporters for two opposing papers in our town actually staged a fist fight over the body of a dying woman. They each had a clutch on her photograph and could not force the other to let go."

Almost all the leading papers of America are members of the Associated Press, which collects and distributes news from every corner of the globe where human activities have play. This mighty news-gathering agency is an organization of newspaper owners on co-operative plan. Each subscriber to the association is its share-holder: but he receives neither profits nor dividends. He pays the actual cost. All the receipts are spent in the gathering and transmitting of news. There are to-day 950 members of the organization, each having the right to vote for a Board of Directors, who in turn elect the General Manager. It is he who is responsible for the character of the news service.

The world is divided among four great news

agencies. The Havas Agency of Paris is responsible for the news of the Latin countries, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, North Africa and South America. The Wolf Agency of Berlin takes care of the Teutonic, Slav, and Scandinavian nations. The Reuter Agency reports happenings of the British empire, including the home island, the suzerain and allied countries such as Japan. These three organizations are connected with the American Associated Press in an exclusive exchange arrangement. Not only has it these alliances, but it maintains trained experts of its own in most of the cities of the habitable globe. For domestic service, the territory covered includes the United States proper, Alaska, the Phillipines, the Hawaii Islands, Mexico, the Central American States, and the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

As a condition of membership, each one belonging to the Associated Press agrees to furnish to his fellow members the news collected for his own paper. This constitutes the chief common stock of news; but this is not all. As in the case of foreign agencies, the Associated Press has also its own reporters in all American large cities. For the rapid collection and interchange of in-

formation, the Associated Press has leased 50,000 miles of telegraph and telephone wires from various private companies, and operates them with its own men.

Speaking on the efficient service of the Associated Press, I heard its General Manager, Mr. Melville E. Stone, relate this incident: "When Pope Leo XIII died, Dr. Lapponi, the Vatican physician in attendance, by pre-arrangement, went into the ante-room and called for a candle to pass over the Pontiff's face to determine if he still breathed. This was a signal to Lapponi's son, who instantly seized the telephone and notified our Roman office. A message was sent out and nine minutes later, actual time, it had passed through New York and was in San Francisco. The news was sent back to Europe, and London, Paris, Berlin and even Rome received its first information of the Pope's death from us in New York."

In certain sections of the United States, yellow journalism is most rampant. The practitioner of yellow journalism has a talent for picking out the picturesque and the sensational from every item of news that comes to him and twisting it to the front. "A story to be available

for his purposes," said one who should know, "must have romance, sympathy, hate, gain in the first sentence, the first line, the first paragraph." The ability of the saffron-colored press to romance is prodigious. It embroiders facts, "plays up" common occurrences, dramatizes gossip, sensationalizes crime and vice. The yellow journals decorate their faked news with glaring scare-words, gymnastic headings, flamboyant pictures, and spicy interpretations. These irresponsible screaming sheets howl and yell and turn somersaults to catch the public eye, to get the coin of the gutter. The editors of the muck-raking, sensation-mongering press are literary highway men, journalistic despots, character assassins. The writer who has seen active service on the staff of American newspapers, knows him at close quarters. I well remember how on one occasion I was discharged from my position as a reporter by a yellow editor because I would not manufacture a love letter in connection with a suicide case I was assigned to cover. I was sorry to lose my job; but I thought honesty was after all the best policy, even for a reporter.

John Bright used to say that he was "never

quite sure he was right until the *London Times* said he was wrong." The newspaper readers on this side of the Atlantic are also wisely skeptical. They do not accept every word they see in print as law and gospel. On the contrary, they are apt to say, "I read it in the paper; but I can't believe everything I see in it." And yet American people could never be induced to exclaim in the words of Sheridan's *Critic*: "The newspaper, Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them—No—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper."

One of the most remarkable phases of American journalism is the Sunday paper, which is about three times larger than the week-day edition. The Sunday paper has not only the usual editorials, the local, national and foreign news, but it also contains many special feature articles and illustrations not found in the ordinary daily issue. The Sunday newspaper is divided into seven or eight parts of four, eight, twelve or sixteen pages each. One part is devoted to general news, one to sports and games, one to household hints, one to society and fashion, one to literature and drama, one to colored comic

pictures, one to advertisements, and so on. Some Sunday papers issue a special magazine section, in which appear articles by well-known writers. It frequently contains articles of a kind that you would expect to find only in the best of the weekly and monthly magazines—those of the highest class. Still another Sunday feature, which deserves special mention, is the rotogravure section. Here you will see in beautiful green and sepia colors reproductions of the world's most pulse-stirring events, portraits of famous people, views of wonderful scenic beauty, pictures of popular favorites of the stage. Some of these illustrations are so good that they are well worth preserving.

Newspapers are usually bulky in size. Beginning with eight pages in smaller towns, the dailies range through sixteen or eighteen pages, and on Sundays, up to sixty pages or more at times. One of the greatest Sunday editions I ever saw was printed a few years ago by *The Chicago Daily Tribune*. This special edition—an Abraham Lincoln anniversary number—contained 194 pages, and each copy weighed in the neighbourhood of three and one-fourth pounds.

* Taking it all in all, the American newspaper is more than a newspaper; it is an institution. Some of its striking activities lie far beyond the field of what is traditionally considered as journalism. Newspapers take the lead in all sorts of social service. They furnish free ice, free milk, free summer outings for poor people. Educational bureaus, which supply authoritative information about the best schools and colleges in the country, "without charge or obligation of any kind", are a regular department of every up-to-date newspaper. The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia maintains a service which transmits current news, in the instant that it is received, direct to six different sections of the city. This service covers Philadelphia—covers it in a flash, and displays the news at six different points simultaneously, by electric bulletin boards. The *Des Moines Register*, published from the capital city of the State of Iowa, keeps up an Information Bureau which strangers visiting Des Moines are invited to visit if they need information. Locations of streets and buildings, train schedules, stations, shops, routes for travel in the city—all kinds of questions are cheerfully answered. All it demands in return for its ser-

vice, is, "Come and ask us" for some more.* Down in Columbia, in the State of South Carolina, there is a paper called the *State*. It has set up an agricultural experimental station for the purpose of helping the farmers of the State of South Carolina to raise better and larger crops. The *State* has also established a model dairy, where farmers' wives and daughters learn how to secure pure milk and how to make good butter.

Back in the dawn of history, the women of Greece sought counsel of oracles on the problems which were intimately their own. To-day Greek oracles have disappeared, but American newspapers have taken their place. They employ specialists to give information on every question that arises in a woman's complex life. Questions, from the ridiculous to the sublime, reach them by every mail. The perplexed women ask: What is *Plutarch's Lives* worth? Will you send me a menu for luncheon? What hospitals have post-graduate courses? Where can I learn beauty culture? Why does my baby cry so much? Why should I continue to be miserable with a husband I loathe? How can I obtain the companionship of a good man?

Sometimes the troubled women write long letters on the "Affairs of heart" to newspapers, and these are published along with their answers. Here are a few sample letters :

"I have been keeping company with a young man whom I love dearly. He wants me to marry him, but I believe he has a glass eye. Shall I marry him or not?—"Anxious". Answer—If you love him what difference does a glass eye make?"

"I am a young man deeply in love with the daughter of a well-to-do business man. I have been calling on her for the last year. Wednesday evening I went to claim my usual good-night kiss. She, however, refused, the only objection being my mustache. Do you think this is really the cause, or do you think her love for me has grown cold?—"Edward". Answer—Perhaps she has come to realize that it is not proper for her to kiss you good-night when you are not engaged, and so she makes the mustache an excuse."

"Sometime ago, I became acquainted with a young man and I believe it was love at first sight. I am a widow with two grown children and they objected to my having anything to do with him. We decided to elope and I was to meet him at an appointed time. I waited for him some time, but he did not come. I am 43 and he

is 23. What should I say when I meet him?—"Mary". Answer—You have acted very silly. Don't meet him and then you won't have to say anything."

The modern newspaper, which brings out from ten to twelve editions in the course of a single day, is a vast commercial enterprise, a mammoth business, like glass-making, shoe-making, or brewing. To finance an average metropolitan paper, two or three million rupees will be barely sufficient. The *New York Times* costs its owners thirty thousand rupees a day. The home of such a newspaper is a skyscraper, a world in itself. Some of the largest establishments employ as many as two thousand people. Every department is specialized. On its editorial staff alone a first class city paper will have the following positions: editor in chief, managing editor, news editor, make-up editor, telegraph editor, sporting editor, exchange editor, dramatic editor, editorial writers, society editor, railroad editor, Sunday editor, city editor, and assistant city editor.

Scarcely fifty years ago, American editors used to ask their subscribers to bring in a load of wood, a basket of eggs, or a bushel of potatoes on subscription. The days of hand-to-mouth

existence for newspaper men are gone. They now make good money out of their profession. And the chief source of their revenue is advertisements. Advertisers, not subscribers, are the real Atlases of American newspaperdom; it is upon advertising patrons rather than upon readers that the newspapers depend for their success and prosperity. Now the advertising value of a journal is in direct ratio to its circulation. The paper having the largest circulation will naturally attract the greatest amount of advertisement. And in order to secure extensive circulation many newspapers offer themselves to the subscribers for very much less than even the actual cost of the print paper. The loss from one source is more than made up by gain in another; but herein enter the germs of corruption into the body of advertisement—swollen journalism. For the sake of profits a newspaper will refrain from printing specific news, which may injure the interest of its advertisers. It is terribly afraid to be hit in its pocket nerves. It would much rather sacrifice a hundred small penny readers than lose one heavy advertiser. This is simply a case of protecting one's valuable friends, as one hears it explained

every day; and, like Falstaff, a paper will not "turn upon the true prince." The result of vendible journalism, no matter how subtle and skilful, is tainted products: adulterated news and sterilized editorials—editorials with rings in their noses, if you will.

In spite of gross business instincts, Americans do turn out great papers. They are typographically good to look at, and are often humanely interesting to read. There are, of course, all sorts and varieties of newspapers. They represent different methods, different types of psychology. If you are a conservative, and wish for dependable information and sane discussion and criticism, you can take the *New York Evening Post*, the *Springfield Republican*, and the *Kansas City Star*. If you tend toward frenzied journalism, sensationalism, get the *New York World*, *Chicago American*, *Denver Post*, and *San Francisco Examiner*. Or, if you crave for authentic editorial expressions, something less hasty and more reflective, the *New York Times*, the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* should satisfy you. No matter how fastidious your tastes are, if you try hard

enough, you can always find a paper which will give you what you want. Take your pick, "gentle reader" !

CHAPTER VIII

A UNIVERSITY TRAINING IN JOURNALISM

Let me make the newspaper and I care not who makes the religion or the laws.

—Wendell Phillips.

It may be set down as out of hand that journalism is one of the most fascinating professions of our age. The man who wishes to go into journalism and make the most of it, should be trained for his life work as a doctor or a lawyer is for his. The "man behind the pen" in every civilized country is as powerful as the "man behind the gun." And as the soldier is marshalled and trained and disciplined for his career, so should the journalist be. The olden days when it was possible for Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune* to put the contemptuous notice on his newspaper office that "no college graduates or other horned cattle need apply" seem as far removed as the Ice Age. The press is no longer afraid of men of "school-made experience"; it heartily welcome to its office college trained newspaper men.

The argument often heard that a journalist must "be born" and not "made" is absurd. True, some of the great journalists of the past, including those of India, were not educated in any school; but they certainly did not attain to the best level of their efficiency without education. These men substituted self-education for college education. That is, however, at best a crude and antiquated method of getting into journalism. *It is an invitation to failure for an average man.*

We are now living in a different age from that of the ancients. In America both newspapers and newspaper methods have undergone a radical change. Not only has the number of newspapers increased and the consequent competition, but also their size, their range of topics, and the promptness of their service. Specialization in journalism, as in other learned professions, has been carried to its limit. The man who writes the athletics will not meddle with political news. In the same way, the man who "does" the markets will not be expected to dabble in social affairs. Every man in his special field is working at top-speed; he has no time to help break in a "cub reporter." Hence

an untrained young man seeking admission to newspaperdom has simply to drift into it whenever he can. He spends perhaps three years in picking up the elements of journalism that might be learnt in three months at a professional school. He grinds at the reporter's job years and years, often without any chance of promotion; if, however, he succeeds after a long and hard tussle with his reportorial work in getting admission to the coveted editorial sanctum, presto he discovers that his editorials are not of much value. He has given the best formative period of his life to mechanical routine work. He has followed the news of the day and written it up in such a way as to "make it leap to the eye," as the popular phrase goes. He has had no time to school himself to original ideals. He has no diversified knowledge of history, political economy, political science, sociology, or literature. Consequently, he cannot make any contributory comment of his own to the world's events; he simply borrows and reflects what others have said. The time, therefore, that he has spent in newspaper drudgery is a loss, his effort mostly misdirected and misguided.

It is now admitted by America's educators,

no less than by her editors, that a school which fits a man to enter the profession of journalism has a distinct value in the system of modern education. In view of this fact one hundred and seven colleges and universities throughout the United States offer courses in journalism or newspaper writing. Of these, twenty-eight are State universities, seventeen State colleges, and the rest are municipal universities, endowed colleges, and denominational institutions. I wish to take here the School of Journalism—or the Department of Journalism as it is called—at the University of Illinois as a type. The courses in the department cover four years leading to a degree, the Bachelor of Arts.

Roughly speaking there are only two courses: the general and the technical. The general course comprises English literature, foreign languages, economics, government, sociology, and philosophy. For obvious reasons I shall skip over the detailed descriptions of these subjects and confine myself to the technical course.

On the technical side the department offers four courses. The elementary course is called

"Newspaper Writing." It takes up the simple problems of reportorial work. The student who is treated as a newspaper man working on a regular newspaper, is sent out with assignments on actual cases. The object of the assignment is to teach him by actual practice what news is, how to "cover" that news, and how to "unfold" it in catchy newspaper style.

The next course is the "Extended Assignments." It is in general much the same as the preceding one, only it gives special attention to all the larger problems of reportorial work. Topics such as, New Park for the City, Visit of the State Legislators, University Water Survey, Conference of High School Teachers, Art Exhibition, Governor's Message to the Legislature, and hundreds of others furnish abundant material for longer newspaper stories. The student, however, is not always furnished with a subject by his instructor; he is often required to hunt up his own. The teacher says, what story have you in sight? what happened last night? what is going to happen today or tomorrow? know anything at all? This system of making the student get items of news on his own initiative keeps him on the jump. He is constantly

on the scent for news and is necessarily trained to be alert and wide-awake.

The assigned work is done within a given time.* The material thus gathered by the prospective reporter is then subjected to the process of "copy-reading"; that is, his stories are criticised, discussed, and revised before the class. The teacher asks : what is lacking in this story? is the information complete? did the reporter ask the man he interviewed enough questions? is the opening paragraph strong? is the last sentence convincing? is the style of writing as a whole direct, forcible, and lively, or is it ponderous, dragging? will you print this story in your own paper? When a man's copy is marked as "green", he has to take it back and re-write it, until it is satisfactory.

After a student has learnt to write fairly well, he is drilled in writing suitable headings for stories. Practice is also given in correcting galley-press, enabling the student to read the proof rapidly and correctly and to familiarize himself with the various points of the type.

The third course is "Editing and Editorial Writing." It is in some respects the hardest of all newspaper courses. It presupposes that the

student is already well-grounded in the general course and is able to apply his knowledge of history, political science, and sociology to subjects that come in for his daily consideration. The editorial writer is trained to pay special attention to force and clearness of style, which alone can make his points stick. Emphasis is also laid in this course on the development of sound and tactful presentation of opinion. But shall the editorial writer be eternally serious? Does it pay a man always to fire up and thunder at the people when his opinion is challenged? Is not human nature at times more easily moved by a dose of humour or a bit of laughter than by miles of logic? It is a common experience that when Xenophon with his trained rhetoric fails to gain our hearts, Aristophanes or Moliere easily wins our sympathies with his comic spirit. The amateur editor is therefore urged to be judiciously witty, when he can. His wit, as some one characterized Matthew Arnold's, should contain plenty of salt and not much pepper. A few of the editorials written in this class recently were the Colonial Policy of Japan, the Future of China, Self-Government in India, Turn-over in Turkey, Tariff Bill in Congress,

Need of Reform in Modern Education. They will suggest the vast range of topics covered and the immense amount of information necessary to handle them properly.

The teacher in judging an editorial article weighs it carefully paragraph by paragraph. He points out the vagaries of style, inaccuracies of statements, and unsoundness of principles.

It is an accepted truth that no one can see far into the future unless he can see the past. A man to be thoroughly master of his profession must know the history of that profession, the causes of its success, and the reasons of its failure. Studies in the "History of Journalism" come therefore as a matter of course to the student of journalism. In the Department of Journalism at the University of Illinois, the student is greatly assisted in these studies by copies of old newspapers and fac-similes of the earliest journals. Imagine the sensation of a young newspaper man when he handles the fac-simile of *Leipzig Relation* (1609), the earliest known printed newspaper in the world; the old copies of *News Letters*; *Weekly Diurnal*; *Mercurius Aulicus*; *Mercurius Politicus*; *The London Gazette* (first number); *The Boston*

News Letters; The New York Tribune. An examination of these papers, besides adding vividness to historical description, gives one some ideas as to the development of illustration, typography and general make-up.

The last course is on "Editorial Management." It concerns the direction of editorial policy, the development of public opinion, the organization of editorial and reportorial forces, and the management of a paper as a whole.

The work in all these courses is supplemented by assigned readings in the standard works on journalism, by visits to newspaper plants, and by lectures on journalistic subjects by prominent newspaper men.

Each student in order to keep close track of the current events of the day is expected to subscribe to one newspaper for the university year. The Department of Journalism, however, gives him the exclusive use of twenty of the best newspapers of the country for his study and reading. In addition to this, the University Library with its 330,000 volumes, with its old newspapers and magazines and manuscripts, affords unusual opportunities for original investigation along special journalistic lines. It

also keeps on file 1100 current periodicals on popular and technical subjects, which are available to the student at all times.

A few weeks before the close of the university year, the mettle of the embryo journalists is put to a severe test. They are called upon to undertake the publication of the University daily. This newspaper, called the *Daily Illini*, is an eight-page sheet with forty columns to fill every morning. For a whole week the *Illini* becomes the laboratory, the clinic, the practice school of the Department of Journalism. The highest class organizes as an editorial board and runs the paper with the co-operation of the less advanced classes as a reportorial force. By general agreement, no one writes a word for the paper until 8 o'clock in the morning before the day of publication. As all copies are to be turned in to the Managing Editor's desk by 4 o'clock, an intense excitement ensues in the *Illini* office by half-past three. At that time some reporters are seen rushing into the office in a wild hurry with their stories yet to be written, others are dashing off their copies at the long table, scarcely stopping to see what they write, and still a few are vainly struggling to catch

some news from the telephones amid the busy murmur of conversation and the constant jangle of typewriters. Look yonder at the small exchange editor buried among heaps of papers! He is still glancing hurriedly over the exchanges. *In that musty corner is the athletic man.* He is a "star" reporter. See how feverishly he is hammering away at the typewriter, putting in the latest baseball news. In the midst of this apparent hurry and confusion, now the Editor-in-chief, now the Managing Editor, sharply raises his voice and warns: "Fifteen minutes more." "Only ten minutes. Hustle, fellows, hustle." The hustlers are intoxicated with alluring excitement and seem to have lost all sense of time and place. So the editor growls again, "Just five minutes." "Hurry, men, hurry." A few seconds more and all stories are in on time. And just as soon as the editor with the blue pencil glances them over, he rushes the copies off to the printing office, and away starts the linotype machine. Then at last the *Illini* sleuths stop to breathe. Sometimes a story "breaks out" late in the evening, then the men who are kept on the "dog-watch" see that they get the news in, and do not make the whole

staff suffer the humiliation of a scoop by rival city papers.

The students in the advanced classes present theses at the end of their courses. Such subjects as "The place of personality in journalism"; "The decline of editorials"; "The life and labour of Godkin"; "The newspaper as a political factor"; "Means of working up a circulation"; "Relation of news column in a country daily"; "The place of the weekly paper in American life", form excellent bases for long dissertations. They cannot be written off-hand like breezy newspaper articles; they are serious subjects and require months of careful thought and original research.

The following questions are a sample of those that are usually asked in semester examinations in the "Newspaper writing" class:

1. Give the theoretical plan of a news story, telling what material should be in each part.
2. Write a paragraph on the "introductory paragraph." Write an introductory paragraph.
3. Correct in detail: (a few paragraphs from a proof sheet.)

4. Give briefly in detail what you believe to be the most important qualities in an editorial.

5. Interview the Dean of the Graduate College for a five hundred-word story on the proposed scheme of a new chair in English.

The last question takes the student out of his examination room and sends him scurrying over the campus to get an audience with the secretive, calm-visaged and not-altogether-easily-accessible Dean. However formidable the task may be, the aspirant to journalism attacks his "subject", for all he is worth, pumps out all he can, and then returns his answer paper to the examiner within the narrow limit of a stated time.

It must now be apparent that a school of journalism in order to make its work most effective and practical should have a corps of professors who are themselves successful journalists. They must not only be among the best college graduates, but they should have actually worked on the staff of some great newspapers, and have years of journalistic experience behind them. The Department of Journalism at the University of Illinois is under the charge

of Prof. Frank W. Scott. He is not only a scholar, but a practical journalist. He gained his experience as a newspaper man by working for *The Chicago Daily Tribune*, "the world's greatest newspaper." He is also editor of several of the University publications. Then there are other professors associated with him, some of whom are still actively engaged in journalism. They are all real live men, just as every journalist ought to be. To get in touch with these men is to be in electrical communication with dynamos of inexhaustible energy.

There is an old story in America that when a newspaper man was asked what he needed to produce a good article for the next morning's paper, he replied, "a desk, some paper, and a quart of whiskey." That story does not fit any more. Newspaper work is not a drunken revelry, a gay picnic, a summer holiday; it is honest hard work. Modern journalism of the best kind demands men of world vision, of sound principles. The student in journalism must have a high ideal, a bull-dog tenacity, and plain horse sense to start with. If he has no brains, no impelling desire to write, no amount of college training—not the very best of it for

the matter of that !—will make him a journalist. If he has, however, some slight timber for it, a thorough, persistent and scientific training, such as I have here attempted to outline, will help to make him much above the common run of journalists. His success, as Mr. Grover Cleveland, the late President of the United States, used to say, will be “clean and wholesome.” He may not find it possible to follow the advice of Emerson and “hitch his wagon to a star”; but as a trained man of robust common sense and high ideals, he is sure to serve his fellows better, and exert great power and influence in the community where he lives and works.

CHAPTER IX

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY

To be aristocratic in taste and democratic in service is the privilege and glory of a public library.

—*Bliss Perry.*

My first contact with the American library was when I found myself installed, several years ago, as an assistant in one of the principal public libraries in the United States. I was in the main Reading Room, which was of majestic size with richly carved walls, with countless rows of tables and chairs, with forests of high-standing shaded electric lamps and huge chandeliers hung from the lofty gold-foiled ceilings, and with thousands of volumes of reference works easily accessible on shelves. But with all this there was nothing obtrusive or soulless about the library. The green plants in window sills, and the red autumn leaves in decorative brass pots on the desks gave a personal touch, a cheerful homelike atmosphere. Seemingly harassed club women were taking notes copiously; book-devouring university students were plodding through stacks of

reference volumes; tired but alert business men were buried deep in ponderous tomes; and crowds of younger men and women were rumaging through the latest works of fiction or of travel. Once in a while a spectator would drop in, go silently on tip-toe through the cork-carpeted aisles of the large room, walk across the monastic corridors, and disappear down the sweeping white marble stairways. The fitting motto of the Reading Room was expressed in golden letters written over the dark folding entrance door: "The World Is Founded On Thoughts And Ideas, Not On Cotton Or Iron."

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE LIBRARY

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the American library is the democracy in the use of books. The mediaeval European method of chaining books to shelves is not and never has been maintained in America. In the Reading Rooms of the American public libraries, books are placed on shelves for the free use of all readers without formality of any kind. These books embrace not only the usual works of reference, such as cyclopaedias and dictionaries, but they also include a good working library of

general literature—history, law, philosophy, religion, poetry, drama, standard novels, biography, and science. The readers may browse along among these books at will; or, if they prefer, they may select a few from the shelf, take them to a table and consult them to their heart's content.

Besides the general Reading Room, there are the Art Rooms, the Exhibition Rooms, the Periodical Room, the Newspaper Room, and the Music Room—all open to any one who will come. In modern library buildings, special Study Rooms are often provided for those who carry on research upon topics demanding the use of a considerable number of books for days or weeks.

One of the very interesting features of a public library in large centres of population is a room for the blind, where the sightless come to read books and magazines by passing their fingers silently over raised letters. The Library of Congress at Washington—which is the * greatest public library in America, possessing the third largest collection of books in the world—has unusual facilities for those who "sit in the dark." They hear during the season lectures

on timely topics by members of Congress and readings by prominent authors who are visiting or resident in Washington. These lectures and entertainments are sufficiently varied with music by professional musicians and by the sightless themselves.

A limited number of books may be drawn from the library for use at home. The common practice is to allow two books to a person at one time. Teachers and students of schools and colleges are sometimes given special cards, which permit them to borrow a larger number of books and keep them a longer period than usual. The fine for keeping a book overtime is generally two or four pice a day. In the New York Public Library, which has a circulation of more than 6,000,000 a year, approximately seventy-five thousand rupees are collected annually from this source alone.

The right of drawing books from a public library belongs to anyone whose name appears in the city directory, or who can furnish a guarantee against the loss of books lent him, or who can simply bring a certificate of character as a responsible person. At present the tendency is

Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

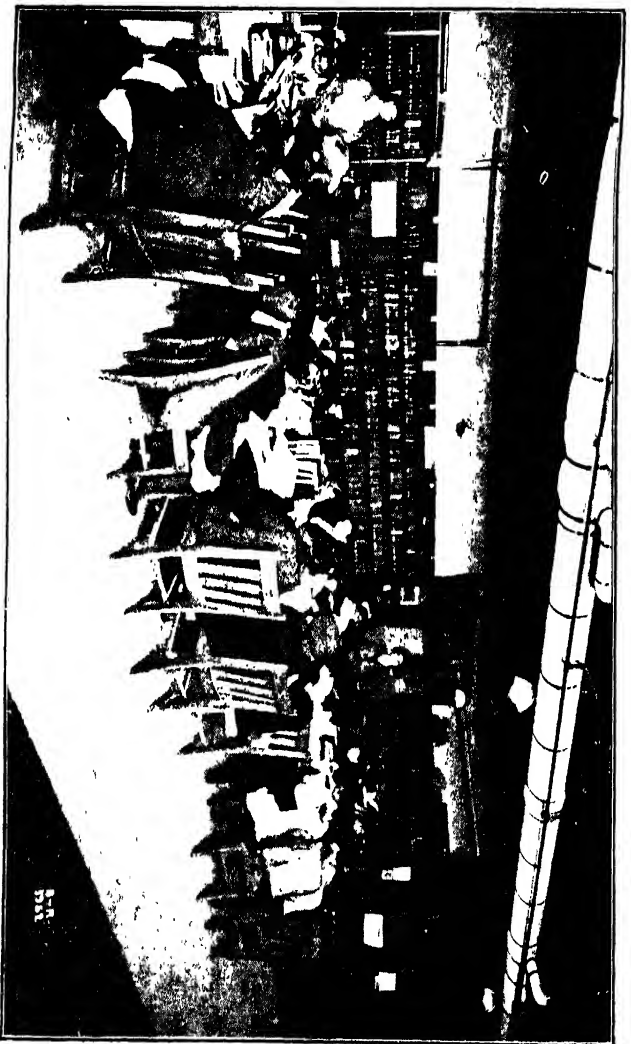


Justly celebrated as the culmination of architectural achievement of the day, completed in 1897 at a cost of \$6,000,000.

The Library is here seen from the Capitol. The dome and lantern are finished in black copper, with panels gilded with a thick coating of gold leaf; and the cresting of the dome terminates in a gilded finial representing the torch of Science ever burning.



Story hour at a Public Library.



The Children's Department in the Milwaukee Public Library.

to reduce requirements and restrictions to a minimum.

Most of the libraries have what is called the "open-shelf" system, which permits the users ready access to the main book stacks. Instead of consulting a catalogue, and asking an attendant to get the books, the users, if they wish, can go direct to the shelves and help themselves. There are some who maintain that the open-access libraries lead to the loss of books. I know from my experience in library work that that is true, but such losses are regarded as wholly insignificant when compared with the public convenience afforded. The value of the open-shelf system has been happily expressed by a former librarian of Philadelphia Free Library :

"I have no hesitation in saying that there is no limit whatever to the number of books to be placed on open shelves. . . . The loss from theft has in our case proved insignificant. The number of books lost in a year does not amount in value to the salary of one employee. The safeguards of closed shelves would require the services of several attendants, and the difference between closed and open shelves, so far as the services of the public is

concerned, does not admit of discussion. Persons using libraries by means of catalogue cards only, cannot gain one-third of the benefit that is procurable by a person who has free access to the books themselves."

Public libraries in large cities are open for use not only during week days from eight in the morning till ten at night, but also on Sundays and legal holidays from two to ten. These longer hours of opening add a great deal to the convenience of the reading public undoubtedly.

CREATING THE LIBRARY HABIT

One of the main problems of the head of a public library is to lure people to its possessions. For the library is not merely a collection of books : it has become a dynamic agency for their wise distribution. "The modern public library believes," remarked Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, chief of the St. Louis Public Library, "that it should find a reader for every book on its shelves and provide a book for every reader in its community, and that it should in all cases bring book and reader together." The modern librarian, who is a sort of book missionary, uses many novel methods to attract the public. In

a certain town that I happened to visit, I found the public library making shop-keepers enclose library folders in every package that went out to customers. These folders inquired, "How do you spend your leisure hours?" and then invited persons when they found "spare time hanging heavy" on their hands to come to the library and read "good literature."

The use of clever posters to stimulate interest in current topics is frequent. The year Rabindra Nath Tagore won his Nobel Prize I saw the following notice on a board at the entrance to a public library :

"Nobel Prize

Awarded each year to the
best work in the following :

Physics

Medicine

Chemistry

International Peace

Idealistic Literature"

The notice included also pictures of Maurice Maeterlinck, Bjorson, Roosevelt, Kipling, and Tagore. Under Tagore's likeness blazed forth these words :

"He wins the Nobel Prize.

Rabindranath Tagore's mysticism brings him fairly close to Maeterlinck and the dreams of the new Celtic school."

SUBSIDIARY AGENCIES

The librarian does not sit down in austere seclusion in his office and wait for the community to come. The head of an American library is the Mohamet and the community the mountain. If the mountain does not come to him voluntarily, then he makes it his business—in the American phrase—to "go after" the mountain. Instead of waiting for the people to come to the library, the library goes out to the people. A public library in order to reach every part of a large community employs many subsidiary agencies, consisting of branch libraries, deposit stations, home libraries, and traveling libraries.

Big cities have many branch libraries—not pretentious monumental buildings, but fully adequate to their purposes. Each branch is served by a staff of well-equipped men and women—especially young women. It is to be understood, of course, that the branch has its own permanent limited stock of books. The branches, however, may and do send for books

in the central library, thus making its larger resources available to all. The New York Public Library distributes books through its forty-one branches to more than three million people a year.

Neighborhoods which are too small to warrant the expense of a branch library are cared for by deposit stations. They are scattered in drug stores, grocery shops, and other places too remote to be supplied from the main library. The stations lack the trained librarian. They are under the charge of the proprietor of the establishment. In the deposit stations there are from two to five hundred volumes which are changed frequently. The service, as in the Chicago Public Library, is interchangeable. A borrower having drawn a volume at the main library may return it to a station, or having drawn a volume from a station may return it to the central library. Again, he may borrow books from one station and return them at another. Order lists for books may be left at any deposit station. These lists are sent to the main library, and books are rushed by automobiles making daily deliveries.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh in its

aggressive measures to reach every class of people in the city has instituted what it calls home libraries, which may be considered typical. They are a collection of books sent out once a week in small cases directly into the homes of the poor people. The plan is this: "A visitor from the Library distributes the books in each case, and spends an hour among the children who assemble for the occasion at the home of one of their number."

The most recent plan for the wider distribution of books is the traveling library. It is sent to clubs, factories, police stations, small villages, country schools, centrally located farm houses—wherever there is any special need of books. The library consists of groups of the best and most interesting books carefully chosen so as to comprise from five to six hundred volumes. This library is placed in a suitable box or portable case with a written catalogue, and sent to some local person who is held responsible for its proper custody and use. At the end of a few months the books are gathered by the custodian, sent back to the central distributing agency, and another lot goes out to take its place. The New York Public Library has a

Traveling Library Department which has over nine hundred stations.

Traveling libraries have also been set on foot by the government, for it considers them to be among the most vital agencies for good citizenship. Almost every State legislature makes appropriations of money and appoints a Free Library Commission to maintain a system of traveling libraries. They furnish books on travel, fiction, history, biography, useful arts, and miscellaneous literature to rural communities which are either too far away from towns and cities, or are too small to support local libraries.

Traveling libraries are also fostered by private individuals and societies. During one summer I was stopping in a small country hotel in the mountainous regions of Colorado, I found in our hotel an interesting little traveling library. It had been loaned by a private philanthropic organization. The library had in its circulation list about seventy books. The landlady, who was the custodian of the library, let the villagers have the use of the books free of charge. "In the work of popular education," rightly said Mr. Melvin Dewey, the famous American originator of so many far-reaching library meth-

ods, "it is, after all, not few great libraries, but the thousand small ones that may do most for the people."

LIBRARY SERVICE

The American library is not a mere stack of books, and the librarians no mere caretakers or dragons to guard their privacy. The library is mostly service, aggressive service. Go into a modern library and stop at its Information Desk, for instance. You will see the clerk at the desk explaining to one the reference volumes, directing another where to look for material, rescuing a casual reader from a fruitless search, or guiding a stranger to the proper shelves.

People who for some reason cannot come to the library may send in their requests for information by mail or telephone, and these requests are promptly attended to. The telephone is a very important adjunct of the library, and it is used in asking questions on the most diverse subjects imaginable. Over the telephone they ask: How high is Mount Everest? What are the best books for Christmas gift? How do you spell such-and-such a word? Can you tell me which is the best musical magazine published

in America? May I have my book renewed for another week? Will you give me a list of books and magazine articles on co-operation? And the versatile young lady at the other end of the telephone wire gives the information desired. The Free Public Library of Newark has recently announced that it answers annually about five thousand telephone inquiries for information from its constituency.

Another instance of the "popularization" of library service may be seen in the Public Writing Room maintained by the St. Louis Public Library. It is a room fitted with chairs and tables for the use of the public to write private letters. Pens and ink, with paper and envelopes of medium grade, are supplied free by the attending custodian, and paper and envelopes of better grade, as well as postage stamps, may be bought in the room at cost. This is not all. The custodian takes dictation in shorthand, does typewriting, and receives orders for translations from foreign languages at current rates.

American libraries, which are not maintained simply for the book-reading public, are thoroughly socialized; they are used to their

maximum. Libraries contain lecture halls, rooms for women's study clubs, young men's debating societies, and meeting places for carrying on the work of various civic organizations. There is nowhere any suspicion of charity. The attitude of the librarian is that of a courteous host toward invited guests. The people come and go much as they would in their own homes.

LIBRARY AND CHILDREN

Some thirty or forty years ago children were all but excluded from almost every public library. And if they came at all, they found very few books for their use. Gradually the barriers to the admission of children were broken down: the age limit for admission was reduced to eighteen; it dropped to twelve; then to ten; next to nine; and now it has disappeared altogether. Today, all children are admitted to the Children's Department of the public library.

A visit to the Children's Department is always interesting. The rooms for "little folks" are equipped with low chairs, tables, and book cases especially suited to children. Bright pictures, bits of tapestry, and cheerful hangings give these rooms an attractive appearance. Here

are kept juvenile books and magazines adapted to the age and taste of "little visitors." Sometimes, one finds a separate Study Room containing atlases, globes, and hanging maps, where the children of over-crowded homes may come for a quite hour to prepare their school lessons.

The Children's Department has a library staff of its own, and even a separate catalogue. Usually children's librarians are young women, college graduates with expert training for library work with children.

A fine feature of the children's room is the abundant supply of stereoscopes and stereopticons. The Cincinnati Public Library operates moving picture shows which take children on a "tarry-at-home journey" to Japan, India, Switzerland, France, and many another distant land.

The Children's Department has "story hours" to attract children of all ages. The plan of story telling is briefly this: groups of children are gathered within the library rooms in the winter months, and in the play grounds during the summer, to hear, told by a trained story teller, folk tales, fables, myths, legends, ballads, or stories from Shakespeare's plays. The object

of story telling is something more than entertainment. The story teller tries by the subtlety of her art to awaken ambition, stir to moral courage, and lift the quality of reading. At the close of the story, it may even be suggested to the children that they "can get more such stories in the library."

The public library is considered an integral part of the local educational system. Hence the Children's Department co-operates directly with the public schools in an effort to cultivate a taste for good literature in the young. Sometimes the school authorities will set apart a room in the school building for library purposes. And the public library will install there a collection of books, and have them under the charge of a trained librarian. Again, the library, as an important ally of the school, will send members of the library staff to visit the rooms of the public schools. They will display books with attractive bindings, tell of the enjoyment and benefit to be had from reading the books, and invite all to come to the main library and get books.

It was Rousseau who remarked that "childhood has its own ways of thinking, seeing and feeling." This is the underlying idea of the

Children's Department of American public library. If the reading of the children is to make positive gain in richness and breadth, it should be guided and directed from the children's point of view. To this end, the children's librarian and her assistants seek to learn through personal visits to the homes of the children their tastes and interests. The Minneapolis Public Library has recently reported that its experts have found home visiting invaluable. They have not only been successful in persuading "doubtful parents that the library habit is a good one," but they have connected many boys and girls of the community, through a personal knowledge of their habits and character, with desirable books of the library.

FINANCING THE LIBRARY

There are in the United States eighteen thousand regularly established libraries. The funds at the disposal of the libraries are generally derived either from the government or private gifts, or from both. In former days the dying man in the West would ask the Catholic priest how he could invest his money so as to buy eternal happiness in a future heaven. Now

it has become the fashion in America to think less of what an American calls "the measly little shrivelled soul," and more about universities and libraries which will promote happiness here in this present world. Indeed, few other American public institutions seem to attract the gifts of the well-to-do as does the public library. Memorial libraries are to be found everywhere in America. The greatest library philanthropist of the United States was the late Andrew Carnegie, the multi-millionaire "Iron King." He distributed over three hundred and sixty million rupees among some two thousand institutions. The hard-headed practical philosophy of this greatest of library givers is well expressed in the following inscription on one of the marble panels of St. Louis Public Library :

I Choose Free
Libraries As The
Best Agencies
For Improving
The Masses of
The People
Because They
Only Help Those
Who Help Them-

selves. They
Never Pauperize.
A Taste For
Reading Drives
Out Lower Tastes.

—*Andrew Carnegie.*

CHAPTER X

THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF OUR AGE—HELEN KELLER

Helen is the example necessary to our day, the glorification of effort, intelligence and strength, the sanctification of continuous and hidden heroism. She is a primitive saint and a saint of tomorrow!

—*Mme. Maurice Maeterlinck.*

“I was deaf, and I hear; I was blind, and I see; I was dumb, and I speak.” These words, which rang out with clearness, force, and vitality, were spoken in the course of an address on “Happiness,” delivered to a large university audience by Miss Helen Keller, who is blind and deaf. “Happiness”, she remarked with an inexpressibly sweet smile, “is an end in itself: it is nothing but loving. We are happy when we love and trust. Happiness is much deeper than mere pleasure. Happiness comes when we least expect it.”

Miss Helen Keller is a beautiful young lady. She is tall, slender, and exquisitely graceful in form. She has a fine, strong, intelligent face,



Miss Keller is talking with Mrs. Macy by using her hand.



The world is full of
miracles Look for
them and you will
find them

Helen Keller

Bay View Aug. 9. 1913

A specimen of Miss Keller's handwriting

which is illumined by a rare charm. When this womanly woman stepped on the platform, she was dressed daintily and with good taste. She wore at her waist a beautiful bouquet of red roses and sweet peas.

In speaking of happiness Miss Keller said that just as the sun is sometimes darkened by clouds, so our life may be shadowed by troubles and difficulties. "But it is not enough to fill our own lives with happiness. We must do something to brighten, gladden, and bring happiness to others."

Her voice was pathetic in its deep, round tones. Her sentences were well formed, and their rhythm was touching. Her words brought tears to the eyes of her hearers. To be sure, hers was not a natural voice; but how could a natural voice be expected in her case? She has not seen a human face, nor heard a human voice since she was a nineteen-month old baby. She has nothing to guide her except her senses of touch and smell. Yet there was not one of us in that vast auditorium who was not thrilled when she said in closing her formal address: "Happiness does not consist of having everything we want. Happiness is love. Love is

service. And the world shall be saved by love."

At the end of her address, which held her hearers spellbound, the audience was invited to ask questions. A dramatic scene ensued. Miss Keller took off her left glove, placed the fingers of her left hand on the face, the thumb on the throat, the little finger on the nose, and the other fingers on the lips of her life-long friend and teacher, Mrs. Macy, who was by her side. Helen Keller stood with an expression of alert listening in her face. Mrs. Macy repeated the questions, and Helen immediately understood with her sensitive fingers what was asked.

"Can you tell how many people are in this hall?" was asked.

Her whole appearance was at once alive with attention. She looked to her right and left very much like a seeing person, paused a moment, and then taking a long breath replied, "There are a great many people here. There must be over five hundred people in the hall. I know it because the air is heavy and crowded."

"Can you tell when you are applauded?"

The answer came like a flash.

"Yes, I can. I hear it with my feet."

"Why do you give public lectures?" was another question.

With quick wit and engaging smile she replied: "Because I love to talk."

"Are you a suffragist?"

"Yes, I am."

"Don't you think men could attend to your affairs?"

"So far they have not made a howling success of it. I am in favour of woman suffrage because I do not believe in taxation without representation. And that is what we fought the Revolution about."

"Can you play any musical instrument?"

"Yes, I play hand organ," was her humorous reply.

"Do you like flowers?"

"Yes, indeed. They are the joys of my life."

"Have you any message for the woman students of this University?"

"Work for the vote, and get it as soon as possible. Then use it in making laws against child labor, long hours of work for women, and men too."

Can anything be more miraculous than to

have a blind and deaf person, who hears not her own voice, who sees not her audience, make an oral address and answer all questions impromptu? Helen Keller may indeed be regarded as the greatest miracle of our age. She may truly be called one of the great wonders of the world.

Mark Twain once said that the two most remarkable characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon Bonaparte and Helen Keller. In a way we know Napoleon. He was the child of Revolution. He was a great friend of the common people. He humbled the proudest monarchies of Europe to the dust. He propagated the doctrine of equal rights to prince and peasant. But how much does one know in India of Helen Keller? She has accomplished so many wonderful achievements and has overcome so many obstacles that it is worth while to review her life story, even though very briefly.

Helen Keller was borne in 1880 at Tusculumbia in the northern part of the State of Alabama. One of her ancestors had the distinction of being the first teacher of the deaf in Zurich, Switzerland. Several of her immediate ancestors in America were Colonial officers and

State Governors. Her father, Arthur H. Keller, was the editor of a paper, and a Confederate army officer during the Civil War. The mother of Helen Keller was the second wife of Mr. Keller, and a good deal younger than he. Helen was not born deaf and dumb and blind, as is frequently imagined. At birth she was a normal child. But when she was nineteen months of age she lost her sight and hearing through illness. With this terrible handicap she met the world undaunted, and has triumphed over it gloriously.

Of what she brought with her from her brief period of childhood she writes : "During the first nineteen months of my life I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees, and flowers, which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out."

Helen's mind was constantly at work. Early in life she felt the need of a new mode of communication. A nod of the head meant "yes", and a shake of the head meant "no", a push meant "go," a pull meant "come." She would indicate to her mother that she wanted icecream, by imitating the turning of the freezer and shivering; she would express her desire for bread by imitating the spreading of bread.

Her father took her to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. The great electrical wizard could do nothing to get to her sound or light. On his advice, however, a teacher was secured from the Perkins Institution for the Blind at Boston. The name of the teacher was Miss Anne Sullivan, now Mrs. Macy. When Miss Sullivan came to the Keller home, Helen was six years and eight months old. The first two words that she learned were "doll" and "cake." It would take too long to tell of the various steps taken in the educational development of Helen. Miss Sullivan was with her always, whether at work, at play, or at study. She began to teach Helen a few words by the "manual method." The meaning of language came to her by an experience when she and her teacher went to a well to draw water. By distinguishing in her mind the ideas of water and cup, through spelling the words into her hands, she learned "the mystery of language." Miss Keller writes: "A little word from the fingers of another fell into my hand that clutched at emptiness and my heart leaped to the rapture of living."

As soon as Helen had discovered that

everything had a name, and that every name could be spelled on her fingers, Miss Sullivan followed the plan of spelling into her fingers everything they did. Such was her eagerness to learn that once in a single day she learned thirty new words. In three months she had mastered three hundred words. By the fourth month of her training she could write childish letters ; and by the sixth month she had acquired such a working vocabulary that she could read simple stories printed in raised letters, known as the Braille System.

Alabama, as I know from actual residence in that southern State, has almost a subtropical climate. It is a land of fruits and flowers and birds. Helen's schooling was given in that delightful country largely in God's out-of-doors. Her studies included arithmetic, geography, English, history, zoology, botany, and such other subjects as are usually taught in American public schools.

She had always a very inquiring mind, a deep thirst for knowledge. At the age of ten this deaf-blind child knew a good many things about American politics. Mrs. Macy in her lecture, which preceded Miss Keller's address

on "Happiness," told us how Helen got her first information about the tariff. She one day asked what her father was talking about at the dinner-table. As the conversation happened to be on tariff, Helen Keller was told that "it is about something you would not understand." "How do you know?" was Helen's instant rejoinder. "I have a good mind! And you know that the Greeks used to allow their children to hear the conversation of those who talked wisely." How could anything be kept from such an active intelligence as Helen Keller's?

She was up to that period using finger language. Effort was then made to train her in speaking. She seemed to have the natural impulse to utter sounds. For special training in the "oral method" she was sent to the Horace Mann School. After she had taken eleven lessons she went home, and on her way she said to Miss Sullivan: "I am not dumb. I can speak."

From that time on Helen Keller began to give special attention to vocal culture and "lip reading." She also took up the study of French, Latin, and other subjects which would enable her to enter Radcliffe College at Harvard

University. The Radcliffe College faculty was not eager to take her in; they seemed to be afraid that Helen, a deaf and blind girl, would not be able to keep up with the college work. She could not, however, be put off easily. "A good soldier never acknowledges defeat before battle," wrote Miss Keller in protest to the college authorities. Soon after she passed the entrance examination very creditably, and was permitted to enter the college.

Her curriculum consisted of Latin, Greek, French, English, economics, history, and philosophy. Books on those subjects were seldom available in raised points; and so they had to be spelled out word by word, page after page, in Helen's hands. What a desperately arduous task that was! Miss Sullivan escorted her to the class room, sat beside her, and transmitted the lectures of the professors with her fingers into the palm of Helen's hands. It was a stiff fight that Miss Keller made against overwhelming odds.

At last the time came for her final examination for the B.A. degree in 1899. She was put in a room separate from other students. No one acquainted with her was allowed near her. She

wrote her answers by means of a typewriter. And as there was no one to read to her what she had written on the machine, it made the examination extremely difficult. But Miss Keller, who has always been equal to every emergency, wrote such brilliant papers that she passed her examination with honors.

As one who has been through the American educational system, I know that it is hard for even a full five-sense man to learn such difficult languages as English, German, French, Latin, and Greek. As a former student of the Normal Class of the Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School, I also know that it is very hard for a deaf mute to speak only one language. And as an observer of human nature, I am sure that for one who is not only deaf but also blind it is infinitely harder to learn five languages. That Miss Keller succeeded in accomplishing this wonderful feat is due to her keen intelligence no less than to her patient toil, day in and day out, for many years. In a recent address Miss Keller said: "The belief that the loss of sense increases the powers of the others is a fallacy. The habit of patience is the only thing that helps one to bear the limitations."

Since her graduation from Radcliffe Miss Keller has lived a life of consecration. A mere mention of the list of her varied activities will show that though imprisoned in darkness and in silence, she lives in a world which is vast and is full of idealism, beauty and grandeur. She is a tireless worker for better education among the deaf and blind. She is deeply interested in religion, politics, socialism, and equal suffrage. Two of her recent striking magazine articles are : "The Modern Woman" and "The Worker's Right." Though deaf and blind, she gives public oral addresses before learned societies. She has written and is writing a great deal. She is the author of these volumes : *The Story of My Life*; *Optimism*; *The World I Live In*; *Out of the Dark*. Some of these works are translated into several foreign languages. Miss Keller is also a poet of considerable merit, as is indicated by the titles of two of her refreshing books : *The Song of the Stone Wall*, and *A Chant of Darkness*. I believe there is a passage somewhere in the Bible which says that the blind should not lead the blind. Time is now at hand when not only will the blind lead the blind, but

in many things the blind will lead the seeing also.

It is interesting to gather from Miss Helen Keller's own writings such statements as will help us to appreciate her rich life. The following excerpts will illustrate the part the various senses have played in her interpretation of psychology of life and experience :

Touch. "My hand is to me what your hearing and sight together are to you. In large measure we travel the same highways, read the same books, speak the same language, yet our experiences are different. All my comings and goings turn on the hand as on a pivot. It is the hand that binds me to the world of men and women. The hand is my feeler with which I read every activity that my fingers encounter. With the dropping of a little word from another's hand into mine, a light flutter of the fingers, began intelligence, the joy, the fullness of life."

The Kinaesthetic Sense. "The rumbling and roar of the city smite the nerves of my face, and I feel the ceaseless tramp of an unseen multitude, and the dissonant tumult frets my spirit. The grinding of heavy wagons on hard

pavements and the momentous clangour of machinery are all the more torturing to the nerves if one's attention is not diverted by the panorama that is always presented in the noisy streets to people who can see."

Smell. "In my experience smell is the most important. I doubt if there is any sensation arising from sight more delightful than the odors which filter through sun-warmed, wind-tossed branches, or the tide of scents which swells, subsides, rises again wave on wave, filling the wide world with invisible sweetness."

The Seeing Hand. "The hands of those I meet are dumbly eloquent to me. The touch of some hands is an impertinence. I have met people so empty of joy that, when I clasp their frosty finger tips, it seems as if I were shaking hands with a northeast storm. Others there are at times whose hands have sunbeams in them, so that their grasp warms my heart."

Imagination. "Without imagination what a poor thing my world would be! My garden would be a silent patch of earth strewn with sticks of variety of shapes and smells. But when the eye of my mind is opened to its beauty, the bare ground brightens beneath my feet, and

the hedge-row bursts into leaf, and the rose-tree shakes its fragrance everywhere. I know how budding trees look, and I enter into the amorous joy of the mating birds, and this is the miracle of imagination."

Dream Life. "Blot out dreams and the blind lose one of their chief comforts. My dreams do not seem to differ very much from the dreams of other people. Some of them are coherent and safely hitched to an event or a conclusion. Others are inconsistent and fantastic."

I count myself very fortunate in having had an opportunity to hear Miss Helen Keller's wonderful address on "Happiness." In it she gave us a message which was full of spring sunshine. After address had been delivered and she had answered the questions of her audience, Miss Keller made a slight bow in recognition of the thundering applause she received. And as she walked away from the platform arm in arm with her teacher, I was profoundly impressed by her self-possession, charm, strong mentality, and splendid character. She represented a complete triumph of mind over physical difficulties. She was an embodiment

of peace, contentment, and happiness. It seemed to me that nothing could express the philosophy of Helen Keller—the greatest miracle of our age—better than her own words in her book *Optimism* :

“I believe in God, I believe in men, I believe in the power of the spirit. I believe it is a sacred duty to encourage ourselves and others ; to hold the tongue from any unhappy word against God’s world because no man has any right to complain of a universe which God made good, and which thousands of men have striven to keep good. I believe we should so act that we may draw nearer and more near the age when no man shall live at his ease while another suffers.”

CHAPTER XI

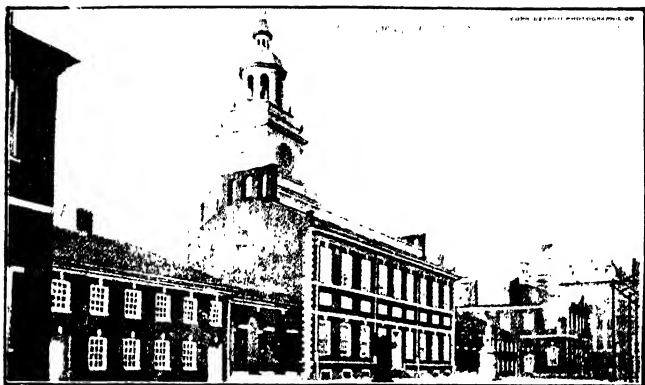
AMERICAN FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

If all other elements in human life, individually and socially, were placed together and then multiplied by ten, the importance of government to humanity would far outweigh them all.

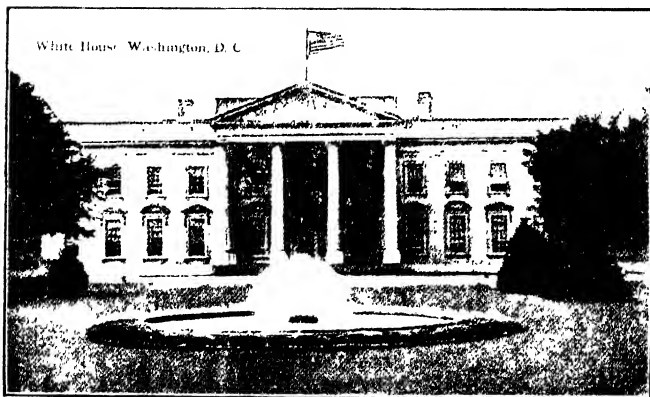
—*The Searchlight on Congress.*

The United States has a popular form of government. It has scant respect for the frills and trappings of aristocracy. Here there is no triumphal arch, no medieval pageantry to mark the progress of its chief magistrate. There are no bureaucrats to set official prestige over against public opinion. In this land of the Stars and Stripes, all are commoners, for "we are all created equal," at least in theory. In these days when the publicists and politicians of India are looking "abroad" for solutions of various questions of Indian administration, a glimpse of American government may not only be stimulating, but highly profitable.

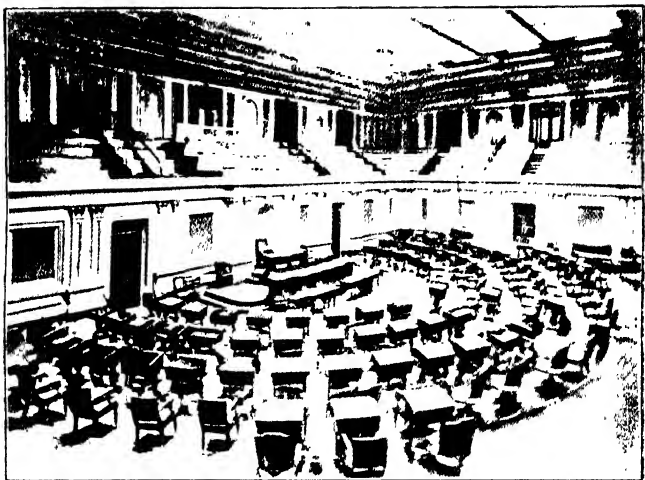
In the United States there are two main divisions of government—the Federal and the



Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776.



The White House has been the home of the Presidents from the time of John Adams to the present. Washington selected the site, laid the corner-stone in 1792, and with his wife inspected the finished building in 1799. The building is of Virginia freestone.



Senate Chamber, United States Congress.



House of Representatives, United States Congress.

State. In this chapter attention may well be confined to the National or Federal government centered at Washington, leaving aside the consideration of the governments of the States for the next.

The form of government in the United States is republican, that is, it is a government in which the ultimate, sovereign power rests with the people themselves, and is exercised by their representatives. While it is no easy matter to determine which is the best government for a given race of people, yet even from a casual survey of the triumphant democratic forces which are now sweeping over the world, it appears that the republic is the latest word in the evolution of human efforts to realize political progress.

The powers of the Federal government are divided into three branches of "equal majesty and importance": the judicial, legislative, and executive. In a parliamentary republic like England, the legislative branch of the government is supreme; but here in America, the three branches are equal and co-ordinate.

There can be no good government without a strong judiciary. That the United States has

one of the ablest judiciaries of the world admits of no doubt. The organs of federal adjudication are the Supreme Court, the Circuit Courts of Appeal, and the District Courts.

The Supreme Court, which stands at the head of the national judiciary, has one Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices. The Supreme Court holds its sessions in a chamber of the Capitol at Washington. No trial can be held without the presence of six judges, and no decision can be arrived at without the concurrence of a majority.

The legislative bodies in the states of Europe are free from a judicial veto; they can "determine for themselves the extent of the law-making powers granted to them by the constitutions under which they operate." In the United States, on the other hand, the Supreme Court has the final power to decide the constitutionality of all legislative and executive acts. The Supreme Court, however, has used this power very sparingly: "during more than a century and a quarter less than a dozen acts of Congress have been held void as not warranted by the Constitution."

Below the Supreme Court come the Circuit

Courts of Appeal. The United States is laid out into nine circuits; and in each of these circuits there are two or three, or four judges, according to the amount of business to be transacted. Each of the Justices of the Supreme Court is assigned to one of these circuits.

The lowest federal court is the District Court. The whole country is divided into some eighty or ninety districts, and in each district there are to be found from one to four judges, their number depending upon the amount of work to be done.

The name of the legislative organ of the government of the United States is Congress. Located in the city of Washington, the capital of the nation, Congress is made up of two bodies of men: the upper house and the lower house. The upper house is known as the Senate and the lower house, the House of Representatives.

The principal advantages of a bicameral legislature is that one house, acting as a check upon the other, prevents the enactment of hasty or unwise legislation. It is interesting to note that the bicameral principle, which is to be found to-day in nearly every civilized government of the world, was at one time seriously objected to

by the early Fathers of the American Republic. And no one was opposed to it more strongly than Thomas Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence. The story is told that General Washington, who was in favor of bicameral legislature, was once discussing the subject at a table with Thomas Jefferson. He had advanced the best arguments in favor of the unicameral system, when Washington answered: "You yourself have proved the excellence of two houses this very moment." "I?" asked the much-astonished Jefferson. "How is that, General?" "You have," explained Washington, "turned your hot tea from the cup into the saucer to get cool. It is the same thing we desire of the two houses."

The legislative period is two years. Congress meets annually on the first Monday in December. The President of the United States has power, however, to call extra sessions of Congress when legislation of an urgent character demands enactment.

The legislative competence of Congress is quite large: the Constitution provides for regulation by the national government of such matters as are of common interest to the whole nation.

The most important of these national matters are :

War and Peace,
Army and Navy,
Foreign and Domestic commerce,
Naturalization,
Monetary System,
Post offices and Post roads,
Federal courts of justice,
Taxation for the support and maintenance of government.

In all these matters, the national government has ample jurisdiction ; but all other legislative and administrative powers are vested in the state governments, and are beyond the interference of the federal authorities.

Each house of Congress organizes to suit itself. Each house chooses its own officers, except in the case of the Vice-President of the United States, who is by Constitution the presiding officer of the Senate. Both houses have a number of clerks to call rolls, to read bills and to keep the journals ; a sergeant-at-arms to preserve peace and order ; a chaplain to offer invocation ; a door-keeper ; a postmaster ; and several other petty officials.

The presiding officer of the Senate is called the President, and that of the House of Representatives the Speaker. The election of the Speaker by the Representatives makes the house independent. In England, the House of Commons also chooses its Speaker; but he has no power to act until his appointment is confirmed by his sovereign.

It is a common belief that the American national "law factory," the legislative machinery, is over-worked, some 45,000 bills being introduced annually by the members of the two houses of Congress. "If only four minutes were given to the consideration of each of the bills introduced, it would require Congress to stay in session 300 days in the year to dispose of them all." This explains in part why Congress is divided and sub-divided into numerous committees to sift and report on the bills proposed. The process by which a bill becomes a law is interesting. After a bill comes out of a committee and is passed by one of the houses, it goes to the other. If the bill passes this chamber it then goes to the President of the United States for his signature. Should the President approve of the bill, he signs it, and

it becomes law ; but should he disapprove of it then he vetoes it, that is to say, he sends it back to the house from which it originated with his objections. Congress can override the President's veto. If both branches of the legislature pass the bill a second time by a two-thirds vote, it goes into the statute book in spite of the executive veto.

Everything in this free country is done in the open. Time and again, I have attended sessions of Congress without being opposed or questioned by the guards of the Capitol. The fact is that, except on very rare occasions, when as in time of war it is thought necessary to have secrecy, any person can go into either house without even so much as "by your leave."

The House of Representatives has now 435 members. They are elected directly by the qualified voters for a term of two years. The Representatives are apportioned among the several States on the basis of population, generally about one for every 310,000 inhabitants. To be eligible for membership in the House of Representatives, a man must have been an American citizen for seven years. He must also have attained the age of twenty-five

years—a very wise provision to secure mature judgment for so important a trust. In the House of Commons, where the minimum age limit is twenty-one years, there are more relatively young men. Another important qualification of a member of the American lower house is that he must be a resident of the State and of the district from which he is elected. This system has often been compared unfavorably with the electoral practice in Great Britain, where a man living at Dublin in Ireland may be chosen to represent Bristol in England. The Americans act on the rational theory that a citizen of the State of New York will represent his State better than a man from across the continent in California, who is bound to be more or less of a stranger to the actual conditions of New York. Occasionally, it is claimed by the advocates of the English system that by choosing a man from the country at large, a better man can be obtained; but the Americans reply, and with considerable logic on their side, that “there never was nor is it likely there ever will be, a state or a district that will not have more than enough men able in every way to represent it.”

The compensation of Senators and Repre-

sentatives has been fixed by law. Their present salary is 22,500 rupees a year. Besides, each member gets 3,600 rupees a year for a secretary, 375 rupees a year for stationery, and ten annas a mile for coming and going between his home and Washington. Furthermore, all congressmen are allowed the privilege of sending their official mail through the United States post office without the payment of postage. Until recently, members of the British House of Commons did not receive any pay, though the Labour Representation Committee, various Trades Unions and other societies frequently provided members with a small salary. In spite of the specious plea that man should be willing to serve his country freely, it prevented many a worthy man of limited means from entering Parliament. To be sure, men who were not wealthy were sometimes helped by their monied "friends"; but did not these members, by putting themselves under the obligation of "friends", render themselves liable to compromise? Is it wise that the law-makers of a nation should find themselves in a position where they may be tempted to act according to the will of their "friends" and not according to their own conscience? However,

in 1911 members of the House of Commons voted themselves £252,000 a year to pay Rs. 6,000 each to such of the six hundred and seventy members of Parliament as do not already receive cabinet or other state salary.

The Constitution of the United States provides that the members of Congress shall be privileged from arrest in all cases, except treason, felony and breach of the peace, "during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and going to and returning from the same." The object of this provision is to secure to members freedom to discharge their congressional duties without being interfered with by trumped-up charges of their enemies. The Constitution also guarantees that for any speech or debate in Congress, members shall not be questioned in any other place. The purpose of this guarantee is to give every member of Congress absolute freedom of speech to say what he thinks about a measure under consideration. In England, a member cannot be held responsible for what he says in Parliament, but "if he has the speech printed he can be prosecuted." In America—democratic America—a member can have his speeches printed by the millions in

pamphlet form if he wants to, and circulate them broadcast over the country at the expense of the government. Sometimes many of the long speeches which are never delivered in the House of Representatives are printed with its permission in the *Congressional Record*, the journal of the proceedings and debates of Congress. These undelivered speeches are interpolated with such nice little words and phrases as, "cheers," "applause," "prolonged applause," "loud and continued applause."

While considering the privileges of the members of Congress, mention should be made of the fact that Representatives and Senators are forbidden from holding any other office under the government during the time they are serving in Congress. The basic idea is that they should devote their entire time and attention to law-making and not allow other matters to divert their energies.

It has been provided that a majority should constitute a quorum in either house, that is, over one-half of all the members elected must be present for the transaction of business. In England, the Commons can do business with only forty

present while the Lords need only three. It is well that in the United States a majority is required to make laws ; otherwise a small number of either house might get together and make laws for their own advantage.

The Senate has ninety-six members, two from each State, whether it is large or small. Senators are now elected by popular vote for a six-year term, and with each Congress one-third of the members goes out of office. The qualifications necessary for eligibility to the upper house are not essentially different from those required of Representatives, though somewhat different in degree. Thus, a Senator must have attained to the age of thirty years, been nine years a citizen of the United States, and must be an inhabitant of the State from which he is chosen.

The House of Lords is said to resemble the United States Senate ; but actually there is little resemblance between the two. The English House of Lords is composed of the peers of the realm. If the king wishes he can make a commoner a peer. And in the case of a hereditary peer, his son, grandson, and great-grandson, no matter how idiotic, imbecile, or feeble-minded

they may be, can claim a seat for life in the House of Lords.

Another essential difference between the English Parliament and the United States Congress is in their attitude towards their colonial possessions. Unlike the English colonies and dependencies, the important American insular possessions are directly represented in the Congress by their own delegates: Alaska sends one delegate, Hawaii one, Philippine Islands two, and Porto Rico one. They are all elected by popular votes for two years, except in the Philippines where they are chosen for three years by the native Philippine legislative assembly. They receive from the United States the same salary as do regular members of Congress. These insular representatives are entitled to attend all the sessions of Congress, and even to serve on certain committees. They cannot vote; but they have the right to voice their opinion on the floors of the House of Representatives on questions concerning the countries they represent.

The full official title of the chief executive of this country is the "President of the United States of America." The tenure of the President is four years; but he may serve another

term, if the people want him to do so. The well-established custom is that no one should be elected to the office for more than two terms. President Grant in 1880 tried for a third term. The opposition to the third term, however, was so great that he failed to secure the nomination.

The President is merely one of the people. He is removed from the common walks to the White House for only a period of eight years, at the most. In office he is not considered a sacred entity to be surrounded with unnecessary barriers and restrictions. During the first month of his administration he has to meet a constant stream of callers, and shake hands with from fifty to seventy thousand visitors. And "unless he learns to grip the hand of his visitor before the visitor grips his, he is sure to have a badly swollen arm." These handshakes, however, do not cause the dignity of his exalted position to be compromised or his self-respect to be lowered. When his term of office expires, he becomes a commoner once more, and goes back among the earners. As ex-President he makes his living, unlike the good-for-nothing lazy members of European royalty, by working with his pen, on the lecture platform, or in colleges

and universities. He helps to make democracy real by showing to the people that there is no divinity that doth hedge a king. An ex-President lives like other Americans, works like other Americans, and when he dies, is buried like other Americans.

Theoretically, the President is chosen by the electoral college; but as a matter of fact he is elected directly by the people.

The Constitution declares that the President shall be a natural born citizen of the United States, shall have attained the age of thirty-five, and must have been fourteen years a resident within the United States. This places the office within the possible reach of every American citizen. Hence, the former Chinese ambassador to the United States, Dr. Wu Tingfang, was right when he wittily said that "all American citizens are heirs apparent to the throne, called the White House."

The law provides that in the case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office the same shall devolve upon the Vice-President. In the event of the death, resignation, or inability of both

President and Vice-President, Congress is authorized to provide for the succession. Five Presidents—Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley—have died in office; and five Vice-Presidents have become Presidents.

In theory the President is beyond the control of ordinary courts of law. He cannot be restrained or arrested for any offence; but in practice that is not always the case. President Grant was arrested on one occasion by a negro policeman for driving too fast. Mr. Grant commended the officer for the faithful discharge of his duty, put up a bond of sixty rupees, and forfeited the amount next day by not appearing in the police court. If the President commits a crime the House of Representatives may impeach him. He is then tried by the Senate, at which trial the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court would preside. If convicted, the President may be deprived of his office, and disqualified to hold public office in the future. In the entire history of America only one President, Andrew Johnson, was impeached; but even he was finally acquitted by the Senate.

The reason why the President is placed beyond the jurisdiction of ordinary courts is not

that he can do no wrong; but that "if he were subject to judicial restraint and compelled to obey the processes of courts, the administration of the duties of his high office might be interfered with."

The salary of the President is 225,000 rupees a year. Besides, there is an additional allowance for clerks, horses, carriages, travel, and other items, netting in the aggregate some 750,000 rupees a year. This is a very small sum, indeed, compared with the enormous civil list of a king or emperor of any other great country.

The President as the head of the American government has large powers—much larger than those of the constitutional monarchs of Europe. While the principal duty of the President is to uphold the Constitution and enforce the laws, he has at the same time a considerable share in the making of laws. The organic law of the nation imposes upon him the duty of giving Congress from time to time information regarding the state of the Union, and to recommend for its consideration such measures as he may think necessary and expedient. This information is furnished in an annual message at the

beginning of each session, and also in special messages during the session. The messages were at first delivered by the Presidents in person; but after Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, the custom fell into disuse. The succeeding Presidents, until the present Wilson administration, contented themselves by sending their message to Congress through a messenger, and having it read for them. President Woodrow Wilson, who is nothing if not straight and direct in his methods, has revived the former custom of delivering messages before Congress in person.

The President also exercises an important influence on legislation through his veto power; but this veto, as noted already, is limited. In England the king has theoretically an absolute veto; if he disapproves a bill it does not become law. As a matter of fact, the king has no veto; he must sign, as Bagehot says, his own death warrant, if the two houses unanimously send it up to him.

The President has a large appointive power. Nearly all the civil and military officers of the United States are appointed by him with the "advice and consent" of the Senate. It

has been estimated that over 6,000 offices are filled by each incoming President. With the appointing power, of course, goes the power of removal. Hence, the President enjoys the full authority to remove any federal officers appointed by him, except the judges, whose tenure is for life.

The chief magistrate of the nation has the control of the army and the navy, inasmuch as he is the commander-in-chief of the army, navy, and also of the militia of the several States when it is called into the federal service. The President, however, has no power to declare war. That duty belongs to Congress.

The chief executive enjoys the power to grant pardons and reprieves for offences against the United States in all cases, except those of impeachments. The usual custom is to pardon after conviction; but a pardon may be granted before or during trial.

The administrative business of the nation is conducted by heads of departments who constitute a cabinet composed of ten persons with the following portfolios:

Secretary of State,

Secretary of the Treasury,

Secretary of War,
Attorney-General,
Post Master General,
Secretary of the Navy,
Secretary of the Interior,
Secretary of Agriculture,
Secretary of Commerce,
Secretary of Labor.

"The Cabinet," said a noted American publicist facetiously, "is the usual habitat of first-class second-rate men. Occasionally, a first-class first-rate man may get in by some political chance; but ordinarily the Cabinet is the natural home of the first-class second-rates." The cabinet ministers are appointed by the President, and their appointments are promptly and invariably confirmed by the Senate without a question. As a rule they are of the same political party as the President, though there are exceptions. The members hold their portfolios during the term of the President. In the matter of responsibility of members, there is little in common between a European ministry and the American cabinet. Unlike the ministers of a European cabinet, the members of the President's cabinet are responsible only to the Presi-

dent and not to Congress. They never think of resigning when Congress refuses to approve of their policies. "They are, in short, ministers of the President, not of Congress." Moreover, the President is not bound to act in accordance with the decision of the cabinet. This may be illustrated by a story told of Abraham Lincoln. At the time he was President he brought to the members of his cabinet a proposition which they opposed and he favored. At the end of the discussion, the matter was put to vote. The votes stood to be one aye and seven noes. "Therefore," remarked President Lincoln quietly, "the ayes seem to have it, the ayes have it."

The members of the cabinet may be dismissed by the President at will or they may resign of their own accord at any time. When General Grant was the Chief Magistrate, Marshall Jewell held the portfolio of the Post Master General. One day after a cabinet meeting President Grant said to Mr. Jewell :

"Wait a minute, Mr. Post Master General, I have something to say to you. I should like your resignation."

"Certainly, Mr. President," answered

Jewell, "as soon as I return to my office I shall write it out and send it to you."

Pointing to a desk near at hand Grant said, "You will find paper and pen there. You can write it out now."

The American government, like the American nation, is young, changeful, and "growing." It does not claim to be an absolute perfection. It has confessedly many faults, and shortcomings; but these are mostly due to the excesses of youth. Judging by actual results, "the government of the people, by the people, and for the people" has more than abundantly justified itself. Surely the day is drawing nigh when the vital message of American democracy will exert a far greater influence in shaping the destinies of humanity than it yet has.

CHAPTER XII

AMERICAN STATE GOVERNMENT

In America deep, intense patriotism is as universal as it is uniform. Indeed, patriotism is the one dominant religious creed in American life. "The Americans are filled," observes Emil Reich in his *Success Among the Nations*, "with such an implicit and absolute confidence in their Union and their future success that any remark other than laudatory is unacceptable to the majority of them. We have had many opportunities of hearing public speakers in America cast doubts upon the very existence of God and of Providence, question the historic nature or veracity of the whole fabric of Christianity; but never has it been our fortune to catch the slightest whisper of doubt, the slightest want of faith, in the chief God of America—unlimited belief in the future of America." It is to the study of the government of such a nation that I wish to invite your attention again. In the previous chapter I have discussed the Federal or National government; I shall now proceed to

examine the governments of the States which constitute the American Union.

There are forty-eight States in the Union, and broadly speaking they fall into these five groups :

The Pacific States—Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah.

The North-Western States—Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan.

The Middle States—Indiana, Ohio, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York.

The New England States—Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine.

The Southern or old Slave States—West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico (the last two came into the Union long after the abolition of slavery).

These forty-eight States are not of uniform size. The largest State, Texas, is approximately

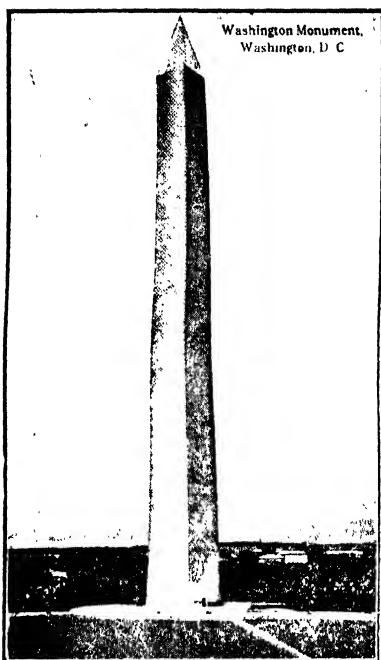


MT. VERNON MANSION.

Stands on the Virginia side of the Potomac River,
16 miles from Washington. Here lived and
died George Washington



George Washington's Bed-room at Mt. Vernon is that in
which he died. The furniture was here in his day.



The WASHINGTON MONUMENT at Washington, is a stupendous shaft of granite, 555 feet $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches in height. It is 55 feet square at the base, 34 feet at the top, and terminates in a pyramid of pure aluminum. The foundation of rock and cement is 36 feet deep, 126 feet square. The cornerstone was laid in 1848, the Monument was finished in 1885. It is the highest work of masonry in the world.



School Room in a Jail.

three times as big as Kashmir or thirty-three times as large as Baroda State. The smallest, Rhode Island, is a trifle smaller than Orissa. Again, these States vary greatly in their population. New York, with over eight million souls, is the most populous State, having less than one-sixth the population of Bengal or one-half of Ceylon. Nevada, with eighty-one thousand inhabitants, is the least populous, having about the same number of people as are found in Sikkim State or one-fourth the population of Assam (Manipur).

At the very outset, it is important to understand the relation between the Federal government and the State governments. The former has no right to interfere in the local affairs of the State. Each State has its own government and orders all local matters to suit itself. The United States Congress cannot dictate to a State whether its legislature should be composed of fifty or a hundred members; whether it should have annual or bi-annual sessions; whether the State Governor should serve for three years or five. The voters of each State set up their own government, which can do within the State that which is not expressly forbidden by the Federal

Constitution. The State government by attending to the business of the community leaves the Federal government free to deal with the big problems of national and international importance. Such an arrangement of taking smaller matters away from the national Congress adds enormously to the efficiency of the national legislature. In England the number of local matters to be settled by Parliament is too numerous; petty local questions consume so much valuable time that important imperial measures are held up for lack of time, that the Indian budget, generally introduced on the last day of the Parliament, has to go through the farce of a hurried and perfunctory discussion.

Under the American system of government the State is supreme within its own boundaries; but the nation ranks first. There are many anecdotes illustrating this point. Let me mention just one. When that stately and picturesque figure of American history, John Hancock, was Governor of the State of Massachusetts, immediately following the War of Independence, President Washington came to the city of Boston in Massachusetts. A question arose as to the etiquette of formal visits between the head of the

nation, Washington, and the head of the State, Hancock. He insisted that as the chief executive of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, it was not for him to go and pay his respects to Washington on a visit in Massachusetts. On the contrary, it was the duty of Washington to come to him first. Washington, with equal firmness, maintained that he was the chief magistrate of the whole United States, including Massachusetts, and that Hancock must pay his official respects to the President. Finally, Hancock was made to see his mistake and he yielded; but he called upon Washington with the utmost reluctance. Hancock bundled himself up most elaborately and explained to Washington that he was late in coming because he had a spell of gout! The point of the story lies in the fact that had Washington given away before Hancock he would have practically admitted the superiority of the Governor to the President. The State is only a part of the nation, and since the head of the nation is the chief executive of the whole country, the head of the State government must make the first call.

The form of government in all the forty-eight States is the same in general outline. The

organic law of the State, which is its Constitution, is usually a lengthy document containing the fundamental principles of State government. All other laws enacted by the State must conform to the provisions of the Constitution. The contents of a State Constitution may be arranged in three divisions. The first division deals with the Bill of Rights. By these provisions the citizens are guaranteed the enjoyment of all their civil rights, such as liberty of speech and of the press, freedom of religious worship, trial by jury, exemption from unjust seizures and searches, the right of petition, and "the right freely to assemble together to counsel for the common good." The second division has to do with the frame-work of the State government: it tells of the organization of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments, and of the manner in which they should exercise their powers. In the last division is found the amending clause, which provides for future alterations in the Constitution.

Each State has three branches or departments of government: a legislature, an executive, and a judiciary. A brief consideration of these three departments is necessary to an under-

standing of the workings of the machinery of State government.

The official title of the legislative branch is generally Legislature or General Assembly. The State legislatures are always made up of two houses—a lower house and an upper house. The upper house is called the Senate, and the lower house is usually designated the House of Representatives. The legislatures do not have the same number of members in every State. The lower house on an average consists of from one hundred to two hundred members, while the upper house has about fifty.

The members of the legislature are everywhere elected by popular suffrage; and both the senators and representatives are elected by the same voters. The general qualifications for voters are that they shall be twenty-one years of age, and in addition in some States they meet certain educational tests or pay a small poll tax. In the south the purpose of this tax, which is from three to six rupees, is to exclude the poor negroes from voting.

In the first period of constitutional development the elective franchise was extremely limited. Not only were there rigid property

qualifications, but there were also many religious qualifications. For instance, no one could be a member of the legislative body in Pennsylvania, Vermont, or Delaware unless he believed in the divine inspiration of the Bible. In several of the States, Governors were required to be protestants. Catholics and "unbelievers" were not regarded as proper persons to hold office. Happily the days of religious fanaticism in politics seem to be at an end. At present, the restrictions on suffrage are comparatively few and simple. With the exception of paupers, criminals, lunatics, and negroes in certain sections of the country, practically all men can vote; and women in nearly one-half of the States have the right (or will have in the near future) to participate to a certain extent in the election of public officers and the decision of public questions.

The legislators receive salaries, the largest annual amount being 4,500 rupees in New York, and the smallest 450 rupees in Maine. Many States follow the per diem system, ranging in California from twenty-four rupees a day for each day the legislature is in session to nine rupees in several States.

The Senate is usually presided over by the Lieutenant Governor, if there be one; and the lower house is organized under a Speaker, chosen from among its own members.

Although the senators are generally older than the members of the lower house, yet the powers of the two chambers are co-ordinate. In other countries, such as in Canada, France, and England, the upper house is weaker than the lower. In America, notwithstanding that the Senate enjoys a few special functions, such as passing of appointments and sitting on impeachments, the two houses have about the same power.

Most of the work in the State legislatures, as in Congress, is done through committees. A proposed law is called a bill. When a bill is introduced either in the upper house or in the lower, the bill is referred to one of the Standing Committees. A committee can amend the bill, substitute a new one in its place, or kill it outright. A committee has almost absolute power over the bills placed in its charge. In reporting a bill, the committee either recommends for or against it, advising its passage or urging its defeat. And the legislature as a rule follows

the recommendations of the committee. When a bill has passed one house it is sent to the other, where it goes through the same process. After passing both houses, the bill goes to the Governor for his approval. He may, if he choose, veto the measure. It can be passed, however, over his veto. If the vetoed bill passes each house again by a larger majority—usually two-thirds—it is enacted into law.

The legislators spare no pains to keep in vital touch with their constituents. This is true of the members of Congress as well as of the State legislatures. As soon as important bills are up for consideration, legislators keep their ears close to the ground that they may readily detect the rumblings of public sentiment. Moreover, representatives of various interested clubs and societies call on the legislators, and give their views on questions at issue. Should the legislature hold back a measure which is supported by public opinion, the letter-writing brigade—always a very busy and powerful force in the direction of American public affairs—gets immediately into action. Each member of the legislature is at once besieged and bombarded by a fusillade of private letters and telegrams

demanding instant action. And woe to that law-maker who dares to be heedless of these warnings ! For as sure as he is living he will be adequately punished for his recreancy at the election !

The legislature meets every year or once in every two years at the State capital. The biennial sessions have grown out of the desire to restrict legislative output, to keep the legislators from doing more harm than absolutely necessary. Too much legislation, they say naively, hinders business. The activities of the legislators do at times assume alarming proportions. "The annual output of all the legislatures," in the words of Bryce in his *American Commonwealth*, "has been estimated at 15,000 statutes. From 1899 to 1904, the number passed was 45,552. In 1909 there were passed in Maryland 741 acts, in California 729, in Pennsylvania 650, in New York 596, and in North Carolina 1319." It is the dearest ambition of every legislator to have at least one law to his credit, and thus make for himself a name to be remembered by posterity. That may not be particularly open to objection ; but to an "outlander," as the Germans would say, many of

these laws seem to be altogether unnecessary, if not positively foolish. There is a report that a bill was introduced into the Texas legislature a few years ago the preamble of which contained these words: "Resolved, That the sky of Texas is bluer than that of Italy." The lower house of the Iowa State legislature once enacted "that no person shall kiss his wife, read newspapers, or any books, except religious books, and them approved by the clergy, write letters, pick berries, tell jokes, or engage in any worldly conversation" on Sunday. Again, in the legislature of New York it was decided that thirteen oysters make a dozen! Is it surprising that the executive has gained while the legislature has lost in popular confidence? Every year the press of the country roundly denounces the meeting of a State legislature as somewhat of a public calamity, and hails its adjournment with sighs of profound relief.

The head of the executive department is called Governor. He is elected by popular vote—although in some States the legislature may make the choice if there is no majority. The age requirement for Governor is usually thirty or thirty-five years. Moreover, he must

be an American citizen and must have been a resident within the State for a period of not less than five years.

The office of Governor is of considerable dignity, being second to that of the President of the Republic. Presidents and Governors are inaugurated, but seldom with the semi-barbaric pomp and ceremony that still greet the European monarchs of lingering medievalism. Here in America, neither the President nor the Governor is hedged about by the ceremonials and formalities of royalty. The Presidents of the United States as well as the Governors of the commonwealths are, after all, of the plain people.

The term of office of a Governor varies in different States. In a few instances he serves only one year ; in about half the States he is chosen for two years ; and in the others he holds office for four years. The Governor is usually eligible for re-election. He can be removed from office by impeachment, by much the same procedure that is employed in the Federal government.

The Governor receives a salary which, again, is not uniform in every commonwealth. One State pays its chief executive as high as

thirty-six thousand rupees a year. This is the highest compensation for a Governor in America ; while two others pay only nine thousand rupees a year to their chief executive. The office of the Governors of Indian provinces may be said to correspond to that of the Governors of American States. It is therefore interesting to know that Governors in India, where the cost of living is much smaller and where the earning capacity of the people from whom the big salaries come is infinitely less than in America, get immensely larger compensations. For instance, the Governors of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal, who are the most important officials after the Viceroy, each carry, I believe, a salary of over one hundred and twenty thousand rupees per annum—being no little drain on the depleted treasury of India. No wonder there is such a growing acute hunger among hordes of place-hunters in England for Indian public office, for living off the Indian people.

In the early days of the Republic such was the popular distrust of the executive that he was little more than a passive spectator of the law-making process, a "rubber stamp" of the legis-

lature. He could not demand a reconsideration of laws ; he had no veto power. Now he enjoys a more extensive range of powers. He can call the legislature to special session. He must affix his signature to a bill before it can become a law, excepting the one he has vetoed. He can defeat or delay the passage of a bill by interposing his veto. The Governor is also invested with the power of pardoning or of reducing the sentence of criminals. Finally, the Governor appoints some minor State officers, and not infrequently the members of various department boards and commissions. In addition to these specific duties, the Governor is charged with the general enforcement of law and order throughout the State.

The Governor, as has already been stated, is the head of the executive department ; but there are other important executive officers in the State government. Some of these are : the Secretary of State, who has charge of the records of the State and countersigns all proclamations and commissions issued by the Governor ; the Treasurer, who receives and disburses the public moneys of the State ; the Comptroller or Auditor, who is the book-keeper and accountant

of the State; the Attorney General, who gives legal advice to the government and is responsible for the prosecution of criminal suits; the Superintendent of Public Instruction, who is the head of the public school system; and the Adjutant General, who is directly in charge of the State militia. In this list, the office of the Lieutenant Governor is not included because some of the southern States do not have that office. In the States where there is a Lieutenant Governor, he ranks next below the Governor. The Lieutenant Governor usually presides over the deliberations of the upper house, and fulfils the duties of the Governor when he is out of the State.

We come now to the consideration of the third department of the State, namely, the judiciary. Every State of the Union has an elaborate system of courts for the administration of justice. Indeed, every State has its own laws, courts, and judges. To be sure, the power of a State does not extend beyond its boundaries; nevertheless the acts of a State are recognized as valid in all parts of the Union. "Thus, judgments of the courts of one State cannot be questioned in any other, and records of the title of

property are conclusive in every State. If this were not so, and if questions once determined could be re-opened to litigation in other States, the greatest confusion and injustice would result from the difficulty of presenting evidence to courts."

At the head of the State judicial system is a Supreme Court, which sits at the capital of the State. In a sense the Supreme Court exercises a supervisory control over all the lower courts in the State. "Its chief function is the correction of errors at law. Only in rare instances are cases started in first instance or begun in the Supreme Court." Most of its work consists in hearing appeals of cases tried in the inferior courts. The decisions of the Supreme Court are final, except in cases where they involve points over which it has no jurisdiction. In such cases appeals may be had to the Federal Courts.

Below the Supreme Court are district courts—that is courts of general jurisdiction. All actions, civil as well as criminal, may be started in these tribunals.

At the bottom of this system of judicial tribunals are the justice courts presided over by the Justices of the Peace. They hear minor cases

in city, town or village. They have only original jurisdiction. Save a few cases of very minor importance, appeals may be taken from justice courts to the district court.

When the State governments were first organized, judges for the most part were either appointed by the Governors or elected by the legislatures, and they held their offices for life, or during good behaviour. At present in a large majority of the States, as a consequence of the growing democratic desire to control all government officials by the electorate, judges are elected by the people themselves and for comparatively short terms. While there is no general agreement as to tenure, in most States the judges of the inferior courts serve for from four to ten years. The Supreme Court tenure ranges from twenty-one years in Pennsylvania to two years in Vermont.

Persons who are not in sympathy with progressive democracy are prone to criticize the elective judiciary as being unwise and unsafe. But does the popular election of judges tend to lower the standard of judicial efficiency? Does the principle of popular election impair the integrity of judges or impede the course of justice?

The consensus of best thought among the leading American jurists seems to be that "appointment of judges and life tenure are undemocratic; that present methods are necessary to secure complete popular government." Further, they advance the argument that "the judicial, no less than other branches of government, should be brought, through elections, into frequent contact with the popular will."

For conviction of crimes, there are in the United States three forms of punishment, namely: fine, imprisonment, and punishing the body. Fines are usually moderate. Terms of imprisonment vary from one hour to a life sentence. The convicts are given some opportunity to reform. Their sentences are frequently shortened if they behave well. "All sentences for terms of years," writes Professor Albert Bushnell Hart in his volume on *Actual Government*, "are subject to a deduction of about one-fifth for good conduct while in prison; and the average long sentence is much brought down by the frequent use of the pardoning power, so that prisoners who are under life sentence are said actually to average ten years in prison."

The prisoners are taught many useful trades and industries. They usually get good food, and have regular hours of recreation. They are not ruled by blows and curses. They are treated with consideration, and are helped to regain that self-respect which is a necessary basis for reform. The idea back of their treatment is that convicts are human even though they have transgressed the law, and they are entitled to human consideration. In many of the jails I visited I found rooms of the prisoners well fitted up with chairs, reading tables, and pink shaded electric lamps. Their floors were furnished with rugs, doors with lace curtains, and walls decorated with pictures. These rooms, in spite of their steel bars, looked to me more like Turkish "harem rooms" than prison cells.

Criminals are social delinquents suffering from physical or moral disease. The working motive in inflicting punishment upon such persons, in all enlightened countries, is to remove his error and set him right. Punishment is not an act of blind vengeance; punishment in itself is not the main end sought. The chief object is to correct the fault, to redeem the man

to society. Hence certain of the criminals are awarded indeterminate sentences. Under such a sentence the prisoner is released on parole. The paroled man is aided to get employment with some one who will not discriminate against him because of his prison experience. He is required not to change the place of his employment without the knowledge of the prison authorities, to save as much as he can, to shun evil company, and to report to the prison at stated times. Although he enjoys complete personal liberty, yet he receives "friendly and helpful supervision" from parole officers especially appointed for that purpose. As soon as the man succeeds in convincing the prison authorities that he has reformed and is able to live a law-abiding life, he is given an unconditional discharge. This usually comes after one has served a probationary period of six months to a year.

It will be easy to find reactionaries in Hindustan who will hysterically leap to the conclusion that if prisoners were paroled in India, the country would be submerged beneath a crime wave. Listen to the expert testimony of the *Journal of the American Institute of Law and*

Criminology on the success of the parole system ! The *Journal* in its current issue remarks "that the parole system, wherever adopted (in more than thirty-two States and other nations besides), has never been set aside. The mean average number who have made good on parole is eighty-four per cent of the total number. Most of those failed were shortcoming on minor points." Is not that a remarkable tribute to the efficiency of the parole system? Is not the best way to repress crime to amend the criminal?

Cruel, inhuman punishments are no longer patiently tolerated in America. With the exception of a single small State, Delaware, whipping as a legal penalty for crime is as much a thing of the past in the United States as thumb-screws and racks and "collars of torture" in Europe. In seven States the gibbet has been displaced by electric chairs—with the evident purpose of getting away from the old-fashioned barbarous hangings.

Capital sentences are very infrequently inflicted. The number of legal executions during the year 1918 was 85; in 1917, 85; in 1916, 115; in 1915, 119; and in 1914, only 74. The value of a man as an economic asset and the

sacredness of his life as a human being have exerted such an influence upon some of the best thinkers of America that already seven States have abolished the death penalty. A former Governor of the State of Illinois showed from comparative statistics a few years ago that "the old theory, and the only one upon which capital punishment can be justified, the theory that hanging deters others from crime, is not true. States where the death penalty has been abolished compare very favourably with those where it still exists."

In taking even a cursory glance at the State government no one can fail to be seriously impressed by its increasing democratic tendencies, which are especially noticeable in the use of such political devices as the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. By the initiative the people themselves reserve the right to initiate, to propose laws, and to submit them directly to the voters for their adoption or rejection. Through the referendum the people exercise their power to approve or reject laws already passed by the legislature. The initiative and referendum are used for constitutional and statutory laws, as well as for local ordinances.

The advantage of the initiative and referendum are that they act as a brake upon the vagaries and the errors of judgment on the part of the legislature. They also exert a wholesome educative influence upon the people. In order to vote intelligently upon a proposed law, the voters must study it in all its bearings. The result is that it awakens in them patriotic interest in public affairs, and makes them better fitted for the onerous duties and responsibilities of a free government.

Since 1908 the initiative and referendum are further supplemented in a few instances by the recall. This is a process by which the voters may dismiss "every elective officer" or "every public officer"—not even excluding the judiciary—before the expiration of the term for which he was chosen on any ground whatsoever which seems satisfactory to the electorate. The chief merit of the recall is that it enables the people to keep the government officials under their control. "The theories of recall," declares a recent writer, "are based upon the notion that in the people rests the authority to discharge public servants at any time by popular vote without proof of misconduct or maladministra-

tion in office. In other words, the relation of employer and employee should exist between the people and their agents at all times, and the people should have the power to discharge at will."

Space will not permit of the enumeration of all of the details of such an intricate gigantic machinery as State government. It may be stated, however, that the most powerful influence which keeps this machinery going is the driving force of public sentiment. If in India some of the bureaucratic officials are as absolute as Jove himself, in America government officers are as humble and as responsive to the people as their humblest servants. In short, the government of the United States represents the good sense of an independent nation, the highest political instinct of a free people.

CHAPTER XIII

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN

Every fourth year America is caught up in the whirl of a presidential election campaign. The land is filled with excitement and turmoil. It becomes a political battle, right royal. "Nothing but death," announced a recent belligerent candidate for the office of the President of the United States, "nothing but death can keep me out of the fight now."

The election machinery which fights this quadrennial battle is one of the triumphs of American political genius. Complex and intricate as the methods are of choosing a President, a study of the election system gives one a cross-sectional view of some of the most important phases of American political life.

The American government, to begin with, is a party government. The parties, which are recognized and regulated by State laws, have become an integral part of the government. Generally, the first step in the nomination of a presidential candidate is taken in a caucus of the

party voters in a township or its subdivision. Any qualified voter may belong to a party by voting with it and may withdraw by not voting. In the rural districts the caucus is usually held in a country school house. The chief functions of this gathering are the appointment of a local committee and the selection of delegates to a county convention.

The county convention in its turn appoints a county committee and chooses its delegates to the State convention.

The State convention, as the next higher body, meets at some central point. It names a State Committee composed of one member from each district. The number of delegates which a State convention may send to the national convention depends upon the rules of the political party, and is based upon the number of congressmen sent from that State to Congress.

The national convention which is the final capstone of a party organization is held in some large city. It meets about the middle of June and continues for four or five days. It is attended not only by the accredited delegates, but by a large number of spectators, including the Senators, Representatives, politicians,

“mere” men and women. Of course, the sightseers have no votes, but they number from fourteen to fifteen thousand as against eight or nine hundred delegates. Admission, however, is not free. Tickets of admittance to the national convention sell as high as one hundred and fifty rupees apiece.

When the convention assembles the Chairman taps the table to call the meeting to order with a gavel made of wood from all the forty-eight states in the Union. Then he proceeds to give what is known as the “key-note address.” In this set speech he paints in gorgeous colors the doctrines of his party, boasts of its achievements and eulogises the administration of the President, if he happens to be in sympathy with him. The speech may create wild excitement.

At one of the Republican conventions, the mention of President Roosevelt’s name by the Chairman called forth a tempestuous cheering, which actually lasted for forty-eight minutes. Just as the Chairman had said that “Roosevelt was the best abused and most popular man in the United States,” the fifteen thousand men that packed the vast hall began to cheer, howl,

and hip, hip, hurrah. In a moment pandemonium was let loose. All the people were as though caught in a tornado of enthusiasm. Handkerchiefs, coats and hats sailed aloft. Flags, pennants, and parasols were waved in all directions. And the cheering that huge throng inaugurated was overwhelming.

After the Chairman has delivered his address, and several minor committees have reported, the committee on resolutions presents the "platform." The planks of the platform represent the programme of the party and indicate the issues on which the coming election is to be secured. If the party's nominee is elected he is then supposed to carry this programme through during his administration.

The platform having been adopted, the next thing in a convention is the nomination of the candidates for President and Vice-President. The number of nominations for President has seldom been less than five and scarcely more than twelve. The nominee in the Republican party is declared elected when he has "an absolute majority of the whole number voting." If none of the nominees gets the requisite majority, the ballots are taken again and again.

The friends and "workers" of the nominees "plough around" among the delegates and swap their votes. The delegates, when they realize that there is small hope of electing their favourite candidate, "smoke" him out; then they combine and "swing their votes" to one they wish to support. This method of nomination often unexpectedly weakens the strongest men and leads to the success of obscure but shrewd politicians.

None of the aspirants for the nomination come to the convention personally. This is rather due to false political modesty. For these men keep themselves informed every minute of all movements in the convention over a leased wire.

Following the nomination of Woodrow Wilson in 1916, there was a wild "demonstration" in the convention. An ear-piercing cheering in honor of the candidate continued unbroken for a solid hour and a quarter by the clock. The band played and the crowd yelled. It was a thunderous noise. Some of the delegates mounted their chairs and waved Wilson flags as they shouted vociferously. Others raised huge Star Spangled banners and paraded up and down the aisles. Men again and again

cried "S down", "S down", "S down"; but nobody ever sat down. Their voices were drowned as if in the roar of Niagara.

There are altogether seven or eight political parties, the oldest and the most important of which are the Republican and the Democratic parties. The doctrines of the Democratic party are in many respects different from those of the Republican. Traditionally, the Democrats believe in more individual freedom and less centralized government. The Republican party, on the other hand, advocates a strong national government. It also seeks to protect American labor and industry against foreign competition by high tariff.

All the different parties hold their national conventions and nominate their presidential candidates. But the work of electing a president is not accomplished with mere party nominations. Indeed, it can hardly be said to have begun. For the members of a party, much less those who have no party affiliation, are not bound to vote for a party. Hence the voters have to be "educated" to accept the views of the party managers. Political orators stump the country to rally support to their parties and bully the

opposition. They are an essential part of a country-wide political machine. The national convention, immediately after the presidential nomination, appoints a National Committee to carry on a campaign for the election of its candidates. The Committee, which is usually made up of one member from each State, is largely for the conduct of the election. It prepares campaign literature for the voters, sends campaign news to the press, assigns speakers, and raises money.

In addition to the National Committee there are subsidiary committees in each of the States, and their respective subdivisions. Each of these committees works in its own limited area for the election of the party candidate. To these committees are sent by the central organization political books and pamphlets discussing the national issues. The campaign literature is "humanly interesting." When there is not much argument to advance, the "literature" is highly spiced with personalities, denunciations, and invectives of the most torrid kind. One of the great purposes of the literature is to reach people who do not generally come under the direct influence of the "spell-binder." For this reason

Mr. Bryan, the prince of the spell-binders, the Democratic candidate for the President in 1908, had his famous speech, "Shall the people rule?" translated into a dozen foreign languages spoken in the United States, and had a million copies placed before the eyes of the voters. The phonograph was also pressed into active service. Those who did not care to sit down and read cold print were given a chance to hear the "canned" speeches of the most popular orators in phonographs.

But it is impossible to run a political campaign without live orators to "enthuse" the people and to organize support. Sometimes, the National Committee has several hundred speakers on the go. The committee has to arrange dates and places for the speakers and provide for their reception and entertainment. Besides engaging men of oratory, it employs a large number of paid agents to canvass the State. They meet the voters and prepare "polling lists," classifying them into friends, enemies, or "doubtfuls" in respect to their attitude to the party. The hottest fight of the campaign is concentrated in those parts of the country where the doubtfuls abound.

During the campaign months there are numerous parades and processions. I cannot believe that these demonstrations help win many votes—they are so spectacular, so circus-like. But the Americans are of the opinion that they tend to develop red-hot campaign enthusiasm.

Three days before the Taft election, I well remember how a monster Republican parade was held in his honour in New York. Ninety thousand Republicans with bands playing and colors flying marched through the streets of New York from ten o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening. It was a very cold and windy day, but half a million people choked the streets to see the parade.

This vast army of marchers represented the Business Men's Association of New York. It was made up of all trades and professions: the hide and leather trade formed one company, the wholesale dry goods another, the lawyers the third, the university students the fourth, and so on. As the parade passed through the gaily decorated streets, it was loudly cheered by a boisterous crowd. But the paraders themselves were by no means silent. They too were letting out lots of steam and singing various "campaign

refrains" expressive of their sentiment. One of these refrains was :

Hurrah, hurrah ! we have them on the run ;
Hurrah, hurrah ! the fun has just begun ;
Keep it up till Election day,
Then vote from Sun to Sun.

It has been the general custom for the presidential candidates, until recently, not to make a personal canvass for their election. They were to stay at home and make a "front porch campaign." That is to say, they were to remain at home and receive deputations and delegations from different States at their front porch, instead of going out to seek patronage. It was the common opinion that a becoming reserve should surround the presidential candidates. When the martyred President William McKinley was a candidate for the presidency, he settled down on his front porch at Canton in the State of Ohio, and made "three hundred speeches from his door steps and received a thousand delegations." All that has now changed. Since the last two or three elections, all the candidates go out to "swing around the circle" and meet the voters face to face. These tours help to round out a whirl-wind campaign for the party. The candi-

dates make speeches wherever they go. Sometimes they talk from fifteen to twenty times a day from the tail-end of their special cars as they go flying from one State to another.

The running of a political campaign involves an enormous expenditure of money. The wages of the clerks, the salaries of the speakers, the rent of the rooms, the printing of literature, pamphlets and letters, the preparing of badges, flags and gift buttons containing the candidate's portrait, the taking of the census, the organizing of clubs and associations, require a very large sum of money. The postage of sending only a single letter to every voter is estimated to be over nine thousand rupees. The Republican party usually spends for music and fire-works alone three thousand rupees. The headquarters of the National Committees are connected with every part of the country by an extensive network of telephone and telegraph lines. And during the rush season the telephone bills for each of the Committees amount to at least three thousand rupees a week. According to some authorities, the "aggregate amounts spent for political purposes in a presidential canvass, from August first, until election day, cannot be less

than ninety million rupees, while it may reach one hundred and twelve million." Quite a tidy little sum for political honor !

In former years the campaign expenses were met by levying assessments on Federal office holders and asking donations from rich corporations. But the corrupt practices laws in recent years have made such contributions illegal. A party now depends for its funds mainly upon the loyalty and the sense of political duty of its members.

Tricks of politics are practiced with skill and ingenuity by astute politicians. Just how much money is spent in the dark for getting votes it is impossible to determine ; but certainly the proportion is much smaller than in other countries where similar modes of government prevail. Of course, in the earlier years of the Republic, the election was viciously tainted with frauds. Corruption was then possible because there was no secrecy in casting ballots and there was no way of identifying the voters. The registry lists were stuffed with names that never existed, or of persons who had died years before. The party workers frequently bought votes, had the purchased voters marched from one polling

station to another under faked names, and had them cast ballots—"early and often." All this is now rendered impossible by the adoption of Australian ballots and the enforcement of stringent election laws.

Whenever I hear an Englishman speak of the alleged corruption in American politics and brag of the "immaculate English political rectitude," I smile. It is, to say the least, a process of pot calling kettle black. To be sure, there are corrupt practices acts in the English statutes; but as a barrister once said, "there is no law through which one cannot drive a coach and pair," and the corrupt practices laws are no exception to it. The graft in English politics may not be apparent to a superficial observer; nevertheless, it is there just the same. The reason how graft succeeds in hiding itself so often is because that it has been worked to a perfect system, reduced to a fine art. When a wily politician seeks a parliamentary election he proceeds to "salt" his districts. He gets up smoking concerts, flower show concerts, even theatricals, and then distributes free tickets among those where they will "do most good." "Foremost of these methods," says a trained

observer, 'is what is known in England as 'ground-baiting.' It works admirably in congested areas where poverty abounds. The would-be candidate practically buys the constituency by becoming, as it were, a sort of 'special providence' to all the poor whose votes he desires to influence. Various organizations—not directly connected, of course, with the candidate—are formed under such titles as the coal consumers' league, the book markers' legal aid association, the licensed victualers' defense league, the charity minion society, and similar concerns. Through these there begins at election time a perfect shower of 'good things' in the district. Tickets on these various societies are freely distributed, and coal, food, beer, blankets, milk, clothing, shoes, firewood and groceries are given away to 'deserving persons.' Strangely enough most of these benefices find their way into the homes of those who hold the franchise. Quite accidentally, of course, persons without votes do not happen to get tickets. Even the children of prospective voters are not neglected." With the English, politics in many instances is a game; it is a trade, if you please.

And in English trade, as India knows, anything is fair, is it not?

A most notorious feature of the English graft is well expressed in the common saying, "pound for peerage." The easiest way to raise funds for campaign expenses is the promise of "honors," sale of knighthoods and other titles. It is an open secret in England that a title hunter can buy a title for sixty thousand rupees and up. "Though the present liberal government," wrote a noted publicist a few years ago, "when it first went into power made a strenuous attack on the House of Lords, it recently has come to light that the liberals created more peers—that is, conferred honorary titles in exchange for contributions to party funds—than did the previous government of conservatives and tories." Is it still necessary for John Bull to take the attitude of holier-than-thou toward Brother Jonathan?

To return to the presidential election in America. A few days before the election comes round, telephone posts, telegraph posts, lamp posts, fences, public buildings are plastered over with "Instructions to Voters", "Specimen ballots" and other election literature. The ballot is a large sheet of paper. On it are

printed the names of the different parties and the names of the different candidates for all offices including that of the President. The voter marks on this paper the individuals or the party lists he wishes to support. As it may sometimes lead to confusion, the distribution of specimen ballots along with voting instructions before the election, helps the voter not a little in making their ballots correctly on election day.

I recall very vividly the scenes at the first presidential election that I witnessed. According to the older people, who have lived here all their lives, that election night was unusually quiet and mild. But to me it exceeded anything I had ever seen on the streets in noise and excitement. We went down-town to see the election results displayed from newspaper offices. Amid yells, whooping, laughter and cat calls, thousands of boys, girls, men and even finely dressed women, hysterically shouted for their favored candidates. Young men and women carried small feather dusters, called ticklers, and brushed people's faces as they went along. A cool, crisp wind was sharply blowing that evening, but nothing it seemed could chill their enthusiasm. As the results were flashed on the

canvas screens by stereoptican machines, the crowds yelled and screamed and roared. When it was announced "Taft carried New York," men threw up their hats, and the "hurrah for Taft" rent the air. Then "wait," rejoined the Bryan men, "wait, till you hear from the south. Bryan will yet beat Taft to a frazzle." Sometimes, as the results were slow in coming, the people were told on the canvas to "chew Bull Durham tobacco" or "smoke Robert Burns cigars." The crowd, though demonstrative and impetuous, was on the whole orderly. It was exceedingly good-humored—ever ready to laugh and shout. The people remained on the streets far into the night. And as they began to drop out toward the small hours of the morning I could still hear the tired cries of—

" 'Ra f'r Taf! "

" 'Ra f'r Brine! "

CHAPTER XIV

THE MOST AMERICAN THING IN AMERICA

The historical roots of almost every institution in America can be traced to Europe, or some other foreign country. There is one institution, however, which is genuinely and distinctively an American product. It is Chautauqua (pronounced sh—talk—wä). But what does it mean? When Ellison-White Chautauqua System first began promoting Chautauquas in Australia in 1918, a chemist was asked if he would take a hand in the Chautauqua. "Chautauqua?" he inquired, "What is that—a new disease germ?" Chautauqua, in brief, is the nation's free forum: it is the people's popular university. It is "a feast of helpfulness, a carnival of inspiration, a season of pleasure and relaxation." This social and educational institution costs America fifteen million rupees, and is attended by eight million people a year.

The Chautauqua movement began half a century ago in a summer camp on the shores of Lake Chautauqua in the State of New York.

Here the people who had missed in early life college opportunities came together on the lake-side for education through lectures, reading courses, and entertainments. The name of the lake became the name of the summer community. In a short time other communities in other parts of the country organized Chautauquas, and carried out more or less the ideas of the mother Chautauqua.

Fifty years ago Chautauqua was a geographical expression, an American-Indian name of a lake in south-western New York. Now it has become a common noun in the English language. It stands for a new institution, a dynamic civic and social force. To-day Chautauquas are found all over the United States bringing local communities in touch with the great intellectual currents of the world.

The modern Chautauqua has abandoned the reading courses, and has also ceased to emphasize the personal educational features. The Chautauqua program, however, is quite "meaty." It consists of addresses, concerts, and dramatic performances. The Chautauqua runs from five to ten days with three sessions a day. The forenoon is devoted to literary or reli-

gious lectures, and the work of a playground director who teaches the children games; the afternoon to music and addresses; and the evening to humorous readings, magic, Shakespearean plays, or other forms of amusement. In many of these programs from fifty to seventy people take part. Building a well-balanced Chautauqua program is a difficult undertaking. Chautauqua must quicken the civic spirit of the community; so there are lectures on political, social, and educational problems. Chautauqua must broaden the mind; and so there are addresses on travel, literature, and science. Again, the aesthetic side of life must not be overlooked; hence there is music, chalk-talks, and art. There is something for all. The program is religious, educational, entertaining, amusing. People lay aside the burdens and duties of every-day life to attend Chautauqua—to think, to visit, to smile, and thus give the mind and body a week of rest and recreation.

Those who appear on the Chautauqua program are known as “talents” or “attractions.” Men and women of recognized ability as experts in civic, educational, and social work, famous authors, artists, and orators, congressmen,

senators, governors, and cabinet ministers are all in great demand on the Chautauqua platform.

The average lecturer receives from 100 to 350 rupees a week. Thus the wonderful development of the Chautauqua movement has opened up a large field of opportunity to qualified talents. In the early days the lecturers in this country had no stated fees; all they received was the proceeds of a collection which barely paid their expenses. One of the most eloquent orators of America, Henry Ward Beecher, was once paid with a contribution of twelve bushels of potatoes, and John B. Gough, another eminent speaker of the early fifties, received a piece of ham as his fee. It was Emerson who first discovered the profession of paid lecturers. His remuneration was very modest in the beginning. Once he wrote a letter to a lecture committee stating that he would "come for the five dollars [fifteen rupees] offered, but must have in addition four quarts of oats for his horse." It is quite a relief to know that the sage of Concord received his oats, though only after much discussion! In his later years Emerson's fees advanced materially. He got from 450 to 1,500 rupees for a single lecture.

At the time of his return from the depths of Africa after his search for David Livingstone in 1871, the great explorer Henry M. Stanley received the sum of 300,000 rupees for one hundred lectures. The gross receipts for Stanley's first lecture, it may be added, were 53,400 rupees. Mark Twain was another high-priced lecturer. In 1874 he refused 90,000 rupees for fifty lectures. The present Vice-President of the United States, Hon. Thomas R. Marshall, a well-known Chautauqua luminary, gets 900 rupees for each lecture. None, however, can compare in the long run with Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the prince of the American Chautauqua platform. When he was Secretary of State he received a salary of 36,000 rupees a year. The papers now report that as a Chautauqua talent Mr. Bryan is making 414,000 rupees annually. It seems to be much better for him to be a chautauquan than a cabinet minister. His drawing power is so great that he can swell the gate receipts far more than any other living American orator. On account of his commanding platform ability he is able to dictate his own terms. His minimum fee is 750 rupees. The next 750 rupees of the gate-receipts go to

Chautauqua. Above that, the money is divided equally between Mr. Bryan and Chautauqua.

A story is told at Yale University that a famous preacher was invited to address the Yale students in the chapel. Before commencing his lecture, the noted divine asked the president of the University if the time for his address would be limited. "Oh, no," replied the president, "speak as long as you like, but there is a tradition here at Yale chapel that no souls are saved after twenty minutes." Now there is no fixed limit as to the length of the Chautauqua address; but the unwritten tradition is that no Chautauqua lecture should fall below fifty minutes or exceed ninety.

The American orator speaks slowly and distinctly. His articulation is clear, his tone is conversational, his gestures are sparing, and his style is forceful yet simple and clear-cut rather than flowery and ornate. In short, he speaks to a purpose; he speaks to be understood. Since the summer Chautauqua meetings are always held out-doors in huge open tents, the speaker must have a voice that will carry over the cries of the babies, the patter of the rain, and the roar of the prairie wind. A strong resonant voice is

one of the prime requisites of American public speakers. In 1884 Mathew Arnold came to the United States as a popular lecturer. His lecture tickets sold sometimes as high as fifteen rupees apiece. To one of his lectures came General Grant and his wife. Arnold spoke so low that few could hear what he was saying. Grant became very restless in his seat. At last turning to his wife Grant said, "We have seen the lion, but we cannot hear him roar. Let us go home."

It is very fortunate that the American lecturers are singularly free from those affected mannerisms which are so often associated with Englishmen. For one thing, your English speakers blaze away too fast. Indeed, they speak much more rapidly in England than they do in America. When John Bright, the greatest English orator of the last half a century, began to speak in public his utterance was so swift that few could follow him intelligently. On one occasion a newspaper gave the following report of an important political address by Mr. Bright: "The next speech was made by our young townsman, Mr. John Bright, but he spoke so fast that our reporter was quite unable to follow him."

The Chautauqua lecturer is a mediator between the layman and the specialist. The successful forward-looking talent aims to lift American life by giving in popular language to the masses the current results of modern scholarship and scientific research. The Chautauqua management wants a show of courage on the part of the lecturer, a forceful statement of facts, a fling at John D. Rockefeller and his Standard Oil Trust, and, occasionally, an extra twist to the tail of the British lion. The chautauquan must always have a message. The man who simply lectures on "How are the Biscuits," or "A Bushel of Soap Suds" cannot hope for a career in the Chautauqua field. He must show a bold, a creative mind. The mission of the lecturer, as Macaulay said of John Milton, is to "bear the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone."

In a modest way I have lectured a few seasons on the Chautauqua platform. Once, I recall, some of the Methodist preachers objected to my appearance in their town because—well, it was said I was not a Christian. The bureau I represented took a firm stand. Even at the

risk of losing business, it made the town hear my address. The moral: A talent cannot be always muzzled.

Away back yonder in the forgotten years the ancient Athenian general and statesman, Phocion, when interrupted by the loud cheers of his audience, would ask his friends standing near by, "Have I made a mistake and said something stupid?" In America the applause of the audience is often considered as the chief proof of a successful lecture. There is really no use blinking the fact that the constant temptation of the Chautauqua platformist is to say the thing that takes, that tickles the fancy, that flatters the prejudice of the crowd. His mind is in danger of becoming a weather cock. Indeed, many a promising career has been eaten away by the acid of applause. The lecturer, however, need not be condemned too severely; for has not every politician on the stump told us that the sovereign American public has a right to get what it wants when it wants it? And is it not the duty of the lecturer, the servant of the public, to give it what it wants? I shall always remember what the president of one of the principal Chautauqua systems said in urging me to make

my address less "academic and scholarly." "At least seventy-five per cent of the people in a Chautauqua audience," frankly suggested this amiable president, "are people who, during a speech, want to think, cry and laugh, but they want them in the proportion of one think, two cries and three laughs." Perhaps this is true. Those who have studied the American audience long and close at hand know too well that it has a voracious appetite for funny stories, breezy anecdotes, emotions, and epigrams rather than serious analysis, complex reasoning, and sober disquisition of hard facts. Hence the motto of the professional spell-binders is, "Get them laughing and keep them laughing."

All the Chautauqua orators use stock lectures. The "starriest" of Chautauqua stars, William Jennings Bryan, has delivered his two favorite lectures, "The Making of a Man" and "The Prince of Peace," times without number. I know a popular lecturer who has given his address "Sour Grapes," over two thousand times. The man who holds the record for having delivered a single lecture the largest number of times is Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the president of the Temple University of Philadel-

phia. He has given the same lecture, "Acres of Diamond," more than five thousand times. A touching thing about his lecture is that all the proceeds from it have been devoted for the past thirty years to the education of needy young men; and the unnumber of those helped by Dr. Conwell exceeds 1,600.

The Chautauqua course, as has already been indicated, does not consist only of six or seven numbers of straight lectures. It includes also two or three evenings of concerts and music, and entertainments by readers who recite, impersonate, joke, and tell stories. The lecture is, however, the foundation upon which the Chautauqua is built. If for any reason the lecture should be crowded out, the Chautauqua will become a thing of the past.

In the beginning, Chautauquas were entirely independent concerns; each community organized and ran its own Chautauqua to suit itself. A few years ago the "traveling-tent" or "circuit" Chautauqua was introduced. This innovation in the Chautauqua movement has been described as "the last word in popular education." Under this system, a bureau or company will operate a hundred or more

Chautauquas on a single circuit. It is done in this wise: the bureau will run seven Chautauquas in seven towns simultaneously, provided the program is to continue seven days. The first day's program in the first town of the circuit moves to the second town on the following day, and so on. At the end of the week there would be seven assemblies going, and the first tent would be on its way to the eighth town. Thus, with only enough talent to serve one town for a week, the bureau is able to serve seven towns for a solid week.

America has reduced advertising to an exact science; and its full resources are perhaps nowhere pressed into service more relentlessly than in exploiting the Chautauqua workers. For months before the arrival of the Chautauqua, hundreds of advance circulars, folders, posters, and window hangers are poured upon the community in an unceasing stream. The Chautauqua "literature" is an anthology of laudatory lullabys, giving life sketches, anecdotes, records of past achievements, or even failures of the performers. When nothing else can be said the people are gravely assured that the speaker "is a man of splendid physique, of

superb health", that the cornet player "has hair enough for six ordinary men. If possible get a look at his face," and that the leader of the orchestra "is certain to be given an ovation everywhere. Oh, how he will bow and smile."

Most of the up-to-date bureaus employ trained journalists, well-equipped "publicity men", to prepare attractive program announcements. They furnish the local newspapers with the "cuts" of the talents, and all the necessary information about the Chautauqua. The editors are not required to go to the trouble of setting this in type. It comes to them in zinc plate, by parcel post, prepaid, ready to print. What an exhibition of gush advertising!

The story of Mark Twain's first great public lecture is quite amusing. Mark Twain was at that time a newspaper man in New York. It was suggested to him that he should lecture on the Hawaiian Islands, where he had been spending some weeks as a newspaper correspondent. He fell in with the suggestion. Mark Twain hurriedly engaged a hall for the lecture, then sat down, and wrote his own announcement. The great humorist began by stating

what he would speak upon, and ended with the following :

A SPLENDID ORCHESTRA
Is In Town, but Has Not Been Engaged
Also

A DEN OF FEROCIOUS WILD BEASTS
Will Be on Exhibition In the Next Block.

A GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION
May Be Expected ; In Fact, the Public
Are Privileged to Expect Whatever
They Please

Doors open at 7 o'clock

The trouble to begin at 8 o'clock.

Chautauqua advertisements always make interesting reading. Here are a few culled at random : "The most popular lecturer upon the platform to-day" ; "He is the greatest speaker the State of Indiana has ever produced" ; "I am as well known in Canada as Roosevelt is in America." "I am America's greatest lady reader" ; "I am the world's greatest magician." These are only a few of the Chautauqua masterpieces of fiction. Romancing in Chautauqua seems to be a thorough-going respectable American habit, and the sophisticated people sooner or later get used to this habit as they get

used to measles. Be that as it may, the publicity man works and works hard to make the people get the Chautauqua fever. He says that every talent is a front page head-liner, every Chautauqua in the program is "the best ever." The man who is to play the piano is greater than Paderewski; the artist who is to sing "can knock Caruso into a cocked-hat with one hand tied behind him"; and the speaker who is to talk is positively greater than Cicero or Demosthenes. In a word, the coming Chautauqua is going to be the eighth wonder of the world. Can anyone afford to miss such an extraordinary treat?

A few days before the arrival of the big tent the city is in a buzz of excitement. The whole town is dressed in gala attire, and made to "look as though there was something doing." Houses are draped with the Stars and Stripes. Shop windows are adorned with huge posters of Chautauqua attractions. Every available telephone and telegraph post is gay with fluttering red and yellow cards. Banners and streamers and colored electric bulbs arch the principal streets. Cloth and paper pennants are posted on buggies and automobiles. Flags are tacked on gates and tumble-down fences. Even cats

and dogs are made to wear the Chautauqua colors. Men stand on the street corners and women lean over the fence in their back yards and talk about "our Chautauqua program." Enthusiastic citizens form themselves into a booster's club, and they parade and motor round about the country boosting "our Chautauqua."

The large tent arrives, and there is much stir. The Chautauqua manager and his lieutenants set up the tent. Ere long the white canvas top is flapping, tent flags are flying, and the stage is all ready for the great performance. The long-expected opening day dawns. The mayor makes an eloquent address of welcome, and assures the Chautauqua people of the freedom of the city. The button is pressed; the week of fun, frolic, education, and glad time is on.

When the program starts, shops, banks, and even post offices are closed. Everybody goes to the Chautauqua grounds. Everywhere there is Sabbath stillness. For the time being the town presents the appearance of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. "What a fine opportunity for a big haul this offers the robber," said I to a Chautauqua devotee. "Yes," quietly replied

the man, "but the robber—he, too, would be at the Chautauqua."

The financial side of the Chautauqua is interesting. A local organization or committee guarantees the bureau the sale of a minimum number of tickets. A Chautauqua program costs all the way from 600 rupees in a small village to 12,000 to 15,000 in a large city. If a person is to attend a week's program by single admissions it would cost him from twenty-four to thirty rupees, but by purchasing a season ticket he can take in the entire Chautauqua for the sum of from four to seven rupees.

An important outgrowth of the Chautauqua movement is University Extension—a school for people who are out of school. The American leaders of education have come to the conclusion that "it is not sufficient to maintain at some one place in the State a great school of learning and research, with libraries, laboratories, class rooms and faculties of experts, since only a small proportion of the people can reside at the university, even for a few months. If knowledge is to become a vital force in the State it must touch the lives of all people; it must be within the reach of those who can use it in the interest

of human welfare." It is the object of University Extension to provide "a channel through which all the people may avail themselves of the knowledge accumulated at the university." In accordance with this democratic ideal nearly all the important American universities have a special staff of lecturers who can interest the masses in discussions on natural science, history, art, physiology, social sciences, and matters of civic welfare. University Extension work, however, is a little different from that of the Chautauqua. The former has little to do with entertainments. Extension courses consist chiefly of lectures, and they are more academical than the Chautauqua. One may even go further and say that the extension lectures are always educational; they are humorous only by accident or mistake. At all events, University Extension has made the boundaries of the country the walls of the university, and the homes of the people its class rooms. Indeed, the dictum of the late editor, William T. Stead, "university extension is the university on wheels," is now fully justified.

It is difficult to estimate in dollars and cents the definite effects which the Chautauqua leaves

upon the community life. The Chautauqua is both instructive and entertaining. The *New York Herald* said, "the Chautauqua Assembly is the visible centre of the greatest university in the world." Theodore Roosevelt in speaking of the Chautauqua idea remarked, "I know of nothing in the whole country which is so filled with blessings for the nation." The Chautauqua movement is performing a wonderful work for the elevation of national ideas, the diffusion of culture, and the promotion of human betterment. Indeed, the most unique institution in unique America is the Chautauqua.

CHAPTER XV

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

In the true literary man there is thus ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness ; he is the light of the world ; the world's priest—guiding it, like a sacred pillar of fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of time.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

One gray morning early in the fall I rode down in a luxurious train from Iowa City to West Liberty. I had tucked away in an inside pocket a letter of official greetings from the State University of Iowa to the greatest living poet of the East. The world-renowned visitor was already on his way from Chicago to Iowa. I had never come into personal contact with him, and somehow I pictured him to be cold, and his ways distant. How little I knew the man !

When the Chicago train arrived at West Liberty, I found Rabindra Nath with his secretary in a private compartment—a small, neatly furnished room. He was riding backward, and



Rabindra Nath Tagore meets Sudhindra Bose at the State
University of Iowa, Iowa City.

was reading that true Irish poet and artist A. E.'s (George Russell's) *Imagination and Reveries*. There was also on his table a copy of the *Modern Review* of Calcutta. As soon as he learned that I was there to welcome him to our University, he laid aside his book and greeted me with cordiality and simplicity after the Indian fashion. Contrary to my pre-conceived ideas, Tagore is gentle, courteous, and even sociable. He is infinitely kind. His personality is as clean-cut and vivid as lightning. The distinguished honor which has come to him as a world-famous genius has not intoxicated him. It seemed to me that he is not a bit like any other great men I have known. He is entirely different; he is just Rabindra Nath Tagore.

Education is nearest to his heart. Naturally one of the first things we talked about was the education of the Indian students in Japan and America. "I believe," Tagore said with his slightly noticeable Anglified accent, "that some of our young men ought to go to Japan to study Japanese art, which is really very fine. But for scientific education they must come to the fountain-head, America."

While he was in Japan he met with an

enthusiastic reception everywhere. "I like the Japanese," he continued, "you can't help liking their charming ways. Their manners are very attractive. The Japanese at bottom are like us; they are not Westerners. Oh, no! In spite of all their claims, the Japanese are Orientals through and through."

All his comments are candid and sincere. Every word he speaks stands for something; every statement he makes is the product of reasoned conviction. But what struck me most forcibly was that behind his subtle personality there was a charming blend of simplicity and reserved dignity. In a way he is apart from the multitude. Indeed, he appears at times to shut himself up in impenetrable reserve, making it impossible for any one to catch a glimpse of the workings of his mind.

"The Chinese are a great people," averred Tagore as he slowly adjusted the nose glasses that dangled on a narrow braid. "They are so dignified! They have ancient traditions which sit on them well. In many respects I like the Chinese better than the Japanese."

Then he sat back straight in the green plush upholstered seat and looked out of the car

window with a mystic's abstraction. His eyes were the eyes of a man thinking of things far away—so far away. The landscape was superb. Everywhere were blazes of color. Indeed, all nature was clad in one mass of unspent, magical, autumnal hues—red, brown, pink, violet. The branches were rustling dryly in the gentle fall wind. Soft twilight was resting upon the river banks. And the western sky was a web of wonders over the passing fields.

Presently our train reached Iowa City, the seat of the State University of Iowa. Tagore was met at the station on behalf of the president of the University by Professor Benjamin F. Shambaugh, head of the Department of Political Science and Professor Edwin D. Starbuck, of the Department of Philosophy. And a moment later, a waiting automobile whisked them over to the leading hotel of the city.

For days before the arrival of Tagore there had been a vigorous publicity campaign to arouse interest in him and in his work. The Senate Board on University Lectures, of which Dr. Shambaugh is the chairman, indicated the importance of Tagore's visit in the following official statement to the press :

“The coming of Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore to Iowa City will be one of the notable events in the history of the State University. The writings of this Hindu poet and philosopher won for him the world's recognition in the award of the Nobel Prize in 1913. He comes from the Orient, but his message of unity and harmony in the life of humanity is for the whole world. The privilege of seeing and hearing this really great man comes to our students as an opportunity of a life-time.”

Dr. W. A. Jessup, as president of the University, gave the following interview to the reporters :

“I regard the coming of Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore to Iowa City as an event of so great importance that it ought to attract the interest of every student in the University. Tagore has been recognized as a master in the field of modern literature. He chooses to favor Iowa City with the only lecture he will give in Iowa. If only to show him respect, we ought to hear him. The more important reason why we should hear him is that we are likely to receive impressions of permanent worth. It is to be hoped that the University will be strongly re-

presented in the audience which greets Tagore."

In response to insistent demands to know more about Tagore, talks and addresses were given by a number of faculty men. The present writer was one of them. In his informal talk on the "Personality of Tagore" before the University students he said in part :

"Tagore is not only a poet of India, but of China, Japan, Europe and America. He belongs to the whole civilized world. He touches the very inner springs of emotion which are common to all humanity. In him there is no suggestion of anger or jealousy. He never soiled his pen by writing a hymn of hatred. He is a lover of world-wide humanity. He always sees fundamental unity in diversity.

"Don Quixote was right when he said that a translation was 'like the wrong side of an embroidered cloth, giving the design without the beauty.' And Tagore's works suffer a great deal from the painful process of English translation; but even so they are not altogether robbed of the inner beauty, the glowing poetic feeling, and the rich personality of the writer. In his lectures, essays, poems, and dramas there is found the authentic voice of the deeper longings

of the human heart; they lead us to the very edge of the infinite. He deals with eternal truth—truth which burns in our souls and transcends the limitations of race and time. In this respect he may be likened to other literary immortals. When we read *Hamlet* we forget that Shakespeare was only an Englishman, when we read the *Divine Comedy* we do not think that Dante was an Italian, and when we study *Faust* we are not worried over the German nationality of Goethe. The same is true of *Gitanjali* and *Sadhana* and their author Tagore."

Rabindra Nath shuns publicity; it hurts his finer instincts and sensibilities. He seems to feel the same toward newspaper men as he would toward mosquitos. Of the many onerous responsibilities of his private secretary, Mr. W. W. Pearson, M.A., B.Sc., none was more exacting than devising means to throw American reporters off the track of the author of *Gitanjali*. Being an Englishman, Pearson took none too kindly to the newspapers of this country, and he frequently had a lively time with newspaper sleuths. Let one instance suffice as typically illuminating.

It happened at Salt Lake City in the State

of Utah. Tagore's hotel was besieged by an army of reporters clamoring for interviews. They were all "turned down." There was one enterprising reporter, however, who had a bright idea. He decided to get him by a short cut.

The telephone bell in the hotel tinkled. Ting-a-ling-a-ling !

"Halloo ! halloo !—What's it ?—Tagore ?"

"Yes—Is this Sir Rabindranath Tagore ?" asked the voice in the telephone.

"No ; but I am his secretary. What do you want ?"

"I wish to see Tagore right away."

"Sorry you can't see him now."

"I am the British vice-consul at Salt Lake City. I must see Tagore immediately on a very important business."

Pearson relaxed. He cleared his throat and said pleasantly, "Oh ! well — Yes — Yes — you can come and see Tagore."

The supposed vice-consul was met at the door by Pearson and led into Tagore's room. "Your lordship," he began with suspicious politeness, "your lordship, I wish to ask——"

That was enough for wiseman Pearson. "Pardon me," broke in Pearson, "but being a

British vice-consul you may know that a knight is not addressed as your lordship. Can I help you any?" And he did. The masquerading reporter was promptly helped out of the room.

It was the intention of the University to give a reception or a dinner in honor of Rabindra Nath. But when it was discovered that he preferred not to have such an entertainment, the plan was dropped. Tagore did not like to wear himself out socially. He had so much to do! He had such a strenuous schedule to go through every day! "A formal dinner or reception," he confided to me, "is the surest way to kill me. I can't stand the strain." He was pleased, however, to accept my invitation to a quiet dinner in his hotel room.

Tagore is a very small dainty eater. He is a vegetarian. He likes ice cream, and his only drink is water and milk.

During the meal time we talked of Shantiniketan Asrama, the rush of American life, Indian students, and Vedantic swamis in the United States. What did he think of Americans? That is what I was curious about, and that is what I asked. "I think," he replied with

engaging frankness, "your Americans live on the surface. They do not think deeply."

His comments on American universities showed keen, philosophical penetration; they indicated that he had already formed a sound judgment of the state of learning in this country. When he was told, however, that the State University of Iowa spends three million rupees a year he looked a shade incredulous. "Is that so?" he asked in an undertone.

Apparently, he cared precious little for his title of English knighthood and the degree of doctorate. Indeed, he seemed to regard them with half amusement. Out of deference to his retiring habit I had ordered the dinner to be served in his living room, instead of in the usual dining hall. The hotel management, fearing that he was sick, sent words of regret. "Oh, tell them not to worry over that!" Doctor Tagore directed his private secretary to reply. And then looking at me out of the corner of his eye he said laughingly, "We ourselves are two doctors. What are we good for, Doctor Bose, if we can't take care of the sick?"

It must be admitted, however, that to many an American sympathizer of Tagore it seemed

inexplicable as to why a man, "a graceful dreamer", whose "whole philosophy is of the eternities", should accept a foreign knighthood, wear an earthly decoration. It is true that he has recently asked the viceroy of India to be relieved of his title of knighthood; but that is on the ground that "the time has come when badges of honor make our shame glaring in their incongruous context of humiliation."

All through the dinner Tagore's manner was quiet, modest, and unconventional. Magnetic, tingling with genius, he dares to live and laugh. He is distinctively a "human" man, a dearly loveable person with wholesome comic sense. It is a pleasure to hear him talk. He has no gestures, and speaks slowly and deliberately. In his conversation there is not any trace of the "Why, sir!" and the "No, sir!" and the "You don't see your way through that question, sir!" and the "You talk the language of ignorance, sir!" of the dictionary Samuel Johnson. Tagore talks with you rather than at you. He is not given over to sermonizing. His voice is low and musical; his smile gentle and sweet. And his eyes—they are sad and penetrating.

Tagore looks like a prophet, or, as the Americans would have it, he has a Messianic appearance. Indeed, there are a few orthodox Christians in this country who even imagine that he received his inspiration for *Gitanjali* from David's Psalms in the Bible. To this he gave a decisive reply to a caller at Chicago that will not be soon forgotten. "The Bible I have never read," remarked Tagore. "I tried to read it. The first two books I tried. They were so—so—violent I could not. I have heard that the Psalms are beautiful. I must read them some day."

Tagore was on a lecture-tour in the United States for the purpose of raising funds to carry on the work of his school at Bolpur. The tour opened on the Pacific coast in September and terminated in April. He sold his time to the Pond Lyceum Bureau, under whose auspices he was booked to lecture. The subjects of his addresses were: "The Cult of Nationalism," "Second Birth," "The World of Personality," "My School at Shantiniketan," "What is Art?" He was shot by the bureau from town to town, city to city, like a cannon ball. And the distances in

America are greater than those of Africa. Tagore had hardly any breathing spell. At times he looked tired and worn-out, and might even say "I am homesick for Shantiniketan;" but he was getting along finely. He had a working philosophy that combined the zeal of Luther, the optimism of Napoleon, and the will of Bismarck.

A few years ago when he first came to these shores some of his American friends volunteered to raise funds for his school; but he declined the offer. He was too patriotic, too proud to take help outside of India. In a recent letter to me Tagore said that he had outgrown his patriotic pride. His words are worth appending: "In our country the man who devotes himself to realize his spiritual oneness with all does not shrink to claim his help from all men; because it amounts to a tacit avowal that he belongs to mankind at large. My institution at Bolpur has, at last, taken its alms bowl and come out in the open road of the wide world. It will accept its food from all men and has renounced its caste for good."

The subject of his discourse at the State University of Iowa was the "Cult of National-

ism." To say that he treated it in a masterly manner is to say little. As nearly as I can remember his thoughts were these: Western nationalism is a perfected mechanical device for the promotion of material success and welfare of those persons composing the nation. It puts forth its tentacles into other people who are of "no nation," such as the Chinese and the Indian, and sucks their hearts dry. This nationalism is the process of turning a whole people to self-interest and selfishness. He characterized the Western nation as a creation of commerce and finance. Europe and America in their wild striving for commercial power and prestige have lost sight of the individual.

The West lives in an atmosphere of fear and greed and panic, owing to the preying of one nation upon another for material wealth. Its civilization is carnivorous and cannibalistic, feeding upon the blood of weaker nations. Its one idea is to thwart all greatness outside its own boundaries. Never before was such a sight of the wholesale feeding of God's creature. Never before such terrible jealousies, betrayal of trusts, lies; and all this is called patriotism, whose creed is politics.

Tagore answered the argument that only the Western people, where nationality was strong, had progressed, by differentiating between two kinds of progress; that which seeks to attain a definite material end, and that which is a continual growth, without end. The former was Western progress; the latter the progress of the East.

The organized political and economic civilization of the West obliterates true humanity. It is aggressive; it is mechanical. It has no soul under its jacket. The cult of nationalism is keeping India under foreign domination, is taking her customs and her ancient wisdom, and is engulfing her in an ocean of modern inhumanity, in which she must writhe and suffer, while no help is at hand.

He pleaded for an abandonment of materialistic aims and materialistic ideas, and a return to a mode of thinking in which the individual and his well-being should be the chief consideration.

He also spoke on the subject of simplicity, comparing the perpetual hurry and worry of Western life with that of India. The simple life, simple without fruitless and racking strife

for material goods and the empty satisfaction of possession, he upheld as his ideal. "Simplicity in everything has characterized India," he asserted. "We are not philosophical abstractions; we are men with certain sensibilities. There is much to be learned by the Western nations through a study of Indian life and ideals."

The people in Europe and America are in a state of continual strife. There is no place for rest or peace of mind, or that meditative relief which in India people feel to be needed for the health of their spirits.

The European war, he said, was the self-destruction of the machine of nationalism. The great war was a retribution, the inevitable conclusion of organized nationalism.

The cult of modern nationalism is also a cult of self-worship. "We may find it convenient to forget truth, but truth does not forget us." It is well to remember, however, that humanity consists of other people than ourselves. The principle of barbarism is isolation; but the principle of civilization is unity. The speaker looked forward to the time when there would be a federation of all nations, a universal brotherhood

of man, and a true worship of God in men's hearts.

After the lecture, the poet read three of his verses in English prose which related to the subject of nationalism. Rabindra Nath, like Tennyson, has the rare gift of "interpreting by reading the deeper meanings of poetry." Under the spell of his melodious voice people fairly sat on the edge of their chairs.

The address was a literary jewel. It did not lose in force although he read it from manuscript. Tagore's address, like Lincoln's famous speech at Gettysburg, which every American learns by heart as a part of his education, was "chiselled from the rock of his sincerity." Tagore knew how to pull out the soft stops on the organ, but he did not. He evaded nothing, compromised nothing, softened nothing. He spoke straight from his shoulder, and his utterances at times fell like shrapnel. Yet he was warmly applauded. How could he inspire such a response? That is hard to say. Perhaps the soul-gripping quality of the message that he brought accounted for it.

Many were the comments that reached my ears on the Tagore lecture. "I always thought

that the Hindus were a bunch of people," a slangy undergraduate was overheard to remark, "who needed to be taught; but now comes a Hindu who can really teach us Americans. For the love o' Mike! Doesn't that beat all?" I also heard a distinguished professor of the University say that parts of Tagore's address were so elevated in moral tone as to make him think of Emerson, so poetic in thought that they reminded him of Shakespeare, and so impressive in spiritual fervor as to give him the uplift of the Bible.

When I helped him into the Pullman Car at the station that night I thought of him as the personification of the Vedic spirit of Hindustan. No sentiment seemed to command his life so completely as loyalty to Indian ideals. This loyalty is no mere academic formula, no pose, but a reality. It is with him something vivid, tangible; it is something alive, practical, fit to live and work for. "I shall be born in India again and again," remarked Tagore with a smile of pride lighting up his face. "With all her poverty, misery and wretchedness, I love India best."

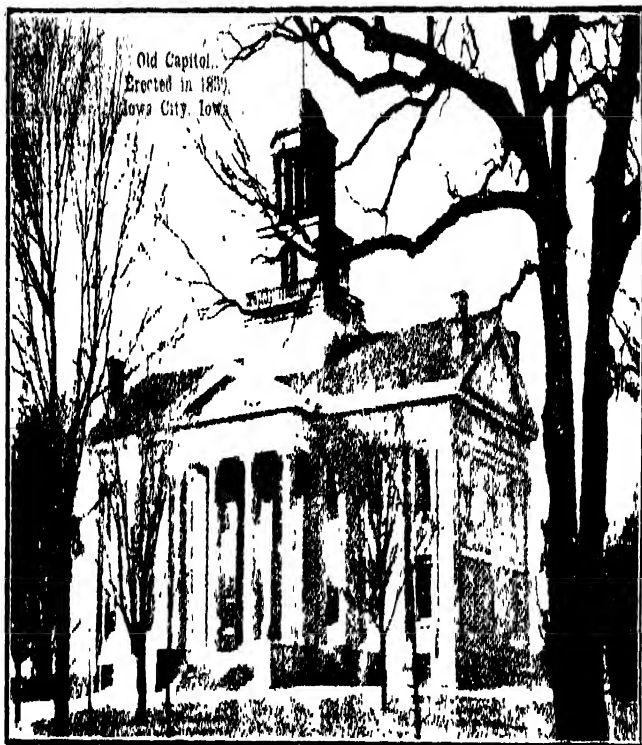
CHAPTER XVI

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

I call a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

—*John Milton.*

The other day a research student of The State University of Iowa wrote a volume on *Taxation in Iowa*. It laid bare some of the abuses of the State administration and pointed the way to scientific reforms. The work created such a wide-spread interest that the State legislature was forced to give the whole system of taxation a thorough overhauling, and ultimately to lighten the burden of the tax-payers. That is exactly the spirit of The State University of Iowa. It is not content with theories; it trains men and women to do some definite work in life, to fill a particular need in the community. In other words, the underlying purpose of the University is to vitalize education, is to render it serviceable to all.



“The Old Capitol”—Administration Building of the University.
Erected in 1839. Iowa City, Iowa.



Hall of Liberal Arts (back view), State University of Iowa.



Inside view of Dental Infirmary, where dental students practice on patients. State University of Iowa.

The State University of Iowa embraces the College of Liberal Arts, the School of Commerce, the College of Law, the College of Medicine, the School for Nurses, the College of Dentistry, the College of Pharmacy, the College of Applied Science, the College of Education, the School for Library Training, and the Graduate College. Perhaps the glory and strength of Iowa lies, with the exception of a few Departments in the College of Liberal Arts, in its professional Colleges. The Medical College is among the best in the land. The College of Applied Science is in the front rank. It teaches such branches of engineering, as electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, civil engineering, and structural engineering. The School of Education sends out every year from seventy-five to a hundred teachers for the best High Schools, Normal Schools, Colleges, and Universities, including several of those in foreign countries. These men and women are trained to be something more than mere professional teachers; they are the leaders of advanced educational thought. The Graduate College represents the capstone of all the colleges. To be a member of this College one should have

received his bachelor's degree. The Graduate College offers almost unlimited opportunities for advanced study and specialized research in practically every field. This College confers upon successful candidates the degrees of M. A., M. S., and Ph. D. The tuition is free in the Graduate College. For instruction and other advantages, which cost the University between twelve and fifteen hundred rupees a year for each advanced student, he pays not a cent of tuition. All this has tended to attract students from the far corners of the globe.

The student who goes to Oxford University does not have a very large number of subjects to choose from. He selects a course, which in reality is prescribed for him, from a few limited groups of studies—*Literae Humaniores*, Mathematics, Science, English, and Modern History. There the field is so circumscribed that one can exhaust the entire course of instruction in ten or twelve years. In great American universities, like Iowa's for example, it would require several hundred years to finish the entire body of instruction. The vast range of the subjects covered by the State University of Iowa may be faintly guessed from the fact that it offers over three

hundred electives in the departments of Archaeology, Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, Education, English (including Public Speaking), Fine Arts, Geology, German, Greek, History, Latin, Mathematics, Philosophy, Physics, Political Science, Political Economy, Religious Education, Romance Languages (that is, French, Italian and Spanish), Sanskrit, Scandinavian, Sociology, and Zoology.

On an average, it takes a student from India who has a training equivalent to that of the English High School, four years to get his first degree. However, I have known Indian students who took their B. A. degrees in three years.

The instruction is given principally through lectures; but the students are required to supplement the lectures by independent study and investigation. To this end the University has one General and twenty-two Departmental Libraries open to the students from eight in the morning till ten at night every day during the week. Then there are also fifty laboratories, each supplied with almost unlimited apparatus and special equipment for the use of students. The characteristic University spirit is thoroughly

displayed by the large variety of museums. For the last thirty years the University has sent a number of scientific expeditions to collect geological, botanical, and zoological specimens from such far-off places as Bahama Islands, Alaska, the Arctic Coast, Siberia, Cuba, the Bay of Naples, the Hawaiian Islands. The mounting of these specimens is done by the students under a competent teacher. A Bengali student, who was specializing in taxidermy, did here very creditable work along this line.

The State University of Iowa in its effort for intellectual development of the students does not underestimate the value of physical training. It maintains two well equipped gymnasiums, one for men and the other for women. As a rule all male students report for military duty to the Commandant at the Armory. The instruction in this department is mostly practical. It includes infantry drill, guard duty, running up signals, and target practice. The interest of the Indian students in the military tactics has always been most intense.

It is almost unnecessary to call attention to the fact that Iowa, like all other State universities, emphasizes the need for "full and complete

education" of both sexes. The welfare and comfort of the women students are specially looked after by the Dean of Women. She acts as a mother to the young women whenever they need her advice. The relation between the two sexes is normal and healthy. I never heard an American man complain of the loss of the peace of his mind because of the presence of young women in the class. Co-education appeals even to some of the conservative Orientals who form a part of the foreign colony present at the University. A Korean student of mine confided to me that though it is "difficult for us men to find seats in the classroom without having our faces tickled by the plumes or feathers on the hats of the young ladies," yet, the co-educational system is "liberal and fair to young people." There are, of course, men who can never claim much acquaintance with the feminine members of the University. They are timid souls, these poor men are. The normal student, however, who has social proclivities, finds abundant opportunity for their indulgence in walks through the beautiful woods, picnics on the hill-sides, informal calls, dances, skating in winter, rowing

in spring by moonlight on the Iowa River, and singing the University hymn, "Old Gold":

O, Iowa, calm and secure on thy hill,

Looking down on the river below,
With a dignity born of the dominant will

Of the men that have lived long ago,
O, heir of the glory of pioneer days,

Let thy spirit be proud as of old,
For thou shalt find blessing and honor and praise
In the daughters and sons of Old Gold.*
We shall sing and be glad with the days as they
fly

In the time that we spend in thy halls,
And in sadness we'll part when the days have
gone by

And our path turns away from thy walls;
Till the waters no more in thy river shall run,
Till the stars in the heavens grow cold,
We shall sing of the glory and fame thou
hast won

And the love that we bear for Old Gold.

What chance has a man in a crowd of three
or four thousand students for personal develop-

* The old gold, pale yellow, is the official color which represents the State University of Iowa.

ment, for coming in close touch with his professors? is a question that may suggest itself to a prospective Iowan. The University, in order to make instruction more personal, has put a limit to the number of students in its classes. For every twenty-five freshmen in English there has been organized a separate class.

Iowa has also introduced a new idea to bring the students closer to the professors by appointing for every group of certain number of students a Faculty Adviser, whose duty it is to assist them in choosing and pursuing their studies wisely. Besides, there is the Adviser of Men, who does for men students what the Dean of Women does for women. He is a sort of "big brother" to men. He holds personal conferences with them, and looks after their moral and intellectual welfare.

The cost of living at Iowa ranges from six hundred to nine hundred rupees a school year. Generally the students lodge in one place and take their meals at restaurants or boarding clubs. Some of these clubs are run by students on a co-operative basis, and the price of board is appreciably lower than in places under private management. At some boarding houses both

men and women are admitted, while others exclude women. It is a good idea to get into a place where there are both men and women boarders—the meals are likely to be more respectable and table manners distinctly superior. The average rate for board in a private boarding club is about fifteen rupees a week. Those who patronize inexpensive restaurants live even more cheaply. Some of the Hindu students who have tried to cook their own meals are known to have done it for as low as five rupees a week. The average room rent is from twelve to thirty rupees a month. The best way to cut down the rent is to get an American room-mate. He will not only pay half the rent, but will assist the Indian student in many ways in getting accustomed to new surroundings.

The University exercises special supervision over its women students. They are not permitted to occupy rooms in private houses other than those which have been officially approved by the Dean of Women. Lists of approved quarters are kept in the office of the Dean, who is glad to help young women secure satisfactory homes. The University also maintains a hall of residence for women students,

known as Currier Hall, where they can obtain room and board at reasonable rates. Accommodations in this dormitory are practically the same, and all women who live here enjoy equal advantages and opportunities, regardless of their financial resources or social standing. The dormitory life is especially commendable because of its larger freedom from snobbishness and cant.

True to its democratic tradition Iowa has never been meant only for those who have a large bank account. The Registrar for the University and the Dean of Women are authority for the statement that nearly fifty per cent of the men and from five to ten per cent of the women students are self-supporting. However, it should be well understood that the University has nothing whatever to do with finding employment for the students. They must look for themselves. They work as writers, dish washers, barbers, book-keepers, stenographers, salesmen, tutors. The skilled man naturally gets the pick of the jobs. He can make at least ten annas an hour. Not long ago there was an Indian student here who used to charge twelve annas an hour for tutoring in Chemistry.

In speaking of selfmade men, Oliver Wendell Holmes in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* remarked that "it is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all." Very true; yet no one should forget that those who earn their support carry a double burden, perform a double task. It involves the expenditure of such extra time and energy that it may lead to broken health and possibly to intellectual failure. And while the Indian students are likely to get some work that may help pay part of their expenses, they should think twice before they come to America expecting to earn all their way through college.

"What do you like best about this University?" I asked a number of representative students. "It is the University atmosphere—the students and the teachers who make it" was the unanimous reply. The students here really put their hearts into their college work; they make study a part of real life. There exists what one has called a "unity of loyalty." An Iowan is loyal to his University, loyal to his State, and loyal to his country. His college spirit is inseparable from his national patriotism. He is preparing to fit himself into a democratic

system in which strength, courage, intense patriotism, and self-respect are the most important elements of a sufficient existence. And he is almost sufficient. But the lowan is made after the image of his teacher. Patient, thoughtful, generous, this teacher exercises a wonderfully beneficent influence over the lives of the students. How often have the foreign students not seen a professor go far out of his way to give them some help? How often have they not felt that kindness in his daily creed? To be sure, every time a professor meets a student he does not say in stale convention, "charmed, I am glad to see you"; but he has a large heart throbbing with human sympathy.

The University is nestled away amid gently sloping hills overlooking the Iowa River. It is located about two hundred and thirty miles west of Chicago. The reason why the Indian students who look for the kind of education that Iowa offers should prefer this institution, is that the people in this middle-west section of the country are kindly of heart. Moreover, the cost of living here seems to be smaller than either in the eastern or western parts of the United States.

There is a section of Anglo-Indian press in India which has been doing its worst for the past years to discredit the work of the Indian students in America. These papers for the most part are as mendacious as they are ignorant. The Iowa Faculty Adviser of the Foreign Students, who has special opportunities to observe the Indian students, takes a direct issue with these papers. He says : "One of the best assets of the University of Iowa in preserving its moral and in helping it to maintain a world view of things is the presence here of foreign students. This is especially true on account of the high type of manhood that we get from abroad. Second to none among these is the group of Hindu students. They have invariably been choice personalities who are the embodiment of the beautiful old culture that lies back of them. As adviser for foreign students and in other ways, I have come to know their work somewhat intimately. It has been without exception of high order. It promises well for the future of the nations when men of this stamp can come, and while being true to their own national life, can assimilate the best elements in our own

civilization and appropriate it to the furtherance of their own."

CHAPTER XVII

EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP IN AMERICA

I

The most serious business of American colleges and universities at this time, it seems, is the training of young Americans for civic life. "Citizenship is the only profession," declares Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the eminent president of the Clark University, "which all young men should be trained for." The citizen should have that kind of instruction which will teach him how and when to use civic knowledge.

The State University of Iowa, which may be taken as a type of the government higher educational institutions, is doing a very significant work in developing patriotism and in training citizens. On account of my personal relation to the University, I am somewhat reluctant to speak about its work; but since I happen to know Iowa better than any other American State University I may, perhaps, be permitted to say something about its Department of Political Science, which offers many courses

designed to prepare young people for intelligent citizenship.

II

Let me begin by giving a short sketch of the program of studies as carried on by the Department of Political Science. It is obvious that for a citizen the study of political philosophy, say from Aristotle on down to our day, is of great value; but a wide-awake American youth is not content with political theory. For him, practical government, like the proverbial charity, begins at home. And so at the very outset he makes an intensive study of American government. Now the study of a government does not consist simply of an analysis of its anatomy or framework: it includes a consideration of the actual workings of the government in all of its branches—national, state, and local. A comprehensive course in American government lays particular stress upon the relation of the citizen to the government, and upon the rights, duties, and responsibilities of citizenship. "The general content of the course in American government," explains one of my colleagues who has charge of the work, "is suggested by a

threefold division. First of all, the student, as future participant and leader in public affairs, is introduced to the background of American institutions in State and Nation by tracing the road by which American democracy has arrived at its present stage of development. It is essential to a correct understanding of the workings and effectiveness of State and national government to have some knowledge of our institutional origins as well as of our democratic experiments since the days of the Declaration of Independence. This preliminary general survey of the evolutionary growth of American political institutions, practices, and ideas precedes that part of the course which deals with the national government and with citizenship in its national aspects.

“The machinery of the national government is fully described, with emphasis upon the work actually accomplished in furthering the ends for which the American state exists. Furthermore, a study of the results achieved and the leadership evidenced by public servants is viewed as of **prime importance** in the education of those who are being prepared for more than a passive participation in the activities of the government.

The actual management of national affairs at home and abroad affords materials for class discussions and essays.

“Nor the study of State government, including local government in county, city, township, and school district, neglected. The relations of the citizen to each of these units of government, his obligations and responsibilities, are emphasized because his own daily life and the life of the community are tremendously affected by them. Likewise the obstacles to prompt, intelligent, and efficient participation by the citizen in public matters are also pointed out.”

My colleague in charge of this particular work has the advantage of both American and English education. He took his B. A. degree from Oxford University with honors in history, and also holds two other degrees, including one in law, from an American university.

“Throughout the course,” he goes on, “no opportunity is lost to drive home the fact that a citizen, no matter how well intentioned or how well educated along other lines, cannot act intelligently on the problems that require solution in government action, unless he knows at

least the elementary facts about them and has a fundamental knowledge of the machinery and workings of the government. How can the citizen know whether a candidate is fitted to perform the duties of the office he seeks, unless the citizen knows what the duties of that office are? How can he initiate and promote changes which he deems to be in the interests of the common good, unless he understands the organization through which changes are accomplished?

“The citizen must be made to feel that as a citizen he is really an important factor in government. When the citizen realizes that the government is his government, he will not be against the government but for the government and always for a better government.”

A student in order to have an intelligent grasp of the current political issues must study contemporary legislation. It gives him an understanding of some of the more vital contemporary political, politico-economic, and politico-social problems which are seeking solution through legislation.

The phenomenal development of the city in modern time has brought in its train a host of

municipal problems. No one—especially those who are to live in the city—can afford to ignore them. Hence a working knowledge of the principles of municipal government and the way the administrative machinery runs in the larger cities of America and Europe is an essential part of the political equipment of a citizen.

In a free country, such as America, every one is expected at some time or other to be a member of some sort of deliberative body—a club, a co-operative association, a city council, a political convention, or a State legislature. The rules which govern the operation of such bodies should be known by everyone. To this end a course in parliamentary law and practice is offered by the Department of Political Science. The course is conducted by the use of a manual and actual practice work. After the more important rules are learned the class proceeds to form itself into various voluntary associations. In these mock organizations each of the members of the class acts in turn in various capacities—as presiding officer, recording officer, and parliamentarian. In the course of time a complete constitution and by-laws are drafted for some particular association. The subject matter of

these instruments forms the basis for the debate and the manipulation of parliamentary rules.

Should an intelligent citizen have some knowledge of European government and politics? Should he be prepared to pass an intelligent opinion on and take an effective part in modern movements in government and politics? Does he realize that there can be no real progress without knowledge? The challenge involved in these questions is met by a course in modern governments. It includes a critical study of the governments of leading European nations—France, England, Italy, and Switzerland.

Political science and law are blood cousins; they are, in some respects, most inextricably related to each other. There are, therefore, elaborate courses in the field of jurisprudence, constitutional law, international law, and common law.

In nearly all the States of the Republic women have now, or will have soon, the privilege of voting. While all the courses in the Department of Political Science are open to women students, their attention is called especially to the study of the political and legal

status of women. The course involves a survey of the "woman's rights" or "feminist" movement in general, and a study of the legal and political status of women in the United States in particular.

One of the most enheartening signs of the time in America is the wide-spread desire of the people to "get beyond their skin," their people, their city, their own nation, and get in sympathy with the whole world. Now for the benefit of those who wish to extend their knowledge of world problems several courses are given. One course in colonial government is devoted to the consideration of principles of colonial government, and methods of European and American colonial systems. British, French, and the United States possessions are studied and compared with reference to the problems of government, education, commerce, and industry. Another course is devoted to the study of South American Republics. Another course, dealing with Oriental politics and civilization, makes a comprehensive survey of the political, social, economic, and cultural forces in the awakening of Japan, China, and India. Still another course on world politics aims to give the

student a sound grasp of the pressing political questions which affect all nations.

III

Generally speaking, the method of instruction for the first year University students is through text books combined with lectures. For upper class men lectures are supplemented by assigned readings in a large selection of books, and by presentation of papers on special topics. And for advanced students preparing for higher degrees, the seminar method is used. The candidates for the M. A. and Ph. D. degrees engage in special study and research under an instructor, and present the results of their labor in a formal dissertation "which shall not only exhibit evidence of original research, but shall in itself be a contribution to the sum of human knowledge."

The student whether a freshman or a post-graduate is always encouraged to do his own thinking. He is never taught to accept ready-made opinions, no matter where they come from. He must, so far as practicable, think his own way through a problem and draw his own conclusion. Development of independent

judgment, mental poise, and intellectual honesty, rather than sheer memory, is the deliberate purpose of citizen training.

In the research method of instruction, which consists of individual investigation, the teacher keeps in close touch with the student through daily or weekly conferences. The investigator is turned loose on "raw material," on original sources of information—sources from which the authors themselves write text-books—and is required to carry on his laborious investigation through months and years. He makes use of the University library as a civic laboratory. It is worth while to note that it is not at all unusual for us to see a student take sharp issue with authors of recognized text books and with established authorities. He may not always be correct, and frequently he is not; but the fervent, glowing, passionate quest for truth, which is his guiding motive, receives most sympathetic—I had almost said indulgent—consideration at the hands of the professor.

IV

The share of the present writer in this great work of civic education which is going forward

at Iowa is very modest indeed; but he is glad of the opportunity to have a part in it, however humble that may be. He usually has charge of four courses. And of these four, it may be said without vanity, the two courses which have attracted considerable attention both in and out of University circles are "Oriental Politics and Civilization" and "World Politics." Five years ago when I was called upon to give the new course in World Politics, it was considered rather a dubious experiment. Last year we had the satisfaction, however, of finding that the United States government ordered similar courses to be instituted in practically all colleges and universities in the country.

In this connection I cannot help observing that Americans, well-meaning Americans, have strange ideas concerning the Orient. "The average person in the United States," explained one of my young women students in Oriental Politics, "knows very little, nearly nothing, about the Eastern countries, especially their governments, economic conditions, and philosophical views." Consequently Orientals are looked upon generally as "ignorant," "super-

stitious," "backward," "a bunch of queer peoples," "a swarm of barbarians" !

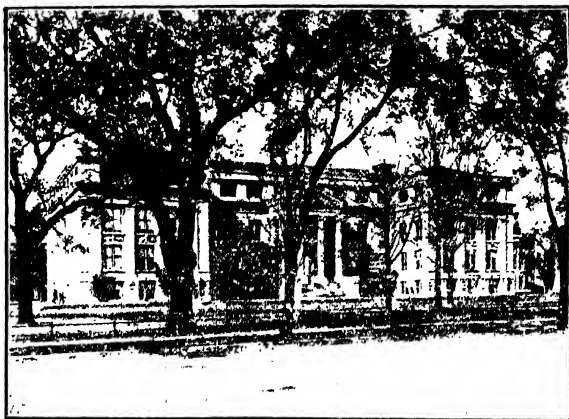
"So to-day", wrote Erasmus, "a man stands aghast at the thought of paying for his boy's education a sum which would buy a foal or hire a farm servant." "Frugality—it is another name for madness." After four hundred years, traces of the madness of Erasmus are still to be found everywhere. And in America teaching is perhaps the poorest paid craft ; but irrespective of any monetary compensation, I do enjoy my work and do like all my students in all my classes. The men and women who frequent my lecture rooms are bright, keen, and alert young folks. Quick to catch the point, they are, I dare say, the intellectual peers of any students in the world. Nevertheless there are moments of depression when I wonder if my labor will ever bear the desired fruit. I was therefore cheered when I received the following lines, a short time ago from one of my students. Speaking of the value of the course in Oriental Politics the writer remarked :

"This course has given me an entirely different viewpoint of Oriental affairs and has helped me more than any other course I have

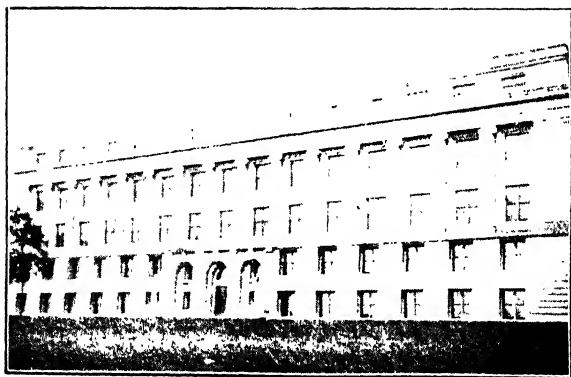
had. It has broadened me and made me take an active interest in the Orient where before I paid no attention to it. It has also developed in me a great sympathy for the people of the Orient, for I can now appreciate their side of questions as well as ours. The course has indeed changed my philosophy of life."

V

The Department of Political Science at the State University of Iowa has justly acquired a reputation throughout the land for its high quality of work. And for such an achievement great credit is due to the head of the Department, Dr. Benjamin F. Shambaugh. The one word which sums up the philosophy of this distinguished political thinker and educator is service, or as he might put it, citizen training. His views on the subject are so refreshing and illuminating that they are worth pondering over. "The education of the citizen for citizenship," says Professor Shambaugh, "involves a knowledge of the relation of the citizen to the state and its government—especially an understanding of legal and political rights and privileges and legal



The Hall of Natural Science, in the auditorium of which Jagadis Chandra Bose and Rabindra Nath Tagore addressed the students of the State University of Iowa



Physics Building, State University of Iowa.



COUNT ILYA TOLSTOI. And his father

COUNT LEO NIKOLAIEVITCH TOLSTOI, poet, novelist, social reformer, and religious mystic, born 28th Aug. (O. S.) 1828, at Yásnaya Políána in the Government of Tula. He was educated privately at Moscow, and on the family estate till 1843-46, when he studied at Kazan University. He fought at the Crimean War, and was at the storming of Sebastopol by the Allies in 1855. Retiring from the army he travelled in Germany and Italy. In 1862 he married and since then lived on his estates near Moscow amongst the peasantry.

He has written much and extensively. His later work is written with directly didactic aim, in all of which he insists on a mode of thought and ideal of life in which revolutionary discontent and religious confidence, Puritanism and Quietism, hyper-Christian self-devotion and an almost Buddhist resignation, deep insight and morbid asceticism are strangely combined and commended by the author's literary power, transparent sincerity, and self-denying tenderness for all the weary, heavy-laden and oppressed. True religion (not dogmatic orthodoxy) is for him the most valuable element in life, and, though rare in the cultivated, is common if not ineradicable in the working poor, in the people. His conception of Christ's Christianity is summed up in six canons: Do not war; do not judge; do not commit fornication; do not swear; do not give way to anger; do not oppose with force the evil-doer—this last carried to the point of not interfering by force to prevent a murder!

Tolstoi would have wholly dispossessed himself of his property to live as a peasant; but his wife refused to see her children exposed to hardship, and Tolstoi made over his estates to her and them. He lived as poorly as a peasant, laboured at mowing or sawing wood for any neighbour who asked him, and in his wife's house lived as a guest. In time of famine he was indefatigably self-

and political duties and obligations. The emphasis in such training will shift from time to time in accordance with the outlook of the period and the changing conceptions of the supreme purposes of the state. Thus, during the period of the American Revolution the rights of citizens were stressed; later the organization of government was emphasized; while today in the United States the duties and obligations of citizenship are in the foreground."

"Again," continues Dr. Shambaugh, "other lines of training or education, such as training for the professions, vocational training, teacher training, training in the sciences, and training in the arts—which are offered by the state to citizens through courses of instruction in public schools and in the state colleges and universities, should not be confused with citizen training or training for citizenship. These many lines of education are all very important aspects of training for life. They contribute culture, method, technique, and efficiency to the life of the citizen. But none of these lines of education, nor all of them, afford training for citizenship as such. Training for citizenship, it must be

clearly understood, is a specific line of education."

And it is this specific education which the State University of Iowa is providing through its Department of Political Science so efficiently.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHATS WITH COUNT TOLSTOY IN AMERICA

When shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea?
—*Tennyson.*

"I am hungry," said Count Ilya Tolstoy, the second son of Leo Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist and reformer. "I am awfully hungry. Where can I get something to eat?"

The clock in the tower of the city hall had just struck eleven. The night was dark and cold. Side-walks were slippery with frozen ice. The dining-rooms of all the large hotels had closed.

"There is a good restaurant across the street which keeps open all night," I suggested. "Would you like to go there?"

"Lead on."

The Count put in a big order for supper and persuaded me to "take something," too. As I had called on him by appointment in the interest

of a magazine I began early to ply him with questions. He was taking such an absorbing interest in his own gastronomic feats, however, that all my efforts to draw him out into a sustained conversation met with chilly monosyllabic responses.

“Do you know the difference between America and Russia?” at last started off the Russian noble. “It is simply this: if a man in America is poor, is not making enough money, Americans think there is something wrong with him. In Russia, on the other hand, if a person is found making too much money, Russians will be shocked and they will wonder if there is not something radically wrong with the man. The outlook on life is altogether different in America and Russia. The pulse of external life does not run so fast in my country. Therefore, man has leisure to ponder over the more vital points of human life. Again, if his mind does not work in the same channels as those of his fellowmen, he survives, nevertheless, and can pursue his own life. Here he would perish, would be buried under the mass of average thought. That is why, in Russia, we can remain original and enjoy our own point of view. Our

outlook, our tastes, may differ. The originality of our Eastern race springs out, forces itself upon the world in our art, our music, our monuments, our literature. Thus is mankind benefitted."

He seemed to have very pronounced views on what he termed the slavery of public opinion. "True freedom means the freedom of the soul, liberty of conscience, the liberty of forming independent opinion—a liberty which is built not upon laws, but upon the foundation of life itself. It is not an outward freedom; it is an inner prerogative. I can make a comparison with Russia. There even under the late autocratic regime, I felt freer than here in my inner life. In Russia I had to fear only the question whether an act was allowed by the police or not, but I could speak my mind aloud without any diffidence about my neighbor's views. Here this is not the case. In America public opinion can cause more suffering to a man than the most arbitrary police. The most dangerous thing in America is to go against the tide of public opinion. Whatever a man's social position may be, he must swim with the current or inevitably perish. Try, for instance, to speak against the woman's movement. Nothing will

bring a swifter retribution than public opposition to this stormy movement."

Ilya was super-critical. He professed to be sorely disappointed with America, its literature, art, architecture, in short, every thing American.

"What do you think of American literature?" he was asked.

"American literature is poor. To be honest, Americans have no literature. They have not written anything but detective stories."

I could not help feeling that Ilya must be ignorant of the extent and scope of American literature. Although America, as an independent nation, is only a hundred and fifty years old, she has within this short period produced much that is of commanding value. The speeches of Webster, the novels of Cooper and Howells, the history of Bancroft, the poetry of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow and Edgar Allan Poe, the rhetoric of Wendell Phillips, some of Irving's works, and Whittier's, the essays of Emerson, the political economy of Carey, Taussing and Seligman, the sociology of Ward, Small and Giddings, the pragmatism of James, the philology of Whitney, the social philosophy of Royce, the political philosophy of Hamilton,

Jefferson, and Burgess, the international law of Wharton and John Basset Moore—these and many others would be a credit to the literature of any people.

Ilya spoke on the value of acquiring individuality. Just as all the beautiful colors of the spectrum unite to form what we call light, so the peculiar individualities of the various races of the earth combine to form a grand symphony, known as humanity. "The world would not be half so attractive as it is if the Creator had not given individuality, not only to every nation, but even to every blade of grass," was the language of Ilya.

He complained bitterly about the monotony of American life. He declared that every town was just like every other town; every hotel was patterned after every other. "After all there is in America only one type of hotel. When I enter my new room in almost any city of the United States, I can close my eyes and find everything exactly as it was in the room I occupied in the last town where I stayed. The bath, the bed, the windows, the telephone are all in the same corners. I do not want to live in America. Men

are simply money-making machines; they are abject slaves of King Dollar."

However one may disagree with him, it is evident that he is sincere. This quality seemed to be as much a part of him as his skin. He would not say anything to make himself popular with you.

"Neither in America nor in Europe is there any real Christianity," he remarked. "Churches are everywhere full of rank insincerity, nauseating hypocrisy, grossest sham. In the continent, the churches are a veritable instrument of oppression in the hands of the government. If I had my way I would put a stick of dynamite under every church in Europe and blow it to pieces."

When the Russian liberal was informed of the European missionaries and their activities in proselytising Indians, his strong big face fairly glowed with indignation. His eyes gleaming like those of a wild tiger, he pounded his fist on the table, and exclaimed, "What a den of humbugs these Christian missions are! Missionaries are sewers of ignorance and fanaticism. The outstanding question is who needs to be converted most—the Indians, who

are highly cultured, or the missionaries, who are profoundly ignorant? Everything tends to prove that man for man Indians can teach missionaries far more than they can the Indians. It makes my blood boil when I hear anyone talk of sending missionaries to India !”

Count Ilya is the first Russian man of letters to introduce Tagore into Russia. At least he has the credit of being the first man to translate Tagore's poems into the Russian language. He has unbounded admiration for the Indian poet. “I think,” said he, “Tagore is one of the greatest living men of the world.”

Our conversation then took a turn to Indian politics. I told him that I had sympathy for honest native Englishmen; but many of these Anglo-Indians who had forced themselves upon unsophisticated Americans, pretending to give “first hand information” about India are—to put it mildly—downright impostors. At this point I asked him why Russians wanted to conquer India.

“Conquer India ! How absurd ! It is only in the United States they have been asking me such a foolish question. Oh, yes, it is easy enough for Americans now-a-days to echo Kipling's

abusive refrain about Russia, 'Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that walks like a man'; but no thoughtful person should take the hysterical Kipling cult seriously. Some day Mr. Rudyard Kipling may be condemned to get a tablet in the Westminster Abbey. Though perhaps that will be going far, I think. Kipling, along with other war-mad imperialists and dyed-in-the-wool jingoes, sees red. One can almost agree with Oscar Wilde that Kipling 'reads life by superb flashes of vulgarity', that he 'sees marvellous things through key-holes.' The truth is that the Russian people, Kipling or no Kipling—where is he, by the way?—have always been friendly to India. Never forget that. Russians never dreamt of conquering India. Why should they want to control that country? As it is, they have got more land than they need. I lived in Russia over fifty years, but I never heard that Russians wanted to take India. That is pure fiction. It must have been fabricated by interested parties."

I decided to put to him another question.

"We hear in America a good deal about Russian pogroms, about Russian persecution of

the Jews. How do you explain these atrocities, Count?"

This made him feel as if something snapped in his head. For a moment he did not seem to be able to understand. Then he delivered the following :

"We do not explain them. We make no attempt to cover up our guilt with whitewash. We frankly admit that, on account of race hatred, economic rivalry, and especially political motives of the last czar, the Jews were persecuted in Russia. That, however, is all past history. The Jews today are not being molested in any way; they have now the same rights and privileges as any other Russian. But I do not see how the accusing finger can be justly pointed at Russia by America, which has created a dead wall of separation between the whites and negroes."

I looked with keen interest at the speaker. There was such a depth of serious purpose in his face.

"America has her lynchings to account for," he continued, "think of the annual burning of scores of harmless black men, their innocent wives and daughters, the destruction of their

houses and goods. These lynchings are comparable to the Balkan and Armenian massacres. Can the decent American whites explain these loathsome irruptions of the brute, these appalling outbreaks of savagery in race riots? The United States should bow her head in shame before such disgrace. She has no excuse. There can be no excuse for such a breakdown of the first obligation of civilized society. And how are the lynchers treated by the United States courts? Are the guilty tracked down remorselessly and punished to the full extent of the law? Far from it. The guilty as a rule escape in a jungle of weak police control, law defiance, and vicious political influence. I have noticed," he added dryly, "that these lynchings are not called here American pogroms."

Finding that it was getting very late I asked to be excused. It was ten o'clock when I saw him the next morning by invitation. Count Ilya was then waiting for me at the hotel landing. He stood six feet with head erect, chin up, and chest thrown out. He was bald. Unlike his father, who used to dress in a simple Russian peasant's garb, Ilya wore a stylish derby hat,

frock coat, protruding cuffs, and kid gloves,— a well groomed aristocrat. He was, however, most sociable and quick to reach a footing of good fellowship. One could see that his warmth of manner was not a mask. Indeed, he proceeded to carry out some of this warm heartedness by throwing his brotherly arms around my waist; but I ducked and narrowly escaped what seemed to be a nearhug. I wonder if he attempted to do the same thing to the Governor of the great State of Massachusetts who invited him a few days later to address a joint session of the Massachusetts State legislature. Well, Count Ilya was genial, interesting, and not at all afflicted with self-consciousness or self-importance. Before we left the hotel he pulled out a miniature, long-handled clothes brush from his roomy coat pocket and affectionately combed his lengthy beard, which was, by the way, fast getting sprinkled with gray. We set out for a long walk.

Count Ilya is known in Russia as a writer of considerable distinction. Discriminating critics have said that he has inherited a portion of his father's genius. His latest work is the biography of his father, entitled *Reminiscences*

of Tolstoy. This volume, which has been translated in many European languages, gives a very intimate, unconventional picture of the savant of Yasnaya Polyana. The story itself holds the reader from one end to the other.

I learned from Ilya that his mother helped his father write his novels. She seemed to have the hardest part of the work. All of her time that was not taken by household duties was spent at her writing table revising Tolstoy's manuscripts. "When *Anna Karenina* began to come out in a Russian periodical," said Ilya, "long galley proofs were posted to my father, and he looked them through and corrected them. At first, the margins would be marked with ordinary typographical signs, marks of punctuation; then individual words would be changed, and then whole sentences, till in the end the proof sheet would be reduced to a mass of patches quite black in places, and it was quite impossible to send it back as it stood, because no one but my mother could make head or tail of the tangle of conventional signs, transpositions, and erasures. My mother would sit up all night copying the whole thing afresh. In the morning my father carried off the corrected

pages to his study to have just one last look, and by the evening they would be just as bad again, the whole thing having been rewritten and messed up."

There were even occasions when, after the final proofs had been mailed, Tolstoy would correct some particular words by telegraph. He was so painstaking in his composition that Tolstoy—whom Ilya told me the greatest Russian novelist, Turgenyef, described as "the elephant of Russian literature"—actually revised a twenty-one page short story a hundred and one times!

"My father is not appreciated in Europe and America as he is in India, China, and other Oriental countries," remarked Ilya. "The spirit of my father is in perfect accord with that of India." For the people of Hindustan it is not difficult to understand the point of view of the Russian mystic. Russia is essentially an Asiatic country, and Tolstoy, the greatest Russian of our times, was an Asian. He is widely read in China and India. And of late a special Tolstoy magazine has been brought out in Japan. The Russian sage regarded European civilization as a "varnished barbarism." He was

utterly repelled by the glitter of hollow European society. He sought for the life of simplicity, prayer, and exalted poverty—the time honored ideals of Oriental sages.

This colossal giant of Russia was well versed in the religious teachings and philosophical doctrines of Asia. According to his son—and he ought to know—Tolstoy was imbued with the spirit of the precepts one can find in the Vedas, in the writings of Buddhism, in the teachings of Laotz, the Talmud, the Koran, as well as the Bible. He was the sworn enemy of dogma and everything dogmatical. Did Tolstoy believe in the divinity of Christ? By no means. Did he think Christianity the best religion in the world? Not at all. These are his words: "Truth, moral and religious, is everywhere and always the same. I have no predilection for Christianity. If I have been particularly attracted by the teaching of Jesus it is because I was born and have lived among Christians, and because I have found a great spiritual joy in disengaging the pure doctrine from the astonishing falsifications created by the churches."

The kernel of his religious belief is to be

found in one of his parables entitled "The Best Religion." It was written in 1893, the year in which he was excommunicated by the Greek Orthodox Church. The hero of the story, who is transparently Tolstoy himself, says with utmost frankness, "The truth of the matter is that all Christian sects are no less blind than the grossest idolators, and all the churches and temples are, therefore, built upon deceit and falsehood. None of you has any right to speak of God and Religion as long as you remain strangers to the great law of the brotherhood of the human family." Here the author of *War and Peace* has smitten Christianity with deadly aim at its sorest and foulest spot.

I asked Count Ilya to tell me in a few words his father's theology, about which so much nonsense is written in America and which is so imperfectly understood. "The key to the religious philosophy of my father," said he, "is to be found in the gospel according to St. Mathew, chapter five, verse thirty-nine. It reads: Ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." This doctrine of non-resistance to evil may be considered as the key-stone of the whole philo-

sophical structure of Tolstoy. He repudiated nationality, patriotism, military ambitions and war. He was concerned not so much for the nation's freedom as for the autonomy of the individual. In the pursuit of his Utopian ideal, Tolstoy made great sacrifices. He renounced literary art, wealth, peace and ease of his family. But what did it all avail? I often wonder what would have been the reaction of Tolstoy if he had lived till about the middle of the year of 1914 and seen the world on fire. Guizot in the *History of Civilization in Europe* tells us that when the house of a certain philosopher was burning people ran to tell him about the fire, but the philosopher's only answer was, "Go and inform my wife; I do not meddle in the household affairs." Would the Russian philosopher also have pleaded inaction in the face of the colossal agony of the world-wide holocaust?

I admire Tolstoy as a man of singular genius. I agree with him that war is detestable. And I do hope for the end of all war; but I find myself unable to go with those who accept Tolstoy's theory of non-resistance as a practical rule of conduct. To refuse to believe in the

inevitability of war in our present stage is to forsake the world of realities. If we are perfectly sincere with ourselves we must admit that one of the fundamentals of modern civilization is mutual struggle rather than mutual aid. The nation which is not armed to the teeth is unfit to enter the drawing room of the Western civilization. The basis of liberty and independence is not abstract right, but military might. A moderate acquaintance with the book of history tells us that weak nations have always been the prey of the strong. The record of all subjugated countries is the shameful history of inefficiency, weakness, swollen slothful ease, and ignoble "soft peace." This very moment the "little peoples", the weak nations, of the East, though panting for justice and freedom, are being ruthlessly held down under the galling yoke of frightful Western imperialism, are being crushed by inches under the iron heel of brutal European despotism. And all this is done by sheer force—force which has no right except that of force. And so long as the modern conception of state is tacitly based upon the principle of war, is it not a ghastly futility to assume that maudlin sentimentality, that a few flabby,

pious, poetic, pacifist phrases will right wrongs and save mankind? Even elementary common sense can see that. The international justice, at least in respect to the Orient, is as yet a catch-word of the old game of European diplomacy; for the clan of Machiavellis, Metternichs, Talleyrands, Bismarcks, and Disraelis is by no means totally extinct. The world peace is still an idle sentimental dream whose final collapse was witnessed in the world war from 1914 to 1918. At present those who indulge in the hope that the League of Nations by the single flourish of a pen will abolish war from the world for all time are cherishing an amiable illusion. The Covenant of Paris, it should be discerned, has not committed the powers to disarmament. The fleets of Great Britain will still ride the waves in far-flung lines. The armies of America, France, and England will still constitute "sufficient" land forces. Under the rule of the society of these hand-picked nations, cannon will continue to be a powerful "moral" argument. In the face of these concrete and tangible facts, will it be possible to deny that the dominant members of the League, which may form a sort of holding

company, will not keep their power over exploited peoples at the minimum of expense and at the maximum of idealistic camouflage? Is it not quite likely that instead of international democracy there will be international autocracy? Is not there a strong probability that the League of Nations instead of promoting peace will breed war? Indeed, viewing the situation most calmly, it appears to me that in a world of unrighteous ambitions and lawless lust for empires—in a world where war exists almost as a sacred institution—a red-blooded, vigorous people not oblivious of national greatness, not dead to the urge of patriotism, can do little else than to heed the orthodox American doctrine: "Speak softly and carry a big stick." I am quite aware that it is an unpopular thing to say in India; but it happens to be the truth, weak-kneed theorists and dangerously optimistic pacifists notwithstanding. Praise it who will, rampant wall-eyed pacifism is the murder of national morality, national progress, and national character. The pacifist movement has a fringe of lunacy—blazing lunacy. The man who cries "peace at any price" and refuses to plant his feet squarely upon the stern realities of life is, what Theodore

Roosevelt, the American symbol of robust deeds, would call an out-patient of Bedlam. The spirit of militarism and navalism, so to speak, is the blood which runs in the veins of the world powers. It may be that militarism and navalism are an evil; they are, however, an absolute necessity of independent existence. To paraphrase the language of American Patrick Henry, peace is not so dear or so sweet as to be bought at the price of chains and slavery. I say it dispassionately but with utter conviction that in this world of brute force, war can be eradicated, and that can be done by war itself. I believe, and have long believed, that the age in which we are living comprehends no other gospel than the gospel of might; it understands no other parable than the parable of the bayonet; it knows only the hymn of the shrapnel shell; it will accept no other decision than the decision of the 47-centimetre gun.

Tolstoyism, which is frantic for peace, has its deficiencies. And it gave me real pleasure to find that Count Ilya did not try to deify his father. He was rather painted to me as a man in whose character there was a curious blend of light and shade. He was not only the author of

the great *Anna Karenina*, but also of the vicious *Kreutzer Sonata* which all decent people should shun as morally leprous. Tolstoy was a man of not a few inconsistencies. And no one brought them out so mercilessly as did Bernard Shaw. As I look at it, the most damaging paragraph in the Shaw attack, which was launched in the *Fabian News*, is the following :

“Tolstoy put on a dress of a monk exactly as Don Quixote put on a suit of armour. He tried to ignore money as Don Quixote did. He left his own skilled work to build houses that could hardly be induced to stand, and to make boots that an army contractor would have been ashamed of. He left his property drift to the verge of insolvency and ruin like the laziest Irish squire because he disapproved of property as an institution. And he was neither honest nor respectable in his follies. He connived at all sorts of evasions. He would not take money on a journey ; but he would take a companion who would buy railway tickets and pay hotel bills behind his back. He would not own property or copyright ; but he would make them over to his wife and children, and live in their country house in *Yasnaya* and their town house in

Moscow very comfortably, only occasionally easing his conscience by making things as difficult and unpleasant for them as possible. He insisted on celibacy as the first condition of worthy life; and his wife became sixteen times a mother, and found him an uxorious husband at seventy."

Are these facts all legends? Attempts have been made to dismiss them as such; but Shaw found them quite true. And I think that some of his statements are at least poor relations of the truth.

Emerson in his lecture on Swedenborg said that he had the "composition of several persons, —like giant fruits which are matured in the gardens by the union of four or five single blossoms." In that respect Swedenborg was not unlike Tolstoy. He was a noble soul. "If my father had great faults," remarked Count Ilya, "he had also great virtues. There was enough material in his composition to build seven men out of him. After all, the ideas of my father are mere ideals, like those of Buddha or Christ. They are to be kept constantly before our eyes."

Then the distinguished Russian paused for

a moment, as if his thoughts were wandering, and as a parting message added, "To Count Leo Tolstoy God was his father and all men his brothers. Pronouncing that word which makes all men brothers, which unites all nations as members of one family, he passed away in November, 1910. That word was 'Love'."

CHAPTER XIX

LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA

When I started from Chicago for a trip to the sunny south, a long, sharp winter was casting its deep gloom over the "Windy City" of Lake Michigan. The pavement was already covered over with snow three feet deep, the shrill wind was howling around the street corners, and the feeble sun was giving a "paler light than a waning moon". The windows were rattling in the blinding snow storm. The telegraph and telephone posts looked like sheeted ghosts in dim, uncertain light. Yet the streets were far from being deserted. People were rushing about their business, muffled up in heavy furcoats and ear protectors. Biting cold as it was, there was no ceasing to the ever-flowing stream of humanity. An uninitiated might judge from the grinding roar of traffic and from the onrush of the crowd that Chicago was on fire and everybody was flying from the doomed city for his life.

Twelve hours after I left Chicago I found my train speeding through the south land, where the fields were green, the birds were chirping, and the sun was shining bright and warm. What a sudden shifting of scenes! The shopkeepers in the porches were sitting on tilted chairs and spitting tobacco juice. Men were driving behind ox teams chained to rusty wagons. Pigs and cattle were plodding through the main streets. Everything was so slow and sleepy and primitive.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the character of the American people is the same in every part of the United States. America, like India, is too vast a country for generalization. The people of the "wild and wooly" western States are as much different in their temperament and in their habits of life from those of the progressive east, as the hustling people of the northern states differ from those of the slow-moving south.

Where is south? you ask. By "south" one understands in America the States of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas. In the north the climate is cold and

rather unsettled. In the south it is steady, sub-tropical; it is neither too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter. A perfect heaven for health seekers and rest experts! But the difference between the north and the south is more than the difference in climate. The southerner is not, unlike his northern neighbor, always on the jump. He takes life easy and has plenty of time to live. If intense activity is the characteristic of the northerner, constitutional sluggishness is that of the southerner. The northerner works his life out to keep his life in; he has fewer opportunities to cultivate sociability. Ask an eastern or a northern man where his Public Library is; he will say in a hurry, "Go to Washington Street, cross the Lincoln Boulevard, turn to your left, and if you walk two blocks straight ahead, you will come to our Public Library." He is all business. He cuts you off quick. Put the same question to a southerner. You will find him a veritable Chesterfield of courtesy. He does not try to explain what he knows to be of little use to a stranger. He smooths down his long hair, puts on his soft hat and takes you over in the friendly fashion of the south to the building in question. To be sure it

takes a little of his time ; but he does not seem to grudge. He is friendly, accommodating.

The Constitution requires every American citizen to renounce all claims to title and nobility. As a consequence there is no Lord, or Duke, or Baron. All have to sail under the plain "Mister." However, the blue-blooded south has outwitted the American Constitution. It has created out of secret reverence for rank and caste many bogus titles and decorations in which it takes, according to Mark Twain's way of phrasing it, "pride and pleasure." In the south every white gentleman—a negro does not count—may be dubbed a "Captain," "Colonel," "Judge," or, at least, "Boss"—rather a nice handy way of building up titles for home-made nobility with home-spun tastes. And chivalry, which is often regarded as the by-product of aristocracy, blooms gloriously all the year round. The southerner is romantic. He is poetic. He is more chivalrous than chivalry itself. A broad streak of sentimentalism is one of his outstanding characteristics. Every young couple that you meet in the park is a pocket edition of Romeo and Juliet. Every young man is chronically love-sick, every

newly married man is a hopelessly "devoted" husband. The southerner will do anything for his "ideal." He will never hesitate to throw his coat over the mud for his lady to walk in dainty shoes.

The southern woman is a madam butterfly. She dresses and "makes up" as no other American woman can ever expect to. She prides herself on being feminine, and smiles at her northern sisters who may wear jupe pantaloons and cry "Votes for Women."

On the margin it may be noted that one thing which struck me particularly in the south was the absence of co-educational colleges. We know how in England women are allowed to enter Oxford and Cambridge, beat men at examinations, carry off honors and prizes, and yet they are finally denied their degrees, just rewards of their labors. No one doubts that it is all right for archaic England—where a certain inferiority of the woman to the man was patent before the war, where the inequality of the two sexes was an accepted principle and fact. But here in the south, with a few solitary exceptions, no man's college ever admits a woman to its lecture rooms. Indeed, it is rather hard for a

stranger to understand how it comes to be that in a country which has so few sex restrictions, it should be necessary to have in a little town two "segregated" colleges each duplicating the work of the other. I presume that the chief reason why they do so is because the south is the south, and she would be different had she tried something else. That, however, on the margin.

No one can travel in the south without finding that the average southern woman considers herself too good to work in her home. She is very apt to regard herself as a decorative piece in the family. This is perhaps due to the fact that all manual work is looked upon by the southern whites as degrading. The result is that it has made the colored man the inevitable person in the south. The common laborers—the porters, the waiters, the janitors, the drivers, the barbers, the farm hands, the house servants—are nearly all black. It is next to impossible to "hire" a white girl to work as a maid-servant. The southern white woman thinks it is utterly debasing to go into the kitchen and cook her meals. One time a white woman dressed in rags and worn-out shoes came to my landlady asking for sewing. She had such lean and

hungry looks that they touched to sympathy. As the landlady then did not have any sewing to give she had the temerity to suggest that she would do house-work instead of sewing, which brings there a very poor return. The woman with a starving look became indignant; she felt herself insulted at the suggestion that she, a white woman, would do any menial work, which is foreordained for the negroes. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed, turning up her nose, "I would rather die of hunger than work in the kitchen. The kitchen is for the darkies, the niggers." Later on, I met another white woman who was making her living chiefly by taking sewing from the negroes of the neighborhood. But the house work, the kitchen work, must not be thought of as a proper occupation for her, even though she had touched the bottom with nothing or less than nothing. Let Indian reformers and professional uplifters who still cling to the notion that there is no caste outside of India take note of this.

One of the greatest and most persistent problems which faces the south today is the negro problem. There are in the United States ten millions of negroes, and of these over eight

millions live in the southern States. The south is therefore often referred to as the "black belt." Between the whites and the blacks in the south there is a perpetual social war. I recall that one of the first serious offences that I was accused of by my southern friends was the habit of calling the negro, a colored person,—a term much preferred by the self-respecting negroes themselves. In vain I protested that some of these men are eminent doctors, editors, preachers, and college professors. In vain I pointed out their high character, and intellectual attainments. The southerner could not be separated from his prejudice. "Why, the very idea of calling a nigger a colored man!" was the battle cry of a furious 'Colonel' with fire in his eyes, "if that does not beat all! The nigger is a nigger. He has got to keep his place."

There is this prevalent notion among the whites all over the south, that unless the negroes are "kept in their place" there will be a "general rapine and destruction." And the means which are adopted to keep the negroes in their proper place are painfully elaborate. Every rail-road has separate white waiting rooms and colored waiting rooms, white cars and black cars, which

are called "Jim Crow Cars". Every trolley car line has white seats and darky seats. Every theatre has an African section quite apart from the American. The list of these invidious distinctions may be multiplied indefinitely; but space will permit pointing out only a few. It is interesting to observe that when one starts down the hill of race prejudice, he never knows where to stop. Once I happened to ask a prospective minister of the gospel if he would be willing to take charge of a negro church. "What? Preach in a nigger church?" barked out the follower of the humble Nazarine in supreme contempt. "A true-born white man preach in a nigger church? No sir! Not on your life!"

The true-born white who slobbers about converting the heathen and carrying the gospel to the "benighted" Orient—that is the cant missionary phrase—is ominously silent when it comes to the question of giving a fair deal to the negroes at his door. The truth of the matter is that not only are the negroes totally abandoned to their crude religious conceptions, but the very fact of their religion is made a butt of a thousand ridicules. I saw hundreds of negro churches up and down the south; they were almost al-

ways located in some out of the way streets, in back alleys, or in some neglected corners of the town. How did they all happen to be there? Why were not they built in some more respectable part of town? On inquiry I came to learn that the white man would not tolerate a black church in any prominent section of the city or even in close proximity to a decent residence district. "The negro churches are an abomination unto our Lord," say the hot-gospellers in effect. Such is the tragedy of the "shades of the human spectrum!"

It is literally true that as far as the black world is concerned the white people have a double standard of morality. It is also true that notwithstanding their fanatical missionary zeal, Christianity sits lightly on the southern whites. When I say this I have almost in my ears the voice of the southern Christian ministers who only fifty years back would go out and fight for the defence of slavery, as a "part of the ordinances of God." Prominent theologians in Christian pulpits would quote from "the sacred scripture" passages by the yard to defend slavery as a divine institution. "Almighty God hath been pleased to make you slaves here," wrote

Bishop Meade, choking with Christian love, "and to give you nothing but labor and poverty in this world."

"This rule you should always carry in your mind, that is, you should do all service for your masters as if you did it for God himself..... you are to do all service to them as unto Christ. Failing to do this, you will be turned to the devil to become his slaves for ever in hell."

It goes without saying that right after the overthrow of slavery in the Civil War, the apologists for "religion of love" got busy and began to make over "the infallible book" to suit the occasion. Their efforts have not yet been completely successful. And in the light of current experience it may be seriously doubted that the negro will ever be justified in asking the southern white preacher, glorying in color-consciousness and racial pride, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

Speaking of the Christian religion in its relation to the Afro-Americans, the distinguished colored educator, Dr. W. E. B. Dubois, thus voices the thoughtful sentiments of his race :

"We have injected into our creed a gospel of human hatred and prejudice, despising of our

less fortunate fellows, not to speak of our reverence for wealth, which flatly contradicts the Christian ideal. Granting all that Christianity has done to educate and uplift black men, it must be frankly admitted that there is absolutely no logical method by which the treatment of black folks by white folks in this land can be squared with any reasonable statement or practice of Christian ideal."

He then clinches his argument :

"What is the result? It is either the abandonment of the Christian ideal or hypocrisy. Some frankly abandon Christianity when it comes to the race problem and say : Religion does not enter here. They then retire to some primitive paganism and live there enlightened by such prejudices as they adopt or inherit. This is retrogression toward barbarism, but it is at least honest. It is infinitely better than its widely accepted alternative, which attempts to reconcile color, caste and Christianity, and sees or affects to see no incongruity. What ails the religion of a land when its strongholds of orthodoxy are to be found in those regions where race prejudice is most uncompromising, vindictive and cruel? Where human brotherhood is a lie?

.....The one great moral issue of America upon which the Church of Christ comes nearest being dumb is the question as to the application of the golden rule between white and black folk."

Negroes are considered by the white Brahmans, the American "caste people," as unspeakable, untouchable "outcasts", the scum of the earth. Their lot is the most pitiable of any I have ever seen. And yet these despised down-trodden blacks are the foundation of the southern economic structure. They carry the load, and if they ever take a notion to falter, there is no doubt in the minds of those who have made a careful study of the subject, that the southern economic structure will topple.

When the United States entered the late European war, colored people supported the government in much the same patriotic spirit as did white. Negro-Americans contributed to relief funds, and subscribed to war loans. Negro soldiers, by tens of thousands, went to the front willingly. Several of them, for meritorious service and extraordinary bravery, received the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Croix de Guerre. One wonders if on account of the ser-

vice rendered, and sacrifice undergone by the negro population, it will now be treated more humanely.

In the meanwhile, lynchings of colored men and women are still going on. In 1917 two hundred and twenty-two negroes were lynched or murdered by white mobs in the United States. That was an average of more than one victim every two days. The lynchings are acts of supreme cruelty and atrocity; they are "shameless deeds of infamous hideousness." In describing the lynching brutalities of Dyersburg, December 1917, the report of the National Association for Advancement of Colored People furnishes the following authentic account :

"The negro was seated on the ground and a buggy axle driven into the ground between his legs. His feet were chained together with logging chains, and he was tied with wire. A fire was built. Pokers and flat-irons were procured and heated in the fire. It was thirty minutes before they were red-hot.

"Reports of the torturing, which have been generally accepted and have not been contradicted, are that the negro's clothes and skin were

ripped from his body simultaneously with a knife. His self-appointed executors burned his eye-balls with red-hot irons. When he opened his mouth to cry for mercy a red-hot poker was rammed down his gullet. In the same way he was robbed of his sexual organs. Red hot irons were placed on his feet, back, and body, until a hideous stench of burning human flesh filled the Sabbath air of Dyersburg.

"Thousands of people witnessed this scene. They had to be pushed back from the stake to which the negro was chained. Roof-tops, second-story windows, and porch-tops were filled with spectators. Children were lifted to shoulders, that they might behold the agony of the victim.

"A little distance away in the public square, the best citizens of the country supported the burning and torturing with their presence.

"Public opinion in Dyersburg and Dyer country seems to be divided into two groups. One group considers that the negro got what he deserved. The other group feels that he should have a 'decent lynching'."

Such incidents, which speak for themselves, are by no means isolated. They seem

to be becoming a part of the routine history of those sections of America where "there ain't no Ten Commandments".

If I have stressed the closed question a little too much it is primarily with the view of bringing out that the racial problem exists in the United States, and in its acute form it is to be found in the southern States of the Union. Hence those Americans who rave about India's caste system should try to remember that it is hardly fair to see the "mote", and forget the "beam". I now hasten to add that this race prejudice does not seem to affect the people of India very much whether they happen to be in the north or south. It is still more emphatically so about the Indian students in American universities. The doors of all educational institutions in America remain open to Indian students without regard to creed or color. The kindly interest, the sympathetic appreciation, which the American professors constantly manifest in the patriotic ambition of the Hindustani students is most unique. Neither is the warm bond of personal friendship that invariably exists between the Indian and his American fellow students to be less highly prized. Indeed, for Hindustani youths, such

a congenial intellectual atmosphere will be hard to find in any other country. It is not so very long ago that Professor Edward Dicey of Gray's Inn, with no altruistic handicaps, remarked that the Indian students in England are most seriously inconvenienced on account of their tinted skin. There the vicious color line has been so tightly drawn that even in the Inns of Court, where one's chief claim to be called to the bar depends on "eating his full tale of dinners," Indian and native English students seldom eat together. "Beyond meeting together at lectures," said Dicey, sharply warning the Indians against going to England, "the British and Hindu students hardly associate in Hall. They dine by choice apart, though there is no rule of the Inns to that effect. But in as far as my observation extends, it is only when the Hall is exceptionally crowded that you see a colored [Hindustani] student dining at the same tables with the white students, and still rarer that you see a white student dining at the tables appropriated to the colored [Hindustani] students."

"Colored student"—Think of the brazen impudence! Can anything ever equal such a gratuitous insult? What a cold-blooded sneer-

ing cynicism! Such an outrageous social condition as depicted by Dicey is unthinkable in a decent American university community where the Indian student moves.

All this is in parenthesis. Turning once more to the south, where it seems at present hard to believe that the "color caste" and Christianity will ever be brought to harmony, it is nevertheless inspiring to see how the negro folks are pressing on the firing line and vigorously working out their own salvation. They are, as a class, an impecunious people; but not at all discouraged. They are rich in emotion, good humor and joy—attributes which are the coins of negro currency. All pockets, when they have any, are lined with them. In the face of every conceivable obstacle, negroes are steadily pushing themselves forward. They have a definite purpose, a constructive program. They are building up schools and colleges, engaging in trades and manufactures, opening up banks and co-operative concerns. They are living and working not alone in terms of yesterday and today, but also of tomorrow and the day after. They realize that they have before them a future throbbing with immense possibilities. The

philosophically-minded among them understand that the negro history, for the most part, is for negro to forget and for white to remember. I cannot close this better than by quoting the following lines which appeared during my stay in the south in the ably conducted colored weekly, *St. John Herald* of Montgomery, Alabama :

“To the wrong that needs resistance,
To the right that needs assistance,
To the future in the distance,
Give Yourself.”



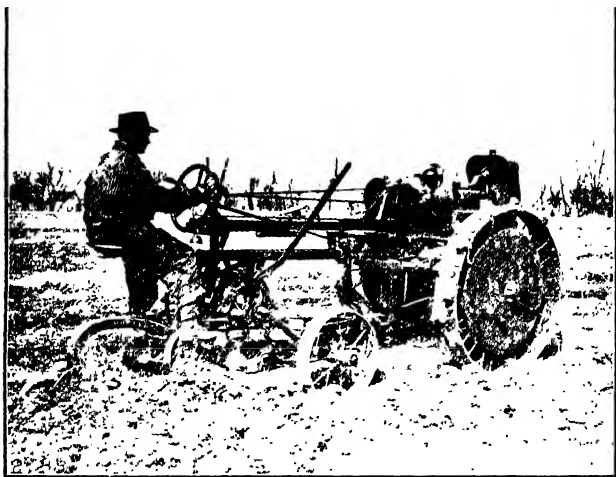
Harvesting Ice from a frozen river.



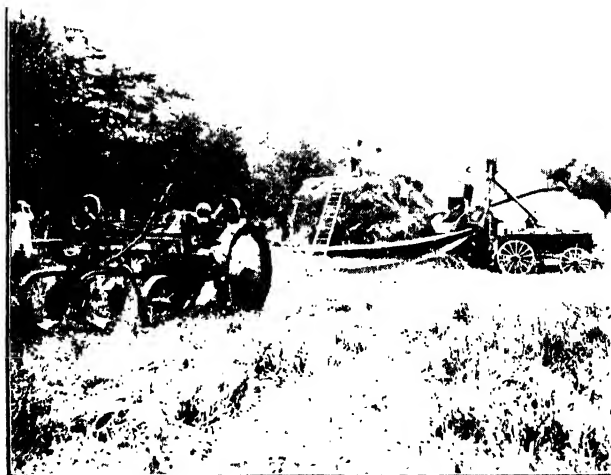
Skating on a frozen river.



A snow plow to keep the rail-road tracks free from snow drifts in winter.



[8] Plowing with a Kerosine Tractor manufactured
 at Moline, Illinois.



A threshing machine, threshing 1000 bushels of wheat in 10 hours.

CHAPTER XX

A SUMMER OUTING

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization.

—*Daniel Webster.*

Late one hot July I went for a few days' outing into the western part of the United States, away from the noise, the dust, and the stuffy atmosphere of the city. I lived in a quiet little farm house half hidden by fine cotton trees, evergreens, and maples. They break the violence of the prairie winds and afford protection against the drifting snows of the winter. We had a delightful environment. All around us wide, wide fields stretched farther than eye could see; they rose and fell in long rhythmical sweeps like ocean swells. They were waving with green corn and golden oats. From the swinging hammock on the lawn I could see the red barn, the tall windmill, chicken coops, and jumble of wagons and buggies. Facing the

barn was a superannuated tool shop, around which were gathered in confusion a harvester, a rake, a manure spreader, and a pile of numerous other farming implements. The place was vocal with all kinds of domestic noise. I heard the cackling of hens, crowing of roosters, bellowing of cattle, grunting of pigs, and neighing of horses. To this was added the music of birds in the groves and fields. The turtle doves, the robins, the orioles, the bob-whites, the whip-poor-wills—they all sang lustily.

Our house was not on the main thoroughfare; it was located on a byway. But the farmer seemed to know who's who about the countryside. Whenever anybody went by, the farmer, his wife, and their little child with perfectly unlaundered face, would run out to the porch to see him. They would say: "See? That's Tom Jones driving to town"; "Sure enough there's shorty Smith taking his wife out for the first time in his new automobile!"; "By gosh, who in the world is that fellow? He must be a stranger 'round here. Darn it!"

The region was infested with swarms of insects. Mosquitos were as large as flies, and flies big enough to pass for grasshoppers. As

a measure of protection against these pests, every door and window was covered with fine iron screens.

The air was damp, especially in the morning. It seemed that one could take a handful of air, and squeeze the water out of it. But by noon it became scorching hot. "I'll bet the old thermometer is registering a hundred and ten in the shade," remarked the farmer's hired hand. "How do you stand it, Fred?" "Ah-h this is good for you—gets the old sap out of your system."

My sleeping room being in the western end of the house, was hot—desperately hot—during the first part of the night. Indeed, a baker's oven in comparison would seem like a cool refrigerator. When this was mentioned to the farmer's wife the next morning she joked and laughed about it.

"You ought to think of our snow-bound country in the winter and try to be comfortable. Summer ain't half so bad as winter—you bet your boots hit ain't. Do you know how cold it gets here? The mercury takes a drop at times forty below zero. Y-a-a-s, sir; she does. If

we have to go in the yard in a real cold winter we walk backward."

"Backward? Why?"

"Well, you see, if we go straight ahead we'll not get enough air to breathe. Our breath will freeze in front of us in a chunck and we will come to a dead stop!"

In the country, men and women, even women, dress plainly and live economically. It is somewhat refreshing to a man coming from the city, where the frivolity, the extravagance, and the vanity of some women are frightful. Not many years ago they used to wear hats almost as big as an umbrella; and they would put on false hair by the armful. A distinguished mathematician calculated: "Twenty horses make one mattress; twenty mattresses make one girl." Now in the country you do not find the farm lasses dolling up in such fashion. They seem to go in more for solid things than the facade type of life.

We were far enough from the city, and yet near enough to see all the evidences of modern city culture. My host took two monthly magazines, one weekly periodical, and two daily newspapers. There were also some books in

the house; but for the most part they stood on the dusty shelf like soldiers at attention. No one bothered them. Then the bill-boards, barns, fences, and walls over the countryside announced with all the fluency of pictorial art the coming of a circus, the sale of bargain goods, the date of an approaching auction. Some of these advertisements were far from cheering. Here is an announcement from a life insurance Company :

WHEN YOU ARE DEAD

We will look after the
loved ones at home. We
will care for them better
than you ever did. Insure
at once with the

WIDOW & ORPHAN'S INSURANCE CO.

YOU DIE—WE DO THE REST

The following is an advertisement of a proprietor of a cemetery telling why you should be buried as soon as possible :

OAKLAND CEMETERY

A Most Attractive Resting Place
Absolutely secure. No one
will disturb you. Better
than a burglar proof vault.

GIVE US A TRIAL

A most useful and important thing in the house was the telephone, which connected us with all the farms in the district, and with all the people in the outside world. The telephone line was built by the farmers themselves, and it costs each family using the line only seven or eight rupees a year. Wishing to have the correct time one night, I called up "central" and asked for the information.

"What time?" repeated the girl operator.

"Yes."

"Bed time."

"I know; but what time is it by your clock?"

"Quarter of nine," came the peeved reply after a few seconds' silence.

"You are not mad at me, operator, are you?"

"You bet!"

American farmers have no fancy for manual labor. Everything, or nearly everything, is done by machinery. In making hay, for instance, the grass is first cut down with a mower, it is gathered up into windrows with a rake drawn by horses, and loaded on a wagon with a hay-loader. When the wagon reaches the barn yard, the hay is put on the barn loft with the hay-fork and pulley drawn by a team of horses. The American farmer by the extensive use of labor-saving implements makes his acres yield more at less cost, lightens his labors, and, incidentally, makes himself a happier and better citizen. You who sit at home in India and read of the glorious American farming opportunities do not realize that farming in this country is a specialized science. Farmers in order to be successful must have brains.

I was seized with an incurable ambition to play the farmer. So I jumped into a pair of blue overalls, put on a cheap, broad brimmed straw hat, and a pair of cow-hide boots, and started to learn the mysteries of farming. What

a strange world opened before my eyes ! What a bewildering variety of experiences crowded into my life in the course of a few short hours ! The first and the most important discovery I made was that I knew nothing about practical American farming. Did I know how to cut weeds with a mowing machine ? No. What is a mowing machine ? Did I know how to pull weeds in the potato patch ? No. How could I tell potato vines from weeds ? They look almost alike. Did I know how to dig potatoes with a pitchfork ? No. My fork had an unpleasant habit of getting into every potato in the potato hill. Did I know how to drive a hay-rack team ? No. Riding on a hay-rack is as uncertain and dangerous a business as riding on a bucking, bare-back Missouri mule. Could I drive that binder in the oat field ? No. As soon as those four big fiery horses started down the hill I forgot all about the machine and there was no grain cut.

It was just "no", "no", "no",—one everlasting "no" from sunrise to sunset. My boss treated me with every indulgence due to an amateur farmer. He did not speak a cross word at all the mistakes I made at his expense. He

smiled and helped me along good-naturedly till I mastered a particular job.

Did I think that because I was born under the burning sun of India I was heat-proof? I did not know myself. I was not out in the field two hours before my hands were badly sunburnt. You may smile if you choose; but the fact is that my hands looked as if they had been dipped into a can of red paint. And as for my manicured finger nails, alas!—they seemed to be so many dirty black stubs soaked in an inkwell.

I was a little tired, but I enjoyed my day's work immensely. It was a part of the program of my outing; it was fun. Supper over, I went to the front porch and hummed:

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

And as the twilight deepened into darkness, the farmer, his wife, and their "hired help" gathered around the piano in the parlor and sang many sweet melodies. The following song, entitled "Memories," seemed to be their most

popular number, for they sang it again and again :

Round me at twilight come stealing
Shadows of days that are gone ;
Dreams of old days revealing,
Mem-'ries of love's golden dawn.
Sunlight may teach me forgetting ;
Noon-light brings thoughts that are new ;
Twilight brings sighs and regretting ;
Moon-light means sweet dreams of you.

The harvest moon was then up. I sat in silence and saw it flood the earth with silvery beams. There was quiet, quiet everywhere.

Farmers in this section of the country usually begin their day between four and five in the morning, and seldom get through their work before eight in the evening, except Sundays and holidays, when they go to town for a "good time." My host, who had a large automobile, ordinarily knocked off work at five on Saturdays so that he could go to town.

Mr. Farmer, we shall call him, was a simple soul ; but Mrs. Farmer thought he was Moses and Solomon all rolled into one. I always knew when he was getting ready to go out. I could

hear him order his wife in clear high tones :
"Oh Mary! what time is it? Where's my shoes?" "Will you get my clean clothes ready? Ho, hum!" "Oh Mary! Where's the soap and towel?" "Button this old collar for me, will you?" "Where's my clean handkerchief, Mary?" "I've got to hustle. Didja hear me?"

The farmer had the name of a liberal, accommodating husband. Once as they were about to start for the town his wife (I believe I am disclosing no momentous international secret in telling) asked, "Can you let me have a little money, Fred?" "Certainly, my dear," said he breathlessly, "About how *little*?" Such a man was Mr. Farmer, and such a woman was Mrs. Farmer.

Life in rural America is placid, uneventful. Occasionally the neighboring town holds a fair. During my stay in the country, the town had a county fair, which is really an institution, an organized agency, for the improvement of agriculture in the community and for rural betterment in general. The fair secured high-grade exhibits of implements and machinery, of horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, fruits, vegetables, embroidered and crochet work, cake, jelly, preserves,

jam, and various other products of the household and the farm. Prizes were offered for the best displays. The fair was not only educational, but had many features of amusement and entertainment. There were the acrobatic performances, band music, bicycle races, motor races, vaudeville acts, jugglery, and display of fireworks. Farmers by carloads went to the fair to have a pleasant time as well as to compare notes and exchange ideas on better farming.

The people in the neighborhood came to our place on two nights to hold the meetings of the Farmer's Educational and Co-operative Union. It is an organization to promote the welfare of the country people. Some of the objects of the Union, as stated by one of its members, are to discourage credit and mortgage, assist members in buying and selling, secure and maintain uniform prices for farm products, bring farming up to the standard of other industries and enterprises, and "strive for harmony and good-will for all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves." These farmers' unions are to be found in practically all sections of agricultural America. They start first with the township, then they spread over a county and perfect a county

organization, next they join the State association and form a State union, and finally, they enter the national corporation, composed of various State unions, and receive the national charter. Thus nearly all the farmers of all the townships in every State of the Republic are banded together to advance their own special interests.

Agriculture stands out head and shoulder above all other industries in America. It has more real capitalization, larger net value of product, and employs more men than any other branch of industry. Moreover, agriculture furnishes nearly four-fifths of the raw material necessary for American manufactured goods. The farmer, therefore, is the strength, the backbone of the nation. The most note-worthy thing about American farming is that it is backed by the government at every step. Take the county agent movement, which maintains a County Farm Agent. This movement is supported largely by government aid, though supplemented by funds raised within the counties. The government appropriates for each organized county about thirty-six hundred rupees annually. I happened to run into the County Farm Agent of the county I was staying in. He

took me riding with him in his automobile while on a visit to the farmers of his district. "I come not in the attitude of a teacher, but as a helper and co-operator," was the modest statement of his purpose to farmers. I soon found out that it was his business to solve the agricultural problems of the county, to help standardize the most profitable farm methods and products. To be more specific, the work of the County Agent is divided into four main heads. First, the organization of county agricultural demonstrations. This includes such things as poultry and horticultural demonstrations, finding those types of crops best adapted to the county, the building up of pastures. The second function is the co-operation with the individual farmer in order to help him solve the problems that confront him daily. The third function is co-operation with fairs, short agricultural courses, farming clubs; and, the fourth, aid to rural schools in interesting the children in seed selection, seed testing, calf clubs, sheep clubs, and many other things of value to agricultural youths.

The office of the County Farm Agent is a clearing house of advanced agricultural, commercial, and social ideas, and the man who is

at the head of the office, as might be expected, is a very capable man. He is not only a graduate of an agricultural college, but he is equipped with practical farming experience necessary to give advice on agriculture and to conduct demonstrations.

George Washington farmed a unit of some eight thousand acres. Even to this day some of the farms are of immense size, occupying as many as five hundred acres of land. The average farm is about one hundred and sixty acres. "As the country is more settled and all the available land is taken up, the big farms will be cut up to eighty or one hundred acres," I was told. "Farmers then, though having small farms, will make more money through intensive farming than they do now." Many of the farmers, by the way, do not own the farms on which they live; they are mere tenants. They do not, therefore, make permanent homes. In fact, they do not have any such thing as ancestral homes. Farmer, landowner, or tenant, moves on from one place to another every few years. And as soon as he has made his pile of money, he gives up farming, puts on his good clothes, and goes to live in a town as a "retired farmer."

The gifted Dr. Elliot of Harvard said in one of his books that "Christianity should be expressed in terms of democracy in the United States, and not in terms of kingship." So toward the close of my outing I plodded along the highway one morning, bright and early, to see the clergyman, who lived about two miles from our farm. I wanted to ask him about the Christian tendencies of the country folk.

"Are these farmers very religious?" I asked him.

"Very," he replied emphatically as he was cutting the grass in the yard, "very religious so far as church attendance is concerned. But—they are not spiritually minded."

Just then his wife came out of the kitchen in her green checked apron, and joined the conversation with unsuspected democratic informality.

"Some of these farmers are the nicest people you ever saw," remarked the woman. "But there are lots of others who are regular hell-raisers. They are the most selfish creatures on earth. They aren't like us poor preachers who have to skin their teeth to live. They are making heaps of money, most of them. They

spend thousands of dollars to build their own homes, but they grudge a few dollars for the House of the Lord. Aw, we have the awfulest time !”

“Farmers are the most independent beings in the world,” put in the preacher edgewise. “They wouldn’t change places with the king of England. No, sir, they wouldn’t; farmers wouldn’t. They are also dangerously prosperous. There never was a time when American farmers were more greedy for money.”

The theologian stopped and leaned on the handle bar of the lawn mower; but his wife roundly commented: “Them’s all for money. They know not our God. They have made farming their God, and saving of money their constant prayer. I suppose I hadn’t ought to tell all this; but their soul’s sacrificed to crops. The average man on the farm never opens his Bible, except to keep his spectacles in it. All he talks and thinks and dreams about is his hogs and cattle and corn. Maybe he will get to heaven, but I don’t know. I sure don’t.”

It is easy to pass snap judgment on American farmers. Like the rest of their

countrymen, they are hard to understand because they are essentially a quicksilver people. They change their minds with the rapidity of greased lightning. They may be your dearest friends today, but there is no telling that tomorrow they will not be your "sweetest" enemies. My own impression about the American farmer is that he is a demon for work, a "Moloch of efficiency." Seldom is he an idealist. Though he loves the soil, lives in the open air, and spends his days close to the heart of nature, he spends few hours in the thoughts of the Infinite. To be sure, life on an American farm is not a leisurely business as in India, where most things are apt to be done according to the time of the moon. Here life is very intense. American farmers are hustlers even to the *nth* degree. Busy in the quest for wealth, he has "no time" for spiritual culture. He is, it may be, a self-satisfied money-fiend, who knows? The plain fact is, as the photographers say, he has a "narrow focus" mind. It is confined within a limited field of vision; it sees very little of the big world, or of the world beyond. Notwithstanding this alloy of materialism and dull selfishness, one can detect in the

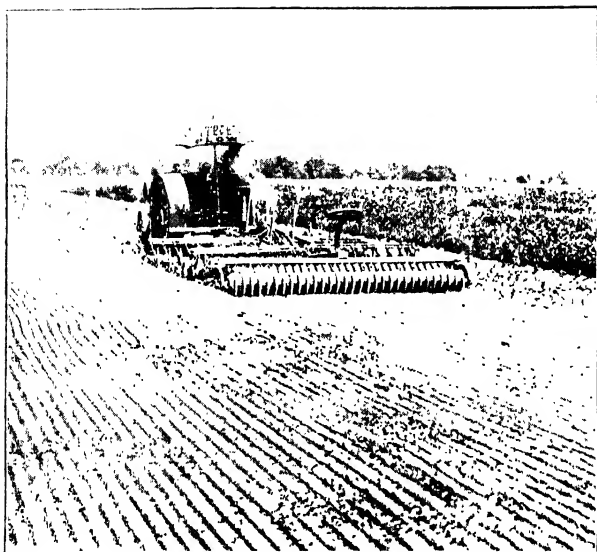
fibre of his character a wonderful spirit of independence. He is his own "boss", and, conscious of his independence, he is most reluctant to take orders from any one. With sunshine in his heart the farmer is a man of rugged honesty, a man of stubborn energy, and as such I love him.

CHAPTER XXI

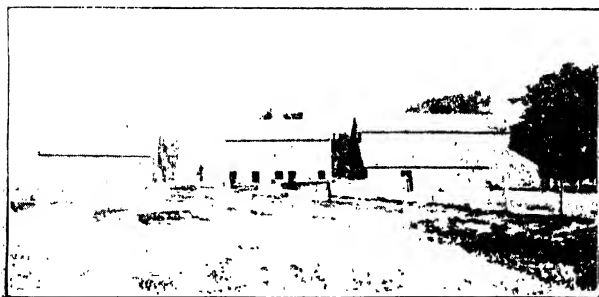
THE AMERICAN FARMER AND THE GOVERNMENT

“How do American farmers become so prosperous?” you ask an average citizen of the United States, and he will give, nine times out of ten, just one answer. He will say that the simple secret of their prosperity is their willingness to employ approved labor-saving methods of agriculture, their ability to use modern farm machinery. That the American farming is thoroughly machinized is well-known in India; but the fact that is not always fully appreciated is the government co-operation with the farmer at every step. Let me therefore give a brief sketch of some of the most important phases of this government activity.

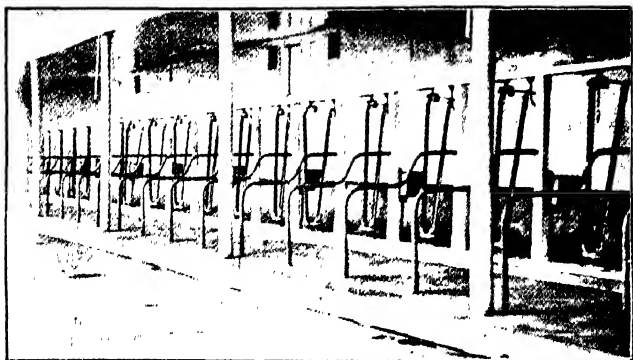
In order to offer most substantial encouragement to agricultural pursuits, the Federal government has established the Department of Agriculture. It is manned by an enormous staff of about twenty-thousand people, and its expenses run well over twenty-one million



A freely plowed ground is being pulverised by a Disc Harrow.



A barn yard in Iowa.



A sanitary stable in a large Wisconsin Farm.



A forty-five hundred rupees bull.

rupees a year. But how does the Department help the farmer? It tries to aid him by "making research into all the sciences of production" and by spreading the "gospel of good farming." Statisticians tells us that every year twentyfive million copies of bulletins, circulars, and reports on agriculture are distributed gratis.

Moreover, there are over sixty agricultural experiment stations in America which are engaged in co-operating with the Department of Agriculture in propagating agricultural instruction. The work of these experiment stations, as summarized by H. C. Gauss in *The American Government*, is as follows :

To conduct original researches or verify experiments on the physiology of plants and animals ;

The disease to which they are severally subject, with remedies for the same ;

The chemical composition of useful plants at their different stages of growth ;

The comparative advantages of rotative cropping as pursued under a varying series of crops ;

The capacity of new plants or trees for acclimation ;

The analysis of soils and water ;

The chemical composition of manures, natural or artificial, with experiments designed to test their comparative effects on crops of different kinds ;

The adaptation and value of grasses and forage plants ;

The composition and digestibility of the different kinds of food for domestic animals ;

The scientific and economic questions involved in the production of butter and cheese ;

And as far as practicable, all such stations are required to devote a portion of their work to the examination and classification of the soils of the various states with a view to securing more extended knowledge and better development of their agricultural possibilities.

The work of the Department of Agriculture is divided into a number of bureaus. One of the most interesting bureaus of this Department is the Bureau of Plant Industry. It is constantly on the look-out for new crops. Its scientific agents are carefully combing the world for new and improved varieties of fruits, vegetables, grains, trees, and shrubs which are suitable to different locations in this country. Not many

years ago America had to buy rice from abroad ; but with the creation of the Bureau of Plant Industry, the situation changed. Its agents secured Oriental types of rice better suited to the sub-tropical climate of the southern states of Texas and Louisiana. At present America raises enough rice not only for her home consumption, but for sale to other rice-growing countries.

Another great service of the bureau has been the introduction of durum wheat from Siberia. And thereby hangs a tale. For years the wheat crop in the great plains of America had suffered from the lack of sufficient rain. The problem then was to search out a species of hardier wheat that would grow in this region of light rainfall. American scientific agents went all over the world. At last one of them was able to find the durum wheat growing in the great steppes of Siberia, where the rainfall was no more than in the American great plains. Considerable quantities of the seed were exported to the United States, and presently the Siberian wheat was growing lustily in Montana, Colorado, Dakota, Nebraska, and other States. It has now become a great American crop.

Today the cultivation of dūmrum brings American farmers over ninety million rupees a year.

The Bureau of Plant Industry is not only ransacking the whole world for new crops, but it is making as diligent and careful a study of the diseases of plants as physicians do of the diseases of men. The bureau in its highly equipped laboratories is making constant researches to discover specific remedies for plant diseases. "The farmer is encouraged to write to the Bureau, giving description of the conditions of disease he is attempting to cure, and if possible, he is asked to send in specimens of diseased plants or vegetables." Advice for the treatment of plant diseases—advice based upon the fire-test of real experience—is furnished to American agriculturalists free of charge.

The task of fighting injurious insects belongs to the Bureau of Entomology. Should a new insect be found which is destructive to crops, the bureau experts will discover the natural enemies of the pernicious insect, and set them out to devour the offending intruders. A parasitic fly introduced from South Africa has exterminated the black scale, considered the

worst pest of the orange and lemon industry in the State of California. "The fig-fertilizing insect imported from Turkey has helped to establish an industry in California," recorded the late ex-President Roosevelt in one of his Messages to Congress, "that amounts to from fifty to one hundred tons of dried figs, and is extending over the Pacific coast."

The live-stock industry of the country is fostered by the Bureau of Animal Industry. It takes up the questions of breeding, feeding and management of sheep, goats, horses, cattle, and poultry. The bureau is very efficient in the work of stamping out epidemic or infectious diseases among domestic animals. When the live-stock of the farmers is threatened with destructive diseases, the bureau furnishes them with the needed help through its publications and correspondence, or sends out its own extension specialist who aids in checking and eliminating such ailments.

The Bureau of Animal Industry has a division which is given over to dairy farming exclusively. Its work consists, among other things, of instructing farmers the best way to feed, house, breed, and take care of dairy cattle.

Experts connected with the bureau frequently go to the country and assist those who need in the building of creameries and cheese factories.

All these various bureaus, and others which are not even mentioned here, are connected with the Department of Agriculture, which is an integral part of the Federal government.

Suppose a farmer needs money to purchase fertilizer, more lands, motorized implements, or horses and cattle, and he finds it difficult to secure loans on reasonable terms, what will he do? The American genius for organization has solved such difficulties for the American farmers through the enactment of the Federal Farm Loan Act. Without going into its long weary details, it may be said that the Act has established twelve Federal Land Banks at twelve important agricultural centers to lend financial aid to farmers. No matter how high the local rate of interest, the Land Banks cannot charge more than six per cent. As a matter of fact, the actual interest charged the farmer for the first year is at a uniform rate of five per cent. "Under the law these loans are to be made," informs Allisa Franc in her book *Use Your Government*, "in periods of not less than five nor more than forty years.

In actual practice this is usually thirty-six years." The Federal Farm Loan Act, which was passed in 1916, has opened a new epoch in the history of American agriculture. It has lifted farming from the morass of individualistic effort, and placed it under the guiding hand of the benevolent government.

Science has become the servant of agriculture no less than that of the manufacturing industry. "Agriculture is a complete applied science," wrote the late president of the Wisconsin University, Dr. Charles R. Van Hise in his valuable book, *The Conservation of Natural Resources in the United States*, "built upon a knowledge of pure biology, pure physics, and pure chemistry. The agriculturist must apply the principles of botany to his field crops and to his fruits; he must apply the principles of zoology in connection with his animals; he must apply the principles of physics and chemistry to the soil; he must be an engineer in the management of his machinery." In other words, modern agriculture is based upon exact scientific principles. And farmers must receive scientific training for their life vocation even as doctors, lawyers, and engineers do for

theirs. In the United States the spread of scientific agricultural knowledge has become the object of serious concern on the part of both the Federal and State governments. Agricultural education is imparted to American youths by hundreds and hundreds of agricultural teachers in universities, colleges, and sometimes even in secondary and rural schools. It has been recently estimated that there are now over 90,000 students in agricultural colleges and high schools in all parts of the Republic. And every four years, this large army of trained aggressive young people will become the potential farmers of the nation.

To conclude, American farmers with their continued application and improvement of farm machinery are so far ahead of the rest of the world that they have no near rival in sight. Farming with horse is becoming a thing of the past, and farming with tractor that operates on gasoline or inexpensive kerosene is rapidly taking its place. I have seen it stated in one of the agricultural journals that there will be in a few months half a million American built farm tractors, where there were practically none five years ago ! Doubtless American farmers deserve

great credit for accepting all important advances in farm mechanics which have helped them to increase the net out-put of their lands a hundred-fold or more. At the same time, one must not forget the important part that is played by the American government in promoting efficiency on the American farm. For certain it is that the government has made the work of "the tiller of the soil" more elevating, more pleasant, more attractive, and more profitable. From the long talks I have had with the wise men in the American government service I am convinced that but for efficient government help, American farmers would not be where they are today. Indeed, the sole end of the American government is and always has been to assist wholeheartedly in accomplishing every fundamental object of society. True to this tradition, observed President Woodrow Wilson in his excellent volume *The State*: "Society is vastly bigger and more important than its instrument, Government. Government should serve society, by no means rule or dominate it. Government should not be made an end in itself; it is means only,—a means to be freely adopted to advance the best interests of social organism. The State exists

for the sake of society, not society for the sake of the State."

CHAPTER XXII

A HOLIDAY HOUSE PARTY

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears
 along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of
 right or wrong ;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's
 vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres, feels the gush of
 joy or shame ;—
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have
 equal claim.

—Lowell.

It was New Year's Eve at Burlington. The snow and sleet were beating ceaselessly against the little diamond panes of the Queen Anne Cottage from which the light streamed faintly into the murky night without. As the short winter twilight deepened into darkness, the wind rose to a howl. It rushed through the hall as some one entered, slammed the distant door, and whistled about the casement. As a fresh log was thrown upon the hearth, the flames leaped and crackled merrily in the open-mouthed

chimney, while the gale roared and hissed defiance at the gay company about the flickering fire.

“What a strange motley group,” a casual observer would remark at a first glance. Here were grave Hindus, with the deep-seated serenity and imperturbable poise; dusky little Philipinos; vivacious Japanese bubbling over with gallantry and fun; sentiment loving Bohemians with souls steeped in song and music; scientific Germans and practical Americans, gathered together at one hearth, entertained under one roof. They were most of them members of a neighboring State university, invited for a three days’ house party. Some of these men and women were professors, some were students, and some were business men. They were all drawn together from the first by a bond of fellowship and good comradeship. There were no foolish academic barriers, no blind social prejudices. They all met and mingled freely, eager in the pursuit of a good time. No icy formality or chilly estrangement crept in for a moment. An open candor and simple sincerity characterized them all; while a willingness and quick readiness to enter

into everything planned, made the arduous duties of the hostess rest perhaps a bit less heavily on her shoulders.

Our hostess was no social butterfly, the great curse of American high life. She kept no social secretary in the antechamber, nor a social encyclopedia on her desk for ready reference. She had abundance of commonsense and good taste. She combined remarkable grace and dignity with charming simplicity. The secret of her success as a delightful entertainer was due to the fact that she forgot self and was deeply interested in the people around her. She was ever ready to say or do something for some one else. In other words, she was genuinely American.

The host and hostess met most of the guests at the station; and when they failed to be there personally, they delegated one of the family to take their place. As soon as they arrived home, the hostess conducted the woman and the man guests to the guest chambers. These rooms were tastefully decorated with a rare wealth of pictures and bric-a-brac. There was every article of comfort and luxury. There was a rocking chair at the foot of the bed for the tired

guest; a shelf of books and popular magazines; a writing desk with stationery; a sofa on the corner with soft cushions for afternoon naps; a dresser with every conceivable appliance for toilet and bath. Indeed, the guest chamber gave one the impression that it was a "chamber of peace."

The Christmas season has a charm all its own. The most rigid conventions are then forgotten, and a light, buoyant spirit takes possession of old and young. This holiday atmosphere brings people closely together. It had its influence on us all. The first day was spent in decorating the house and making preparations for New Year's Eve. The successful hostess does not persecute the guests with her constant attentions; she understands not only what to do for her guests but when to leave them alone. The young people had lots of fun while they twined the bannisters with ropes of evergreen, festooned the walls with fresh smelling fir and pungent hemlock, and looped the chandeliers and side-lights with holly, from which the scarlet berries glistened among the prickly, glossy leaves. There is a Christmas tradition in this country that a young man is privileged to

kiss a maiden under the mistletoe. Needless to say, the hanging of the mistletoe with its waxy white berries gave rise to occasion for much merriment. Among all the interesting and quaint customs of primitive times followed during the holiday season by the Americans, none seems to be more beautiful than this garnishing of the house with green things brought from the woods. The same trees are chosen today as were used for this purpose hundreds of years ago. The holly, or "holy oak" as the Druids used to call it, is still the favored holiday green. The green-decked walls and roaring fires, the flaring candles in their brass candle sticks, raise the spirits of old and young. The holiday atmosphere finds its way into the humblest home, and the New Year is welcomed with light hearted gaiety.

Young America loves the old and the quaint. Our cultured, college-bred hostess, whose fathers came to this country from Bohemia possibly long before the American Revolution, decided to celebrate old American and Bohemian customs on the second day. Many quaint, picturesque beliefs and customs, which are characteristic of America and Bohemia, were

studied and carried out as nearly as circumstances would permit. The Bohemian students of the party planned for the night, which was New Year's Eve, helped with the preparations, and contributed their talent in various ways. The hostess let them share with her the responsibility of making the evening a success, and they entered into the spirit with boundless enthusiasm. In the entrance to the dining room between two dark pillars of oak, the flag of the Bohemians or Czechs was hung, a silver unicorn embroidered on a rich background of scarlet silk. And right above the Bohemian was placed the American flag. On the long table, the places for the guests were designated with cards ornamented with the silver Unicorn, against a background of scarlet and white. The centre piece consisted of tall, sparkling vase with spicy carnations in colors of red and white, drooping on their long graceful stems among green ferns. Besides the customary electric lights, wax tapers stood half way from each end of the table, casting a soft glow from their red and silver shades, and flaring forth as a gust of wind blew through the crevices of doors or windows.

It was a six-course dinner. The cover of

the menu was decorated with the national flags of Bohemia and America in colors. On the second page the menu read :

Oyster Cocktail
Buillon — Wafers
Baked White fish
Turkey — Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Ham Custard
Sweet Potato Fritters
Pickles — Cranberry Jelly
Nut Bread
Waldorf Salad
Olives
Wafers
Hungarian Strudel
Salted Almonds
Patties
Coffee

The third page of the menu contained the musical program and the names of the guests.

Two of the students acted for fun as waiters, both dressed in the costumes of the Bohemian peasants. The girl's dress consisted of a short full skirt with a gay border of red roses, an embroidered apron, and a black velvet corsage

laced in front over a white slip, with full flowing sleeves. The young man's costume was equally picturesque, with knee trousers of chamois skin, a red velvet vest and a green coat adorned with braid and pearl buttons. With a green hat and a feather supplied, he might have been gay enough for one of Robin Hood's "Merry men." This quaint and strange garb relieved the plainness of the unromantic American background.

During the evening, no restraint was placed on the frolicsome revelry and glee. Some one would occasionally break into a folk-song or ballad, and those who could, would join in. Even the guests who could not understand, would soon catch the rhythm of the swinging folk-songs, and try to follow them. A simple childlike enthusiasm, spontaneous and artless, took possession of all, and deepened into gayest abandonment as the night grew old and the New Year approached. One of the students started to sing the words to a popular old folk dance, utterly meaningless to our Indian ears, but the dashing swing and rhythm swept the party to their feet, and the oldest and the most dignified joined with the merry laughing in the folk dance.

Outside the sleet had changed into snow

and the wind died down. As the frost and gloom deepened, the merriment reached its height within.

Tired of song and dancing, the party next decided to have the future forecast through certain weird ceremonies. Melted wax was dropped into a basin of water; and as the wax hardened into strange, fantastic forms, the fortune teller would forecast the future of each from the image she would see in the wax.

Gayly-colored little tapers of wax, also, were melted at one end and fastened to the concave surface of walnut shells, then set adrift in a basin of water. If the light went out, it signified a short life; if it floated toward the centre, it foretold travel and adventure; by the exercise of an elastic imagination, a fantastic story was woven about each.

When the games of chance and fortune had been exhausted, the guests gathered quietly about the fireplace. All the lights were extinguished except the glow of the burning log. Each held a spring of evergreen in his hand; as his turn came, he cast the spray of green upon the fire, starting, as he did so, to tell some old legend or story, and continuing as long as the

pine spray was burned ; and usually leaving the tale at an interesting climax. Stories were told of the great gloomy forest, where daring deeds were enacted in days of old ; of elves and forest-spirits that dwelt among the trees and sometimes appeared to waylay travelers ; of the blue spirits that flitted about after sunset when the night grew damp and cold, above low, bog and marsh ; of the hideous moon-witch, frightful creature with distorted head and fearsome eyes, that stole young children and brought lamentation to the unguarded homes she visited during the drowsy stillness of the noon-tide hush. The fire grew lower and lower, the voices grew softer and softer under the spell. As a drowsy vision of the fields of drooping red poppies mingled with the strange elves and hobgoblins began to appear to the nodding heads, Pandemonium seemed suddenly to break loose with a blaring of brazen whistles, a ringing of wild bells, a shrill tooting of horns, and every instrument in the city that could send out the tidings proclaimed with piercing, discordant notes that the New Year had arrived. Instantly the house was illuminated, the guests sprang to their feet, and New Year

greetings with good wishes were exchanged by all.

At last it seemed that the night's revelry was over. The fire in the hearth was dead; the lights were out; the house was dark and quite. Suddenly, unexpectedly, a chanting of voices was heard overhead, and to the slow, stately measures of a wedding march, down the stairs, two by two, a queer, fantastic procession came, metamorphosed out of all natural resemblance and appearance, decked out in the craziest of costumes, and bedizened into a burlesque imitation of a masqued wedding party. They had saved this wildest and maddest gambol of a night revelry to usher in the New Year. Bathing suits and riding habits, outing costumes and evening costumes—anything strange or fantastic that attic or wardrobe could yield had been appropriated. The bride had a lace window curtain for a veil, and a winding sheet for a train; the company arranged themselves decorously about the couple to be united, and listened with mock solemnity while the black robed priest read the service. After the last prank they finally settled down for the night.

The following day was New Year's. The

sun came out, and the fresh world looked lovely in its mantle of snow. This third and last day of the house party was given over to the Hindus. In honor of the day the national flag of Hindustan was hung next to the American flag—the Lotus and Crescent, and the Stars and Stripes were given the place of honor, side by side.

The Hindus suddenly discovered in themselves the talents of a chef, and cooked Indian dishes which had never before been heard in that city. They had *polahu*, *ķorma*, *ķalia*, *ķopta*, *zerda*, *ķerni*, *ķobab*, *chatni*, *moraba*. These names sounded very strange to the Americans; but they enjoyed our well seasoned and spiced food as something so peculiarly novel. And as for the exiled Indians, they certainly made their appetite do double duty. It was for many of them the best treat “ever” on this side of the Atlantic. And of all days spent in America, this will stand out long in their lives.

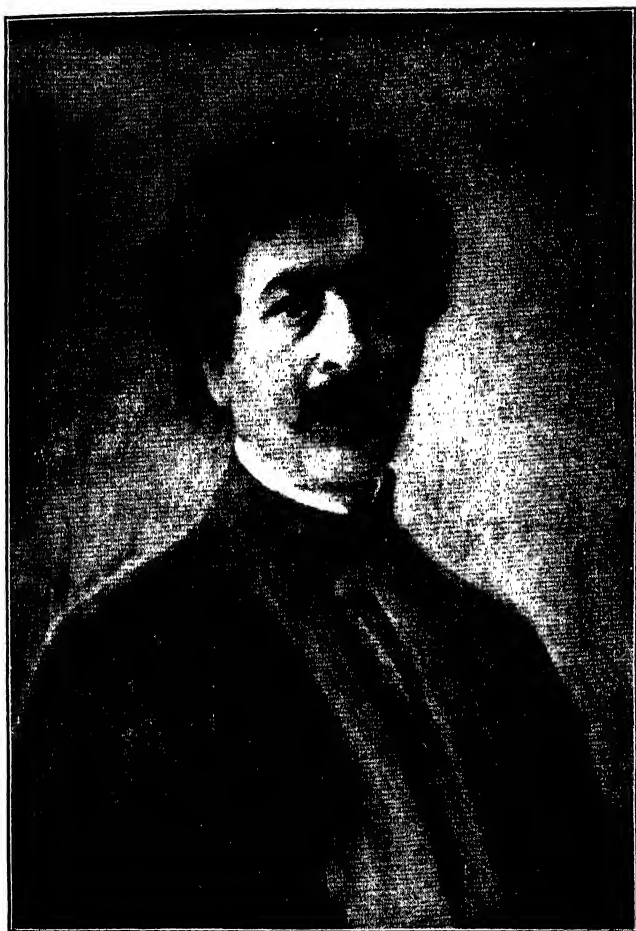
In the afternoon the Hindus undertook to entertain the company. They played *vina* and sang *Bande Mataram*. The Indian music could never find a more appreciative foreign audience than the American. The music, however, was

a small part of their program. As soon as the *vina* had ceased its strain the Indians were asked to "show some Hindu magic." Magician there was none, but a few sleight-of-hand performances served their purpose well. Then came the Indian fencing and the *lathi* plays. The dexterity and skill displayed by the amateurs drew forth hearty rounds of applause.

But the "inner man" was not neglected. Indeed, no Hindu entertainment, according to the orthodox American notion, could be complete without some discourse on Hindu religion and philosophy. For have not some of them heard about Bibekananda and Vedantism? Do not they still hear a good deal about Dharmapala and the gospel of the "Law of Piety"? From philosophy, we dropped into lighter vein, and drifted into our romantic and heroic literature. The stories of Sita and Rama, Nala and Damayanti easily won the hearts of all. Of course, everybody was interested in the renaissance of Indian national life. The English rule, grinding tax, *swadeshi*, *swaraj*—they became soul-gripping themes among those liberty-loving, democratic Americans. It was through such informal discussions, stories, heart to heart

talks that the people of the East and the people of the West came as closely together as though a few days of acquaintance were the friendship of many years' standing.

As the day grew old and night approached, the guests began either singly or in groups to leave. In the bustle of departure and the hurried farewells, there was little time for sentiment—but all felt that the East and the West had come together, that centuries of prejudice had rolled away as though they had never existed. Each knew the other better, each recognized that other countries had something to offer, that other nations in some respects were equal if not superior to his own. Each saw that regardless of all superficial differences of race, religion, or nationality, only the warmest of friendships and the kindest of feelings had been established.



SIR JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE.

CHAPTER XXIII

SIR JAGADIS CHANDRA BOSE IN AMERICA

What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god !

—*Shakespeare.*

The crimson sun of January was sinking rapidly beneath the far horizon of Lake Michigan, when I met at the Hotel Del Prado in Chicago, Dr. Jagadis Chandra Bose, the Indian scientific wizard who makes plants record their own feelings. "Come", he said in a low tone in response to my second sharp rap at the door. "Well, well, how were you able to find me out here?" was his friendly greeting, which was accompanied by a cordial smile.

While in America Bose—not yet Sir Jagadis—was simply swamped with letters and telegrams for lecture engagements from Maine to California. He had so many calls for lectures from various learned scientific societies, colleges,

and universities, that if he could have spoken twice a day and every day in the week, he could not have complied with all of these invitations in much less than a year. As it was, he was in the United States only a short time.

Sir Jagadis spoke before such learned bodies as the New York Academy of Sciences, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science, the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, joint meetings of the Academy of Science, the Botanical Society, and the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington. Among the larger universities, he gave addresses at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Illinois, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and California.

One of the largest and most appreciative audiences that greeted him was at the Cosmos Club in Washington city. The meeting was to commence at eight in the evening; but long before the scheduled time the big lecture hall was literally packed. Prominent men and women were seen perched upon the window sills or even seated on the floor. Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, came long before the meeting started. But the crowd at

the door was so large that he could not get within a half block of the hall. The enthusiasm of the indomitable inventor was not chilled, for on the following day he called together a group of the noted savants of Washington at his home in honor of the distinguished Indian scientist.

Everywhere Bose met with a very hearty welcome from the people of the American Republic. Hon. William Jennings Bryan, who was then the Secretary of State, invited him to give a demonstration of his work at the State Department in Washington—an honor of unusual significance. Wherever he appeared with his “cunningly simple instruments,” wherever he gave a demonstration, he was immediately recognized as one of the really great men of science, whose labors promised to open a new era in anatomy, botany, biology, and perhaps also in psychology. Bose was made the subject of many magazine articles, newspaper editorials, cartoons, and poems. It was his visit to New York that inspired the following *Song to Sensitive Plant* which appeared in the *New York Times* :

Be kind to the hypochondriacal plant !
Its nervous and ladylike qualms,

his scientific investigations; it was purely a scientific mission that brought him to the West. In continental Europe, he lectured at Vienna and Paris, and was on the point of going to Germany when the world cataclysm burst forth in the summer of 1914. While in England he spoke, among other places, in London before the Royal Institute, at Oxford and Cambridge universities, at the Imperial College of Science in London, and before the Royal Society of Medicine.

His discoveries evoked great enthusiasm in England; and while in London, his private laboratory was the Mecca of such leaders of English thought as Sir Arthur Balfour, the former Prime Minister; Sir William Crooks, President of the Royal Institute; Professor James A. H. Murray, editor of the noted "Oxford" *New English Dictionary*; Sir James Reed, the King's Physician; Bernard Shaw, the famous dramatist; and the Marquis of Crew, then Secretary of State for India.

The general topic of Bose's lecture was plant autographs and their revelations. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides and experiments. He told in his discourse that the

plants felt pain and exhilaration like animals, that the stimulus to motion in plants was of the same nervous character as in animals. All plants, he averred, are sensitive, and in some of them there are tissues which beat spontaneously like the heart-beat of the animal. Those heart throbbings are affected by drugs in the same manner as are the pulsations of the animal heart. The experiments which he showed included the measurement of the perception time of the plant, the speed of its nervous impulse, and the reactions to various anaesthetics and poisons. The records of these experiments proved the existence of throbbing, pulsating organs in plants.

Bose is not an orator. Nor does he care to be one. He is simply a clear, forceful, and convincing speaker. He walks slowly to the edge of the platform, stands very still with his left hand behind him, and looks at the audience for full half a minute. Everybody is perfectly quiet. And though the room is filled to capacity, one could hear a pin drop. Men and women lean forward to catch his first words. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he says, and then plunges at once into his subject. In spite of the

rather formal "Ladies and Gentlemen," he is very informal. He does not "orate"; he talks. He talks fluently; but he does not saw the air with his hands, or beat the desk by way of emphasis. He has discovered some wonderful truths, and he is very much in earnest when he tells his audience about these truths in his gentle, quiet tone of voice. Robert Burns made poetry out of his works and days. Jagadis Chandra Bose finds a poem, a drama, and an epic in his scientific researches. He is intoxicated with the fascination of his work. He speaks therefore out of the fullness of his heart. He has no time for the gaudy arts of the professional spellbinders. He talks to his hearers—just talks without any display of florid rhetoric, without any show of oratorical frenzy. At times they laugh a little, but for the most part they just listen in rapt attention, forgetting even to applaud. Bose may safely be pronounced a success on the platform. And his success is to be attributed largely to the earnestness and the magnetic presence of the man—the man built for immortality.

Jagadis Chandra was the despair of American reporters. From the journalistic

point of view, he was a difficult "subject" to handle. One would sooner "cover" a dozen diplomats from Tokio, Rome, or London than to interview Bose. He did not seem to like the lime-light. He had a dread of American publicity. If he could sense that a newspaper man was after him for a "story", he was sure to keep quiet. When asked questions of which he did not approve, Bose smiled a diplomatic smile, and withheld his answer politely. But he did it in such a pleasant way that no one could take offence. Of course Bose could not be blamed, for he had reasons to be distrustful of some of the American journals. He showed me a newspaper published in the city of Detroit which copied a chapter from one of his books in such a way as to make it appear as though the story were a special article on "Plant Response" written by the author himself for the exclusive use of that paper.

There is something peculiarly attractive about his personal appearance. His thick wavy hair, which is tinged with gray, has a tendency to project itself on either side of his massive forehead in poetic fashion. There is a bit of pride about his burning black eyes, that look life

squarely in the face and challenge it. His face is the face of a man sure of himself—the face of a high-bred, intelligent, confident, successful, yet not altogether satisfied, man. It is a handsome face, full of expression. Bose has a strong physique, and a slow and resolute stride. Even with some signs of middle age in his face and figure, he gives one the impression of a man of great physical energy. He has a deep chest and broad shoulders. Yet he is not an athlete; everything about him suggests the student.

In describing the English statesmen, Charles Fox and William Pitt, Napoleon Bonaparte once remarked that "in Fox, heart warmed the genius; in Pitt, the genius withered the heart." Bose seems to be more like Fox than Pitt.

Sir Jagadis is pre-eminently a scientist. He is not, however, a scientist of that type that possesses a brilliant but a gelid intellect incased in an insulated covering. Profoundly intellectual as he is, Bose is more than a thinking machine. He has a throbbing, feeling heart; he is human, very much so. While in many respects he is a unique and wholly exceptional individual, yet after all he is the man of the

people. He sees deeply and, like Abraham Lincoln, knows that the essential brotherhood of man is an intimate and glowing reality. A born democrat, he seems to be just as much at home with the go-ahead "plain people" of the United States as with those moss-grown European aristocrats who wear outlandish knee-breeches, powdered wigs, and lace ruffles. To be sure, he is absorbed in his own subject; but not so absorbed as not to have a smile for the lucky or a tear for the helpless.

It may be that he sometimes goes too far, but, like the lovable Vicar of Goldsmith's imagination, his "failings lean to virtue's side." His passion as a humanist is India—the people of India. No matter where he is, a goodly share of his heart is always out there on the plains of Hindustan. It is probably for this reason that he was so popular among the Indian students in America. Wherever he went he was entertained by the local Hindustan Associations; wherever he visited he was sought out by the Indians for his friendly advice and suggestions. "Have one definite idea—one definite dream of your life," said Bose with proper emphasis. "Work till you realize your vision. Make your

dream come true. Nothing is impossible, if you have power to will. Nothing great is ever done without suffering; and you may have to suffer a great deal. But then it is your privilege to suffer, to win, to achieve. Every man is potentially great. Genius? Yes, yes; it is nothing but strong, hard, well-planned work. You can have genius if you will."

"Keep yourself for some service in India," he remarked impressively. "Be a man and help others become manly. Life is short. You should therefore make every minute count. Fill your life to the brim with sweetness and light and activity." This is characteristic of the man who has an air of doing something all the time.

Bose, who has consistently refused to be a money-making machine, denies that commercial success is any fair testimony to a man's true ability. He scoffs at the idea that monetary success is a true measure of a man's intrinsic worth. With Robert Louis Stevenson, Jagadis Chandra Bose holds that salary is not the most important thing under the sun. He cares little "just for a riband to stick in his coat." A tinsel medal, a Nobel prize is not particularly in his line of ambition. Indeed, it seems to be

beyond the pale of his thoughts. "Science should be studied for the sake of science. Don't look for reward. When you have done something don't expect that the world is going to set off fire-works about it immediately; don't fool yourself into thinking that there will be band-playing and banner-waving right away. Let us learn to work without looking for money. Let us then be up and doing"—what is it that Longfellow says? There is something in it that rings out clear and true.

That smooth-running, high-powered, high-ranged intelligence of his becomes highly keyed up when he talks of Indian unity and Indian nationality. "Be an Indian first. Make that part of your religion. Outgrow provincialism. Try to think in terms of the vast continent of India. It is stupid to imagine that one province is better than another; it is worse than folly to think that a man of one province is naturally superior to that of another. In the New India there will be no Panjabis, no Marhattis, no Bengalis. We are all going to be Hindustanis. Do you understand me clearly?"

One day a son of a wealthy Bikanir merchant came to his hotel for an autograph.

Bose intimated that he was not in the habit of giving autographs and that his price for it was high. "But," he asked the young Bikanir student with a slight wink, "how much will you give me?" "I will give my life to the service of India." All turned toward Bose. His dark eyes sparkled and snapped at the young man. "Good!" he exclaimed, "you can have my autograph."

None of the friends of the scientist would claim that he is a politician. Indeed, he adroitly avoided entering into any discussion of a political nature. "Politics is not my forte," he said with an earnest smile.

We had a number of interesting conversations with Bose. To be more exact, he talked and I questioned and listened.

"What do you think of American education for Indian youths?"

"No Indian student should come to this country who has not already obtained his B. Sc. degree in India. I doubt very much the wisdom of sending a shipload of our students to this country without any reference to their character or capacity. What we should bear in mind in encouraging our young men to come to

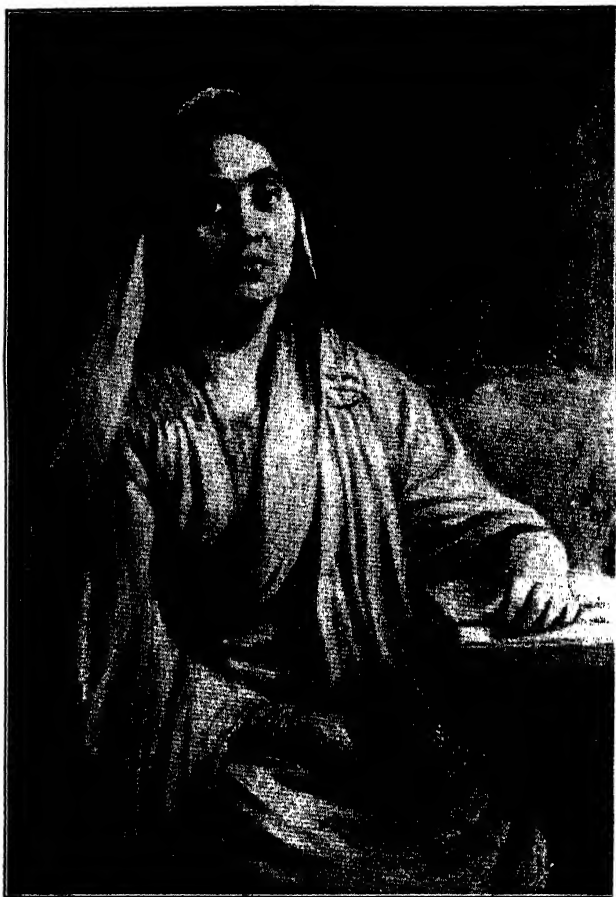
America is quality, not quantity. American education for our brightest and most promising students—students who have also the necessary means—is desirable."

"How do the American universities compare with those of England?"

"I like both the English and American universities. Both have their advantages and disadvantages. I think, however, that the American universities are more richly endowed; their laboratories are more splendidly equipped. In the United States there are many brilliant professors; but they seem to be over-worked—at least they work harder than their students. America is a free country, and its educational facilities are more accessible to the common people than they are in England. But this new country lacks traditions!"

In his visit to the United States, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose was accompanied by his wife, and his private secretary, B. Sen, a likeable young fellow.

Mrs. Bose is a lady of attractive and democratic personality. Unlike most of the Indian ladies who go abroad, Mrs. Bose had retained her Hindu costume. Her gold embroi-



LADY BOSE

dered soft sari draped over a pink silk waist was both appropriate and artistic. She has a broad and open brow crowned with beautiful thick hair; and her black-brown eyes are filled with wonderful illumination. By her gentle dignity and simple graciousness, she won her way into the hearts of the people she met. This lady, although born and bred in India, easily held her place in Western society.

A charming conversationalist with a softly modulated voice is Mrs. Bose. She always has something interesting to say because she has seen the inside life of both Europe and America. Her friends take some pride in the fact that she is not blinded by the glammers of Western civilization. A good deal of the order of things in the West, according to Mrs. Bose, is awry. The Western society, much as Rousseau held, is artificial, and Western organization is tyrannical. She seems to think that the round of Western life is made up of incessant toil and moil. People are preoccupied with the worship of Mammon, of titles, of brute force, and are engaged in sordid social struggles. "The West, like the East, has its caste," she told me with feeling. "While the Western caste is based

on dollars and the color of skin, the Eastern caste rests on ability and character. The whole Western social fabric is today being violently shaken by naked, volcanic, eruptive materialistic force. Such a state of things cannot last forever. It is bound to burn itself out, sooner or later. The West will then come to the East once more."

When I went to my room that cold dark stormy night in Chicago I thought a long time on the things she had spoken of. I remember distinctly that my feeling was that she loved India; but she did not hate its detractors. There was no trace of the poison of hatred anywhere in her mind. For instance, she regarded the returned European and American missionaries—whose pre-occupation is too often to mutilate the facts regarding India—with some mental reservation—that is all. She did not positively hate them, as some of the missionaries do the "heathen." Her attitude toward the missionaries was one of enlightened charity. She probably thought that if the emissaries of the "religion of love" could only restrain themselves within the bounds set by what the great American thinker, Mr. Henry James, described

as "high decency," it would have been much better for the world and for humanity.

One day at the luncheon table the conversation turned upon American and European girls. It seemed to be her idea that American girls are more interesting, more progressive, and more independent than the European. "Do you favor international marriages between India and Europe?" she was asked. Mrs. Bose turned a swift glance from her husband to the speaker. "Most assuredly not," came the answer like a flash. "Foreigners cannot assimilate with us. They cannot appreciate our ideals, our culture. The Westerners are impervious to the inner loveliness of our lives. Marriages between the Indians and the Europeans can never be happy, and should never be encouraged."

"But, Mrs. Bose, you have said that the American girls are very charming, and that—"

Here she interrupted the speaker. "Ah, that is true. But your American girls are too expensive. Poor mother India cannot afford to indulge in such luxuries."

I marvelled. There was a pause in the conversation. A far sound of chimes came in

upon us from a university tower. It was mid-afternoon. We rose from the table quietly and soon parted.

CHAPTER XXIV

AMERICAN WOMAN

Woman is an absurd and ridiculous animal, but entertaining and pleasant.

—*Erasmus.*

"I can't possibly think of getting married. Marriage will ruin my professional career," said a quiet-voiced, determined-mannered woman who looked thirty. "My husband, my home will take all my day, all my strength. He will be a handicap." And as she ran her long fingers over the piano key-board, she added, "Marriage will spell the death of my chosen vocation. Such a sacrifice is too great, too unreasonable, and altogether too hideous an outrage to ask of a sensible person." The ultra feminist in America, as elsewhere, fights shy of the position of a housekeeper, wife, and mother. She does not believe that marriage is a "biological imperative," as Lester Ward, the author of *Dynamic Sociology*, puts it. She avoids marriage because she fears it may interfere with her personal tastes, ambitions, and careers.

Matrimony plays, therefore, little part in her scheme of life.

Let me very candidly admit at the outset that it is difficult for a "mere" man to write about American women who, like their sisters in all countries, are so complex and subtle. The difficulty is further intensified because there is no one fixed type of American women. What may be true of the "submerged tenth" may not be true of the "upper three hundred." And yet perforce I have to confine myself to the women only in general. Hence if with all due intention to do full justice to my subject, I seem to fail in spots, no one need be surprised.

An unmarried woman at the age of twenty-eight is considered an "old maid." This title is not liked by its owner. The more courteous way of speaking of a "single" woman is to refer to her as a bachelor maid or a continued girl. When a woman fails to secure a husband at the proper age she often becomes an object of great solicitude on the part of her parents. Her mother will perhaps give her many tips on the art of getting married: "Don't be so stiff and puritanical, Ruth!"; "Can't you flirt a little?"; "For mercy's sake, liven up!"

Most of the young women, however, have marital instincts; they have hope of marriage. They are not naturally man-haters and marriage-despisers; they may even admit "men are nice, some are nicer than others." But many of them remain spinsters because they are seldom emotional and more rarely sentimental; they prize their economic freedom far more than marital bliss. Women are wonderfully independent, self-reliant, and ambitious. Here every sort of feminine energy is set free. Schools and colleges, offices and factories are full of women. Even before the entrance of the United States into the great war, women were to be found in every trade and profession, outside of soldiery. According to the latest American census reports the members of the gentler sex have been found engaged even in such peculiarly masculine occupations as those of blacksmiths, carpenters, tinsmiths, brick and stone masons, machinists, stevedores, sailors, and dock hands. No other country in the world offers so many opportunities to women to earn their living.

The woman of "advanced thought" scorns the "parasite woman," she scoffs at the idea that women are like children who have to be

supported by men all their lives. "If every man in the world were to disappear tomorrow, we should not miss them," declares the new woman. "We could get along and be just as well off as we are now. Possibly we would be better off. Who was the greatest soldier, Napoleon or Joan of Arc? Why read Robert Browning when Elizabeth Browning is available? What happens when you compare the 'divine' Sarah Bernhardt to Richard Mansfield? Isn't Ruth Law, who flew in an airship from Chicago to New York and broke the long distance flying record, as daring as the Wright brothers who invented the Wright aeroplanes? Who writes in America better verse than Mary Aldis? Who does not know that Hetty Green was as great an American financier as Jay Gould? What soap box agitator can compare with Mother Jones? Do you need to be told that the best congressman in the United States today is the congresswoman Miss Jeanette Rankin?"

Whatever may be our pre-conceived ideas, it must be admitted that woman is "a man for a' that", that she has a right to participation in the totality of life, that she is entitled to an independent soul. And if she does not have a

career of wifehood and motherhood, it is not in every instance her own fault. Perhaps the opportunity never came to her at all; perhaps no man ever asked her hand.

Statistics show that there are in the United States about seventeen million unmarried persons of marriageable age. Nine million of these are women above the age of fifteen; 8,102,000 are men between the ages of twenty and forty-four; 500,000 are between the ages of forty-five and fifty-four. And it is significant to note that thirty-nine men out of every hundred are without wives. Now the question is, why are there so many bachelors? Some say it is because women are afflicted with too much noisy cleverness or overmuch refinement; others declare it is because women are unmarriageably addicted to independence. Personally I do not attach much importance to these charges. I think so many men remain in the state of single blessedness because they feel they are not economically able to tackle matrimony. They fear that poverty will come in at the door and love will fly out of the window. In this land of top notch prices, the husband must earn at least seventy-five rupees a week to support his family with any

show of decency. But there are thousands of men who are not making that much. Hence we see every day how finance is dealing knock-out blows to romance; how the dollar is branding its sign on love; how money is triumphing over man's heart, and how woman is forced to remain but neutrally feminine.

On the continent of Europe marriage partakes of the nature of commerce. There a man looks on a rich marriage as a pretty source of income. And especially in France and Germany, the search for a bride not infrequently reduces itself to a vulgar hunt for a large dowry. The American man, be it said to his eternal credit, does not as a rule marry for economic advantages. He is averse to selling himself to a girl for a dower. The only capital she brings him—if any at all—consists in her beauty, youth, and accomplishments.

D'Israeli has been accused of the remark that flattery should be administered to all women with a spoon, and to queens with a trowel. Such a statement could be safely attributed to almost any young American in his relation to a woman. He is uncanny in his skill of wooing. He is triumphantly shrewd, brilliantly diplomatic, and

a real artisan in love-making. He has a ready speech for each girl of whom he may be courting a dozen all at the same time. His tongue literally drips honey. Knowing the feminine desire for homage, he calls the plain homely girl "cute", the stout human elephant "little one", and a dried-up woman with false curl, false teeth, and paste jewelries "apple blossom." To the dainty, fluffy girl he whispers; "Others may admire you for the glory of your face and finger, but as for me, it is for your intellectual charm that I esteem you. Yes, it is for mental accomplishment that I seek you." But to the high-browed woman he murmurs: "Your lips are not made for repartee, but for kisses, and it is for the dimple in your chin and for the curve of your brow that I adore you!" To the sweet naive little thing he sighs: "Oh, why are you so cynical? Alas, when I sit before you I feel that you can read my innermost thoughts, for all men are to you but as a pane of glass." And to the cynical damsel he cries: "Verily, you say these things, but your heart is sweeter than myrrh, more tender than a sensitive plant, and softer than velvet, and to gaze into your eyes is a liberal education."

A girl may be breathlessly waiting for a young man to propose marriage to her ; but when at the crucial moment he does "pop the question," she invariably says : "Oh, this is so sudden !"

A man wishing to marry must get a license from the clerk of the district court. After the permit has been secured, the young couple can have the marriage solemnised either by a civil officer or a clergyman.

There is no iron-clad liturgy for marriage service. It is so simple that it can be performed in less than ten minutes. The service consists mainly in repeating a few formulae. The man says :

"I.....take thee.....to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance ; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Then the woman on her part responds :

"I.....take thee.....to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for

poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

Finally, the man puts a ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand and vows "with this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

Note the word "obey" in the bride's pledge to the groom. That harmless-looking word has occasioned no end of trouble in recent years. A New York journal commenting on the maid's promise to obey remarks: "To require the woman to put herself under the will of the man, to obey him, is a cruel, wicked anachronism; and no clergyman is justified in compelling a woman to make such a promise, and hardly so even if she desires to make it. For her to make it is to dishonor her sex, if she intends to keep it; and if not, it is a falsehood, which on such a solemn occasion and on so serious a subject approaches perjury."

Most of the clergymen, with the exception of Episcopal rectors and Catholic priests, are in favor of suppressing the vow of submission, which has become a polite fiction. The hard-

shell Catholics and Episcopalians hold that the promise should be required because the "inspired" Bible said so. The bride herself gibes about the promise in "the holy writ" and tells her friends that the groom knows she does not mean to keep the vow, which she has taken with reservations.

After the marriage ceremony is over the new pair starts out on their honeymoon. If it is in a small country town, the married couple are paraded through the streets in an automobile. The car is decorated with buntings and signs which read, "THEY HAVE JUST BEEN MARRIED." Crowds follow the procession shouting and whooping. Some of them carry brass horns, others toy drums. The harrassed couple are kept busy dodging showers of rice and hails of old shoes, some of which are thrown with considerable force and unerring aim. More shouting, more drum beating, and more rice throwing, until the poor honeymooners reach the train and scramble aboard. At last the engine whistles, and the train begins to move slowly on. The groom with a sigh of relief sits face to face with his wife. He takes her hand and kisses it with eager quivering lips. She blushes

red as an apple. In the meantime the passengers, too, have their fun. They read with amusement such placards as the following which have been cunningly pasted on the backs of the bride and groom :

JUST MARRIED

TREAT THEM KINDLY

Notice the silly look on
the Groom. He is EASY.

Make him give you cigars.

Their trunks and traveling boxes have also been placarded with monster bills :

MARRIED !

CLARA AND JOHN

are on their honeymoon.

Please give them a chance to

MAKE LOVE.

Any tender attention shown them will
be greatly appreciated by
Their Friends.

The halcyon-days of the bridal tour come to an end with amazing swiftness. And even when the young hearts are asking

“Honeymoon, honeymoon,

Tell me why you fade so soon.”

they begin to make plans for the future. On their return from the wedding trip, they leave their parents' roof, and put up separate establishment for themselves. American women are not keen for house work, which is to them a sort of necessary evil. Many know nothing about the traditional female household duties until after they are married, and some of them not even then. Of course in this country, where the entire mechanism of civilization can be run by pressing electric buttons, household functions are never arduous. House-keeping has become so handy and so easy, especially in the homes of the well-to-do, that it requires very little manual labor. Sewing, washing, ironing, milking, churning, house-cleaning, and even cooking are done by mechanical labor-saving appliances. Consider, for instance, the matter of cooking, which has been made simplicity itself by the invention of the electric stove. It has an alarm-clock attachment that will turn on the electric

current in the housewife's absence, thereby relieving her of the necessity of being present when the cooking is begun, and thermometers to regulate the temperature according to the nature of the food. A woman can cook her dinner without being in the kitchen at all. She can put her meat, vegetables, and pastry in the ovens, set the alarm clock and thermometers, and then go away on business or pleasure, knowing that the food will begin to cook at the proper time and will be ready to serve on her return. In the same way, she can cook her breakfasts, and thus gain from half an hour to an hour for "beauty sleep" in the morning.

This is perhaps a shade unusual. A New Yorker in defending his wife's suit for divorce says she was extravagant. She teed her golf ball on a valuable gold watch and let drive. And although the New York husband does not tell the world whether his wife hit the ball or the watch when she drove, or hit both together, it is undoubtedly a modern American improvement on the Egyptian queen Cleopatra who dissolved an expensive pearl and gave it to her gentleman, Mark Antony, to drink. Barring real exceptions, American woman has inordinate

yearnings and hungerings for luxury and extravagance. She is a spendthrift par excellence. American woman, in the French phrase, "refuses herself nothing." To her expense is no object. Indeed, her felicity in spending money—just for the sake of spending—is touchingly pathetic. "Woman can throw out with a spoon all that a man can shovel in with a scoop" is the every day American proverb. "Where does my money go?" asks the husband in despair. "Money," gaily smiles his wife, "has wings!"

Some one has said that it is easy to distinguish an American from an English or French husband. "The English husband goes in front of his wife, the American wife goes in front of her husband, and the French husband and wife go side by side." It means, if anything at all, that an Englishman is disposed to treat his wife as his inferior, the French as his equal, and the American at a distance. In the United States, where there is such a strong undercurrent of individualism, husband and wife in many things lead separate lives; the woman pursues her social pleasures and the man his business. They do not seem to have enough of an affinity of ideals.

There is not enough of co-operation, mutual confidence, between the two. Though living side by side they are ignorant of each other. Watching and suspecting, they seldom understand each other to the uttermost depths of their souls. To be sure, he pays her a stated monthly salary; but it is he who has usually the hold of the family purse string. Not that the American husband is lacking in chivalry. He has every appearance of being chivalrous. With quixotic gallantry he will place a woman on a lofty pedestal; but it is so high, so cold, and so lonely, that I wonder if the thin air does not stifle her. It makes me now and then ask myself, Can there be real happiness in a family where two lives do not flow together? Can there be enduring love—love that is based on “shared tears and laughter”—in the foggy, murky atmosphere of aloofness?

“My marriage is such a disappointment.”
“It is the biggest mistake of my life.”
“Marriage is like a mouse-trap, once in there is no way out with whole hide.” “That’s the one time in my life when I got roped in.”
“Married life is all hooks and no bait.” How

often these and similar sentiments are heard ! But why is marriage a source of dissatisfaction to so many ? I do not know. Is there no love in married life ? Yes, there is ; but I have a shrewd suspicion that it is not extremely common.

Not long ago an American philanthropist invented a machine to deal wisely with the vexing problem of "when we are in love." This machine is called an "erometer," which derives its name from "Eros," love, and "meter," measure. It is literally a love tester. It is made in the form of a bracelet, smooth and hollow, like a tube bent into a ring. It may be adjusted to fit tightly over the wrist of any man or woman. Inside the hollow tube is a tiny slip of paper, and an electric needle which responds to every pulse beat. Now it is generally known that a compliment, a caress, or even the mere presence of a beloved person sends the pulse leaping upward. Therefore, if a girl is doubtful whether a certain young man really affects her emotionally, all she has to do is to put on the bracelet and go out to lunch or the theatre with him. On her return she pulls off the bracelet, extracts from its hollow depths

the small slip of paper, scored with the minute record of the needle, and places it under a microscope. Then she can literally measure the height and depth of her affection. Apparently this is a wonderful machine; but since the test it makes is purely a physical one, and love happens to be a psychic matter, a concern of the soul, the erometer may not always be very helpful.

Byron sang :

“Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart,—
’Tis woman’s whole existence.”

I wonder if that is true of American woman. I asked a clergyman who had officiated at marriages for upwards of twenty years: Does a woman as a rule marry a man simply because of the strength of intellect and character, his mental poise and his heroic temperament? Does she always marry him more for love than for a living? Does she regard love entirely in an unselfish way? He replied “no” to my interrogation. According to this minister, the average girl judges a man by externals, by smart appearance, by the size of his purse, by the cut of his coat, and by his ability to dance

the latest fancy dances. She measures the affection of her lover by gold; diamonds, rubies, yachts, high-powered twelve-cylinder automobiles, mansions, railroad stocks, and gilt-edged municipal bonds at six per cent interest. In other words, she regards marriage as a domestic convenience, a personal indulgence, and not a spiritual union.

Perhaps this minister was built too much on the model of the prophet Jeremiah, and therefore his information was not altogether reliable. A better light was thrown on this tangled problem by the *Ladies Home Journal*, one of livest woman's magazines in America. This keen periodical put to a hundred representative bachelors these two direct questions: "What kind of a girl should you like to marry?" and, "What qualities do you think best fit a young woman for a wife?" From the hundred answers it was found that the eight qualities most frequently mentioned by men were the following:

First:	A domestic tendency	74 times
Second:	Love	45 ..
Third:	A good disposition ...	36 ..

Fourth :	Sympathy	...	27	times
Fifth :	Religion	...	27	„
Sixth :	Common-sense	...	24	„
Seventh :	Intelligence	...	24	„
Eighth :	Taste in dress	...	23	„

This statistical summary, to my thinking, is significant as it indicates on the part of men a desire for those very qualities which are most lacking in a wife.

American girls enjoy great liberty in choosing their life partners. Seldom, if ever, one hears of parents standing in the way of their children's happiness. All this is very commendable indeed. I like the personal freedom of action and judgment which the American women enjoy to such a large extent. But even in these days of wide-open, free-for-all courtship, few young people understand the full meaning of love before they are married. After the nuptial knot is tied, she will lay down for her husband two commandments: "Thou shalt love me first. Thou shalt succeed in order that I may love thee later." And the husband, as "lover, lunatic and poet," proceeds in all haste to meet the wifely demands.

In India, especially in the good old days, people married, and "lived happily ever after"; but in America, people marry and then a large number of them are divorced. The United States leads the world in divorce. Indeed, the number of divorces granted in America has grown much faster than the population. Records show that one out of every eight marriages results in failure. A short time ago the ratio was one divorce to twelve marriages, it is now one to eight. Should the present state of things continue, the descending scale may be one to two, or even worse. Love is free and divorce is easy. The divorce courts, known as "divorce mills," work with the speed of a steam buzz-saw as they cut through matrimonial knots. And it is the women who bring the grist to the mill, over sixty per cent of all divorces in America being granted on their initiative. As a cool business proposition, the woman tells the story to a divorce lawyer, and sues her husband for "neglect" or "incompatibility of temper." The lawyer fills the paper, the judge calls the case, and burr-r-r you are divorced.

It is said that man does not care for refinements and luxuries in themselves as much as

does woman. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find the standing of a man in "society" determined by the "style" his wife affects. This leads to reckless expenditure at times. Regardless of her cash or credit in hand, she nurses the ambition to dress as well, if not better than, her neighbor. I am no judge of such an abstruse problem as woman's clothes; but it seems to me that she is a slave to the cult of clothes. She is overdressed, and she dresses more to be attractive than to be comfortable.

The women in China have often been justly criticized for squeezing their feet. If they come to America, they will find women who are not above lacing their waists. The dresses of American women are so tight-fitting as to bring their figures into unusual prominence. In going to dances and parties, many women uncover their shoulders, arms, and even bosoms, dangerously low. From an Eastern point of view, such a mode of dressing is neither modest nor decent. Indeed the short skirt, the low-cut bodice, the peekabo stockings, and the transparent fabrics are almost an offense to an Easterner's finer sensibilities. Mrs. M. S. G. Nicholas in her book, *The Clothes Question*

Considered in its Relation to Beauty, Comfort and Health, has some pertinent observations to make on the clothing of Western women. Says Mrs. Nicholas: "A great deal more clothing is worn by women in some of fashion's phases than is needed for warmth, and mostly in the form of heavy skirts dragging down upon the hips. The heavy trailing skirts also are burdens upon the spine. Such evils of women's clothes, especially in view of maternity, can hardly be over-estimated. The pains and perils that attend are heightened, if not caused, by improper clothing. The nerves of the spine and the maternal system of nerves become diseased together." Again she writes: "When I first went to an evening party in a fashionable town, I was shocked at seeing ladies with low dresses and I cannot even now like to see a man, justly called a rake, looking at the half-exposed bosom of a lady. There is no doubt that too much clothing is an evil, as well as too little; but clothing that swelters or leaves us with a cold are both lesser evils than the exposure of esoteric charms to stir the already heated blood of the roué. What we have to do, as far as fashion and the public opinion it forms will allow, is to

suit our clothing to our climate, and to be truly modest and healthful in our attire."

The other day a prominent woman, the president of the Women's Republican Club of New York, cast consternation into the ring at the smart set by saying in a public address: "We are welcoming the soldiers who have returned from the rain of shot and shell and the lightning of sabres in Europe. Shall we face them with a greater danger here? For every woman who leaves her home in a half nude state to attend a dance or dinner represents such danger. Men are susceptible to that kind of thing. Shall we be the cause of their saying: 'Oh, what's the use of trying to be good?' because our women dress as though they were beyond the social pale?"

It is a historical fact that as soon as a nation becomes the centre of the world powers, then its dress becomes popular with all other countries. When Rome became the mistress of the world, the ladies on the banks of the Seine, Rhine, and Nile adopted the dresses of their sisters on the Tiber. When under Charles V and Philip II Spain attained to the zenith of her glory, Spanish costumes were introduced into all the courts of

Europe. Again, when France under Louis XIV, the grand monarch, had become the leading power of the continent, French fashions came into vogue. France today is not, however, the most important factor in world politics, and yet it is curious that the women of the Western world, especially the thoughtless, easy-going portion of America, have yielded themselves tamely to the sceptre of French fashions. The teaching of Emerson, "Build your own world," is apparently in the discard. No matter how clever, how chic American designers may be, French modistes are given the preference. American ladies watch for sartorial signs that shine from the fashion skies of France, with astonishing care. The attempt to grow up in imitation of the imported French fashion plates renders American women a sort of imitation composite. They are squeezed, elongated, pulled, and pinched in order to fit in the French garments. "The result is," declares an observer, "there is no female individualism in dress, only a number of sticks dressed up according to fashion, each as much like the other as possible."

Fashion is always a quick-stepper. And

American high society woman is a zealous worshipper at the shrine of the will-of-the-wisp fashion. One day the cablegram brings the news from the great clothes palaces of Paris that the barrel skirt will be supreme, another that the directoire will be the rage, and on the third day, the sweeping draperies. No body knows what is to happen next. Says the American poet-naturalist Thoreau, "The head monkey at Paris puts on a traveler's cap, and all the monkeys in America do the same."

In this country they prefer small families; for instance, a family of four is considered large. There are married women who shrink from maternity, not because of ill-health, but because of the love of ease. There is an increasing number of girls who do not look forward to motherhood as the crowning glory of womanhood. Rev. "Billy" Sunday, the highest paid American evangelist, is of the opinion that the art of motherhood is on the wane; high "society has just about put maternity out of fashion." Recently there has been a propaganda to limit births by the spread of scientific knowledge. The object of the movement is to improve "the quality of human births." That children should not be

born to parents unable to take care of them admits of no two opinions. Obviously, family limitation among such people will reduce destitution and poverty; but are not births in some cases restricted too much already? Are not the wealthy classes, for example, committing race-suicide by too much birth-control? And is not that disturbing the social balance? To one looking at the situation from a detached point of view, it seems that what is really needed is birth-release for the well-to-do and birth-control for the poor. Of the graduates of women's colleges only about half marry, and the proportion of those who become mothers is considerably smaller than one per cent. Does not this present a vast social problem?

A few years ago the American suffragists put on a great "stunt." As the President of the United States began reading his message to Congress in joint session a huge yellow banner, bearing in big letters these words, "Mr. President, What Will You Do For Woman Suffrage?" was unfurled over the gallery by suffragist invaders. A page quickly went up the gallery, and pulled the banner down. But the question of equal suffrage could not be downed.

so easily. American women could neither be repressed nor suppressed; they are continually reaching out to a broader life. Already in eleven States women possess suffrage upon equal terms with men at all elections, and the campaign for further extension of the ballot is going on ceaselessly. Men of penetrating vision can see that the "votes-for-women" movement is a part of the evolutionary conception of government, is an important aspect of the larger world-wide democracy. The dark-age barriers that keep women out of their fullest and freest development must be ruthlessly shattered. A movement for emancipation could not be stayed by prejudice and ridicule. With eight million women of the United States earning their living outside of the home in peace time, the right to vote in order to protect themselves and their interests could not be laughed away.

A little while ago I was talking with a friend of mine who is a leader in equal suffrage movement. In explaining her reasons as to why women should need a voice in government she said, "Today when the water supply, the milk, the food, the public health, the morals, and the education of the entire community are

under government control, when the conditions under which the sons and daughters of the family are to be employed are controlled by the same power, it is imperative that the home woman, the mother, should have the most telling weapon that is possible to provide, namely, the ballot."

One of the classic arguments of the antis against equal suffrage is that it would unsex women, that it would destroy home life. On this point my friend said, "Political equality does not mean a tendency on the part of women away from home. It is on the contrary direction. Women believe that all the interests of home will be better safeguarded when they have some representation than they could possibly be without. In fact, it is because men and women are so similar yet so unlike, neither naturally any better nor any worse than the other, that if they work together in equality and fellowship, the home is always better regulated than when either manages it alone. In that great family called the State, when men and women work together for the best interests of the whole, it is hard to see how society can suffer. All the women may not know as much as all the men on

some things, nor all the men so much as all the women on some other things, but certainly all the men and all the women together know more than either does separately."

Whoever cares to step inside an American church will find that most of the pews are filled by women. But church, like Shakespeare's adversity, has its many uses. Maupassant in one of his realistic novels compares it to an umbrella: "If it is fine, it is a walking stick; if sunny, a parasol; if it rains, a shelter; if one does not go out, why one leaves it in the hall. And there are hundreds like that, who care for God about as much as a cherry-stone." In America they seem to be busy substituting clubs, gymnasiums, shower baths, and cooking schools for prayers, conversions, and revivals. Churches have become institutional, almost industrialized. One minister is to preach, another to visit, and the third to direct the social activities. Motion pictures are becoming a familiar adjunct of church-work, even taking their place in regular Sunday service. In a mild-mannered way a good many clergymen encourage young men and young women to attend church for social amenities. "There is no reason why

young people," declared a minister from a well-known metropolitan pulpit, "should not cultivate each other's acquaintance from behind the hymn-book. We are glad to have them come to church on any pretext. Flirting is as good an excuse as any. That's how I got my wife."

An American clergyman, urged by his congregation, sent a cablegram requesting the Paris Peace Conference to recognize officially the existence of a "Supreme Being." Is this a bit of American humor or is it an indication that Americans are deadly religious? There are no less than one hundred and sixty-eight religious denominations in the United States. Of these there are twelve kinds of Presbyterians, fifteen kinds of Methodists, twenty-one kinds of Lutherans, and fifteen kinds of Baptists, including the River Baptists, who insist upon baptizing their converts only in a river, and not in a lake, or a pond, or under a hydrant. Altogether there are about one hundred and eighty thousand churches; but they are scarcely a shrine to the waiting Presence of God. I have attended many orthodox church services, some of which to be sure are attractive, and not without a profession

of pious intentions. For the most part they are, however, barren of spiritual content. The fire-brand ministrant of religion instead of preaching international love and common brotherhood of mankind often excites "heathenish" racial hatred, and foul religious bigotry. "Judge not," "Condemn not," "Love one another," have become convenient phrases to be tossed about on Sundays by church religionists.

When talking with people in universities and academic circles on deeper problems of life, how often do the questions take this line: "Is religion an empty shell?" Or this: "Shall we accept authority for truth, or truth for authority?" Or this: "Is there any patent, copyrighted means of salvation?" Then think of the bitter disappointment which prompts one to ask: "Was Christ the only Christian during the last two thousand years?" These questions reveal the spiritual restlessness of the thoughtful people, whom narrow orthodoxy would brand as "unchurched and unsaved multitudes."

The dogmatic Christian theology, which claims to be inherently infallible, is hopelessly

at a loss to understand what Tennyson means when he said :

“There lies more faith in honest doubt
Believe me than in half the creeds.”

The dogmatic “reverend” gentlemen—whether Catholic Christian, Anglican Christian, or Lutheran Christian—verily believe that the Almighty is “angry” with honest doubters “every day”, and burning hell is joyfully proclaimed as yawning for them. Nevertheless, the sincere searchers after truth are hungry to know what true religion really means. But who is there to explain it to them? Serious religious and philosophical problems are seldom propounded from the pulpit. I have known ministers who make speciality of preaching sermons on such spicy subjects as : “Is Cupid deceptive?”; “Is love blind?”; “Choice of a husband”; “Recipe of beauty”; “The lewd and the nude”, suggestively followed by “A lovable widow”.

There are churches which retain press agents to promote newspaper publicity. These publicity directors make an astonishingly lavish use of the printer’s ink. As a part of their

newspaper campaigns, they print church advertisements in Saturday evening papers with frequently a whole page of "display advertisement" in huge type. That such methods go flatly against the Bible injunction "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" does not bother the latter day church workers. Here is a sample church advertisement :

CHORUS CHOIR

OF ONE HUNDRED VOICES

Sermon Lasts Only Ten Minutes

PETER
ENTE COSTAL
REACHER

SPECIAL
OPRANO
SOLO

Prof. Major at the Organ

At present the majority of church-goers are women. They attend church, so I have been informed, among other reasons to display the best clothes, and to study the intricacies of plumes, ribbons, and buckles of other women. "We Americans are not religious," explained to me a university professor of sociology who is

a church member in good standing. "Sixty per cent of our population are not connected with any church organization whatever. And as for our women—they are not certainly over-religious. They go to church not primarily for religion, but for other reasons. Women want an outlet for their many-sided energy. In church they can be interested in all the way from politics to literature, from art to dance. Religion, you see, is not the only show to attract women to the church."

"The women of our country are like our men—they have their faults," remarked a woman of my acquaintance who is at the head of a business firm. "But these shortcomings are only a part of the present day flippancy, for when a real test comes we find in American womanhood the best qualities of womanhood everywhere: patience, self-sacrifice, fidelity to purity, and truth." There is unquestionably a great deal of truth in this. The American woman, like all other human beings, has her weaknesses. She has also many attractive qualities. In the making of the new civilization of the New World she is a mighty force. Her influence in public and civic affairs is invigorat-

ing. Her part in charitable and beneficent works is one of acknowledged leadership. She is superbly independent; she travels any time that pleases her, from continent to continent alone, unescorted. She is a lover of athletics; she skates, she motors, she yachts, she plays golf and tennis. If Paris sets the modes in hats and frocks, America sets the fashions for the Western world in girls. The typical American girl is a "good-looker." Her lips are cherry. Her cheeks are rose. Her eyes have the—well, the "come and take me" expression. She is slender, willowy, and blond with dark blue eyes, and fluff-fluff brown hair. In short, she is as beautiful as a picture. It may be frankly confessed that though a lone bachelor can never expect fully to comprehend an American maiden, I have often been fortunate enough to get inside glimpses of her heart as represented in kind words and deeds. She has sympathy enough to cover the whole world. Full of "dash" and "go", she is brave and gentle, and self-reliant. Though possessed of restless, nervous energy, she is affable, lively, and charming.

CHAPTER XXV

IMPRESSIONS OF MY STUDENT DAYS IN AMERICA

Then I begin to think, that it is very true which is commonly said, that the one-half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth.

—*Rabelais.*

The word America has a strange fascination for the young Indian student. American ideals of liberty and the fullness of American opportunities seem to exercise a mysterious spell over his vivid, Oriental imagination. Indeed, to an Indian youth America stands as the gateway to the richest possibilities of life.

No one knows definitely when the first Indian student came to this country. It was from about 1904 that Indian students in any considerable number began to enter American colleges. At that time they came mostly from the provinces of Bengal and Bombay. To-day there are in American colleges and universities over two hundred Indians representing nearly every section of Hindustan. The majority of

these students have come of their own accord and at their own expense; but not a few have been sent by various patriotic societies intent upon introducing Western science and Western methods into awakened India.

From the day the Indian student sets his feet upon American soil, he endeavors to adapt himself as quickly as possible to his new environment. Naturally modest and at times awkward, he finds it no easy thing to gain access to American society. But the Indian is a good "mixer." He abominates clannishness and exclusiveness, and he cordially hates the idea of keeping himself to himself. Time and again, I have noticed Indian students, to the number of ten or twelve, refuse to club together for fear they would not get to know so much of American life and thought as they would if they were to live apart from their fellows and mingle with the Americans. Indeed, his extreme eagerness to become rapidly Americanized gives the Indian unequalled opportunity to study America at first-hand.

The first person that the Indian student thinks of seriously is, naturally enough, his teacher. The American university professor

has fine force and personality. He enters into the very life of his students. He teaches not only by precepts and ideals, but also by his own example. He never despairs of his students—not even the stupidest. He will turn the intellectual pockets of his pupils inside out, and if by chance he gets anything at all, his joy knows no bounds. The striking thing about him is not his ability to impart information, which is sometimes remarkable, but his innate capacity to draw out and develop the latent faculties of his students.

The American college professor is also very humane. He does not stand on dignity—a quality which we Orientals through centuries of venerable tradition have come to regard as a necessary mental equipment for all great teachers. The American usually throws ceremony and reserve to the winds and meets his students on an equal footing. This is a new experience for the Indian who is accustomed to look upon his teacher with reverence, if not awe.

The life of the average American student appeals to his Indian brother as being very happy and hopeful. The world is altogether

good for the American. His life is rosy. No neuroticism ever touches him. It is worth while to live, to work, to suffer, and to achieve, for "virtue is achievement." The American youth seems to be possessed of incurable optimism. To be sure, at times his philosophy is of the ostrich kind; but it serves his purpose well. The American student is absolutely certain of himself. He sees no lion in his path; he knows no defeat. A chief trait of his character is his habit of ultra independence; authority, tradition, and precedence are alike meaningless to him. He thinks and acts for himself. He is his own lord and master.

There is not a lazy drop of blood in the American student. He is intelligent, keen, and alert; yet he is none too industrious. When he is told that college students in India study from eight to ten hours a day outside their regular class work, he looks puzzled and incredulous.

Another peculiarity in the make-up of the American undergraduate is that, with all his abounding intellectual vigor, he is not thorough. He is like the Indian swallows at the temple eaves who only half build their nests. A

probable explanation of this is his practice of taking too many subjects in too short a time. As he drifts from one subject to another, obtaining only a bird's-eye view of each, he never realizes the joy of dipping beneath the surface. His diversity of interests breeds superficiality and inaccuracy, and makes him content with mere smatterings. If I were asked to compare the American with the Indian student, I should say that in point of capacity and natural ability the American ranks with the Indian; in originality and energy the American is the superior; but in application and thoroughness he is inferior.

The American student is a healthy animal, who likes out-of-door sports. But athletics, as carried on in this country, seem to be meant only for the chosen few, the picked minority. In contest the object is too often the victory, and not the game. Indeed, the whole system seems to be designed especially to develop "stars" and "record-breakers." The vast majority of the students cannot participate in the game; they are forced to sit back on the bleachers and "root." American football calls to my mind visions of Roman gladiatorial contests and

Spanish bull fights. It is the most muscle-wrenching, bone-breaking game that I have ever heard of. In India athletics are placed on a different plane. The football played there is not dangerous, and injuries are very infrequent. Moreover, the professional element is lacking. We hear nothing in India of football coaches receiving higher salaries than college principals.

Is there any social discrimination against the Hindus in America? Do they suffer any embarrassment on account of race or color? These are some of the questions which are frequently put to me. Before answering them I wish to bear personal testimony to the warm hospitality and to the many courtesies with which I have been treated everywhere. I count among my friends, professors, statesmen, authors, journalists, university presidents—men and women who are more than passing figures in contemporary American history. They have received me with cordiality, and have admitted me to their friendship and to their homes without reserve. My countrymen from India are of the opinion, however, that my own personal experiences have been particularly fortunate, and that they furnish no adequate basis for critical

judgment on questions of racial discrimination. That they are somewhat prejudiced against the Indian on account of his race (although he is of their own Aryan descent) is unhappily true. The notorious fact that such a prejudice exists against all other Asian peoples does not in any degree extenuate the circumstances of the case. The pity of the situation is that such an unsympathetic attitude should be found in university circles. While occasionally Indian students have been elected to offices of trust and responsibility, and a few have even been admitted to the close preserves of Greek-letter societies, it is nevertheless true that such fortunate ones are comparatively few. To ascribe this unsympathetic attitude of mind to poor scholarship or lack of administrative ability among Indian students is to do violence to truth and fact. The only plausible explanation is that they are discriminated against on account of their nationality.

There are also some Indian students who think that because of their religious views they are given the cold shoulder. It is hard to understand why the Indians should be so treated in a land consecrated to absolute freedom of

conscience in matters of religion. Although I have never heard of an Indian who has had opportunity to observe Christianity in America to become a convert to that religion, yet as a rule, Indian students keep their Hinduism, Moham-medanism, or Buddhism to themselves. At the same time, with characteristic Oriental broad-mindedness and liberality, they show great eagerness to learn the truth concerning the various religions of the United States. I happen to know of seven Indian students who are now attending a State university in the Middle-West. Although not one of the number is a Christian, yet every one goes to church on Sunday, and every one is a member of either the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, or some other form of young people's religious union.

It is old that some church members look askance at the Indian students when they undertake to express their convictions on any Indian topic from the Indian point of view. While I was touring through one of the States in the North-West one summer, a minister invited me to speak before his congregation on present-day social and political conditions in India. It was such a kindly offer that I accepted

the invitation with thanks. Announcement was then made of the lecture in the local press, and all other arrangements completed. Shortly before the lecture, the minister called me to his parsonage and wanted to know if I belonged to his church. Having been answered in the negative, he looked anything but pleased. He then urged me to make a strong plea on behalf of the missionary efforts of his denomination. As that was a subject I had never studied, I expressed my regret at not being able to comply with his request. Then came a sudden and awkward pause in the conversation. Frost! I found myself in the midst of a zero atmosphere. A cloud seemed to pass over his face. "I guess we will call your lecture off," at last broke in the minister, forcing a dry smile. "If you do not belong to our church and subscribe to our views, we simply have to cancel the engagement." Since I preferred truth and sincerity to the privilege of addressing an audience, I rejoiced at his decision and went my way cheerily. Later in the same evening I met the minister and one of his deacons who looked like a reformed foreign missionary. "This is the young man who was to speak in our church," said he unblushingly

in introducing me to his church dignitary; "but since he is in a hurry to get back to his college, I have been forced to cancel the date for his speech. We must hear brother Bose some other time." Now I do not say that all preachers of "the" truth are as truth-telling as this pecksniffian "Reverend" Two-Face; but I do maintain that the incident is a straw which shows the way the wind blows among men of "sacred calling." It also enables me to understand why a Chinese student in writing to his native land described America as "a Christian country full of pagans—outright heathens."

Although a stranger may not find perfect equality of social status in America, there is, so far as I can judge, unmistakable evidence of the equality of opportunity and education. Here the son of the President of the United States has no more chance to get a good education than the son of any ditcher in the city of Washington. I have seen needy students, who have been working their way through college as janitors, gardeners, and table waiters, stand at the head of the class and carry off every important prize. To my mind the world does not afford another instance of such a land of noble opportunity.

The American is always a very pleasant person to meet. His frank attitude of I-am-as-good-as-you instead of ruffling me, as it does the Europeans, puts me at my ease. I feel I am dealing with my equals. These free, hearty ways of the Americans are appreciated all the more when they are contrasted with the cold, distant, over-bearing, and arrogantly pretentious manners of the English in India. The chair-warming English office-holder in India thinks himself "a cut above" the rest of mankind; he gives himself airs of being different from other men—a bit "superior", don't ye know! In calling upon him one is expected to make a humiliatingly low bow and remain standing at a respectful distance. How different in America! Here no one thinks of assuming airs of importance, even though he may be holding a high government position. I recall that shortly after my arrival in the United States, I had occasion to call on a Federal officer—a man well known throughout the country. Anxious to show proper respect for authority, I remained standing at his desk. "Sit down," he courteously requested, "drop into a chair. Make yourself at home."

With all his virtues, and he has many, the American is frequently regarded by the Indian as an uncompromising individualist. He is self-complacent, self-sufficient. He is so wrapped up in his own affairs that he sometimes shows little or no interest in others. When Indian students meet an American they pelt him with a rapid fire of questions regarding the standards, customs, and institutions of his country, and invite him to a friendly discussion concerning their own; but he seldom, if ever, returns the fire. He is satisfied with such news as is filtered through the Associated Press. Needless to say, the great bulk of this news deals with the odd, the extravagant, and the ridiculous; it rarely touches upon the best side of Indian national life.

Thus it has come to pass that Indian students, desirous of enlightening those who are willing to learn the better truths about India, have recently started the Hindustan Association of America. This Association is a national organization with a branch in every important centre of Indian students in America. It seeks to promote better and more sympathetic understanding between the United States and India.

This it aims to accomplish through the medium of lectures, exhibitions, dinners, and other forms of entertainment. Once the Iowa chapter of the Hindustan Association gave an Indian play, which portrayed Indian social life. In order to bring to the occasion an atmosphere of Indian life, the stage setting and the costuming were made entirely Indian. There is reason to believe that the audience which attended this play went away with a better insight into Indian literature and Indian social problems than could have been obtained by wading through several ponderous tomes on India.

In the long list of the activities of the Hindustan Association, mention may be made of its publications. At present, it issues, from time to time, a *Bulletin*, which gives information concerning American educational opportunities for the stay-at-homes. It also publishes a monthly magazine called *The Hindustan Student*. This periodical deals with Indian educational and social problems in the light of American experience. Both these publications command a good circulation in India and among the Indian students in the United States and Europe. Indeed, the Association, by bringing

America and India closer together, is rendering a most valuable service. It not only affords us an opportunity of discussing questions of Indian interest with our American friends and sympathizers, but it becomes a sort of clearing-house for the exchange of American notes and impressions. Furthermore, it helps the newly arrived Indian students in this country choose colleges, hunt up their friends and launch them into right American student life.

To conclude, the Indian student before he arrives in this country entertains a highly extravagant view of some of the American ideals. As a matter of fact, the experience which follow actual residence tend to wear off the poetry and the romance of American life. But it is true, that he never loses faith in the ultimate triumph of the vitalizing influences of American democracy. He is interested in the blessed, common, earthy Americanness of the American scene. Most of all, he is glad that he came to this land, and feels that because of his coming his life will be deeper, richer, and more fruitful.

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